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THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY



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AUGUSTIN DALY

THE LIFE
OF
AUGUSTIN DALY

BY
JOSEPH FRANCIS DALY

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1917

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TO ALL LOVERS OF THE STAGE
AND ITS TRADITIONS
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

No apology is needed for giving an account of the man who lifted the American stage from a very low estate to a position of great dignity, and gave the dramatic art of his own country a first place in two continents ; and who did all his life work with such courage in the face of obstacles and such steadfastness in pursuit of a single purpose, that the history of his career must give heart to every self-reliant, intelligent striver in every business of life.

FOREWORD

WHEN Joseph Francis Daly died in August, 1916, he left complete the manuscript of this book, on which he had been working for years. The fact that he did not live to revise the proofs may have resulted in errors, although great pains have been taken to avoid them, and it is believed that they will be few and unimportant. The photographs used as illustrations were in almost every case set aside by the author for the purpose ; his own portrait is, of course, an exception, having been inserted as part of a record that includes many phases of his own as well as of his brother's life.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
	FACING PAGE	
Augustin Daly	19	
Augustin Daly, from a Daguerreotype (about 1854)	19	
Fanny Davenport	90	
Agnes Ethel	99	
Clara Morris	110	
The Fifth Avenue Theatre (the Day after the Fire)	116	
Mrs. G. H. Gilbert	186	
Augustin Daly in 1875	207	
Reading the Play (1882)	357	
Ada Rehan (1883)	364	
Augustin Daly	387	
John Drew	428	
Augustin Daly	528	
James Lewis	598	
Augustin Daly in 1898	618	
Joseph Francis Daly	637	

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY

CHAPTER I

Family Romance. A young Kerry girl and her lover. Separation. Elopement. Married into the army. A widow with one child captured by the French. The child saved from the sea. Kindness of the French. Arrival at Jamaica. The buried city of Port Royal. Montego Bay. The lovers reunited. Their daughter Elizabeth. Life in the West Indies. An adventurous young Quaker. Travelling theatricals. John Bernard and William Rufus Blake. Negro insurrection. Punishment of slaves. Elizabeth's intercession. Social traits. Emigration to the United States. Efforts to embark. Twice retarded. Arrival of Captain Daly. To New York in his vessel. Marriage of Elizabeth. Denis Daly's family and character. Settles in Plymouth, North Carolina. Augustin Daly born. The last voyage. Hurried journey. The sailor's grave. His estate in North Carolina "administered" to death. Removal to Norfolk, Virginia. The boys see their first play. Murdock and Miss Russell, afterwards Mrs. Hoey. Dick Turpin surpasses Macbeth. Removal to New York.

WHETHER Augustin Daly's gift for the dramatic art was inherited can never be known. There was a Richard Daly, a Dublin manager noted for his skill in discovering and training talent for the stage; and there was a John Daly, a dramatist of Dublin, one or two of whose works survive; but no connection with these individuals can be traced. Augustin Daly's father was a sailor, one grandfather a soldier, and the other a farmer.

A young Kerry girl, Margaret Moriarty, born in 1781 of a well-known family of Tralee, fell in love at the age

of sixteen with John Duffey of Carlow, older than herself by several years and destined, it is said, by his family for the Church. They were separated; and in girlish desperation Margaret ran away, married into the army, and was left a young widow with one child, in Gibraltar. Sailing for home, they were captured by the French in the Bay of Biscay. In transferring the prisoners from their vessel to one of the French fleet the little daughter Catherine fell into the sea, but was rescued by a sailor and taken to another vessel. The French (who, my grandmother would be particular to say, were uniformly kind in the treatment of their prisoners) exerted themselves to trace the lost child and restore it to its mother. An exchange of prisoners that afterwards took place brought the young widow and the family of General Darby together, and she was taken to Jamaica, the principal island of the British West Indies.

They landed at Port Royal or Kingston and crossed over the mountains to Falmouth and Montego Bay on the north coast, a part singularly free from the visitations of earthquake which have caused such destruction in and about Kingston. At the time Margaret entered the harbor, over a hundred years ago, she could discern beneath its waters the houses of old Port Royal which had been overwhelmed by a former convulsion.

The first Sunday after her arrival in Montego Bay Margaret went to church followed by a negro lad, bearing, as was customary, her kneeling cushion. She had to slip off her shoe, which was naturally a size smaller than it ought to be. This shoe she carefully concealed by a fold of her dress; but when she was about to rise from her knees, it had disappeared. A glance behind showed the solitary but conspicuous figure of an officer in uniform who was also devoutly kneeling, but guarding the little shoe, which

he had managed to abstract with his cane. Filled with indignation, the lady's flashing eyes looked the audacious culprit full in the face and recognized the lover of her girlhood! They walked homeward together and exchanged the stories of their long separation. He was a widower and had with him two little girls younger than her daughter Catherine. His wife had been a Quakeress and had borne him a large family, of whom Sarah, born in Guernsey, and Mary Ann, born in Cavan, survived.

The marriage of the long-separated lovers took place in Montego Bay in June, 1811. Their happiness was to be short-lived, however, and Margaret was soon to be widowed once more, and this time with added responsibilities. Lieutenant Duffey died on September 30, 1811, of a fever common to the tropics. Six months after his death was born the child of this union, Elizabeth, the mother of Augustin Daly.

The principal relic of John Duffey preserved by his descendants is his first commission, signed by George III and dated November 19, 1800, making him ensign in a regiment of Fencibles.

Margaret Duffey, now thirty-one years old, a woman of indomitable spirit, set herself to the task of rearing this young brood so strangely brought to her nest. She was small and slender, with beauty of the Irish type,—fair skin, black hair, and dark gray eyes. Elizabeth, her youngest child, passed a happy girlhood in one of the most beautiful isles of the tropics. Two of her half-sisters were soon married — Catherine to William Finchette and Mary Ann to John H. Woodgate, both of good families from England. Woodgate, of Quaker stock, was an adventurous youth who had left England to seek his fortune in America, and after every variety of adventure finally reached New Orleans in time to hire as a deck-hand on

a sloop bound for Montego Bay, where his older brother had settled some years before. John was reduced on landing to the simple outfit of trousers and shirt, and when his brother Edward, advised of his arrival, cantered down to the dock on his chestnut horse, he beheld a prodigal in appearance if not in repentance. He took the youth home and set him up in business, and in an incredibly brief space John was the owner of the handsomest residence in the town.

West Indian society was then enjoying its best days. The theatre was a favorite recreation, not to be indulged in, however, except when travelling companies from England crossed the mountains. They were hospitably entertained by the residents. Among those actors who visited the Duffeys were John Bernard (author of a book of memoirs) and William Rufus Blake, afterwards a favorite in New York. As we remember him he was immensely corpulent — but in the Jamaica days he was “the slimmest and gracefulest” of light-comedy juveniles.

The fatal negro insurrection occurred in Elizabeth's girlhood. It was due to the fact that the anti-slavery agitation in the mother country, which led to the abolition of the merciless slave trade, was not followed by emancipation in the colonies. The traffic in slaves had brought to Jamaica in less than a century over six hundred thousand blacks. Their condition varied with circumstances. The coal-black African cultivated the fields, or worked at trades or as a day laborer. His descendants of various colors were usually domestic servants. Slaves were hired, and had to be returned in good condition by the lessees at the end of the term. For negligence or obstinacy men and women were sent by their employers to the jail to be whipped, private punishment not being permitted. Many of the poor creatures,

who knew the kind heart of Elizabeth, stopped on the way to punishment to implore her intercession, and the young girl was always ready to put on her hat and go to the offended master or mistress upon those errands of mercy. She was never unsuccessful. It was not always an easy task. Some of the slaves were chronic insubordinates, for whom it required much tact to plead.

Another phase of racial life in the island was presented by the free women of color, the children of planters, manumitted by their fathers and left in many instances with considerable means. They were often sent abroad for accomplishments which they could use if need were for their support. Many of them were hardly to be distinguished from white. Some formed voluntary connections with wealthy bachelors; but many were distinguished for high principles and strict morality, and those with means often developed fine traits of benevolence in emulation of the white ladies of the colony. The latter formed a community of high-minded and strict-living people.

The changed conditions that resulted from the emancipation of the slaves (which followed the insurrection) drove many business men to the United States,—among them Mr. Woodgate. He brought with him Thomas, a boy of pure African descent, born of slaves. Mrs. Woodgate was no sooner settled in New York than she wrote to her stepmother, pressing her to come with Elizabeth and a granddaughter Margaret, child of the Finchettes, who were dead. Death had severed nearly every other tie on the island. These bereavements inclined Mrs. Duffey to join the Woodgates in New York. Twice was passage engaged in vessels touching at Montego Bay, and each time an accident prevented their sailing. It was then late in the season, and the hope of passage by

another vessel was given up. The brig *Victor*, however, commanded by Captain Denis Daly, unexpectedly arrived at Falmouth. Elizabeth was visiting friends there when Captain Daly called and met her. He wrote immediately to Mrs. Duffey that he would stop with his vessel for her at Montego Bay. No accident now prevented the embarking, and the family was brought to New York. There the marriage of Elizabeth and Captain Daly took place at the Woodgates' house in Grand Street, near Essex, on July 31, 1834.

Captain Daly was born near Limerick, Ireland, in 1797. His father Michael Daly, who was what was called a gentleman farmer, gave his children a good education and procured for Denis at an early age the place of purser's clerk in the British navy. This determined the young man's career, and when he shortly after resigned from that post and received his portion from his father, he came to America, invested his means in building the *Victor*, and commenced trade on the American coast and in the West Indies. He is described as tall and of powerful physique. His adventurous disposition and fearlessness were inherited to the full by my brother, who was one of the most physically courageous men I ever knew.

Immediately after the wedding the bride sailed with her husband for the West Indies. On their way back her illness compelled them to put in to Norfolk. Not long afterwards the *Victor* was lost in shipwreck, uninsured, and was replaced by the brig *William*. In 1838 Captain Daly established himself in the lumber business at Plymouth, North Carolina, acquiring the Armistead property, consisting of residence, warehouse, and wharf. There his elder son Augustin was born on July 20, 1838, a sister (who died young) having been born in Norfolk in 1836. Captain Daly now intrusted the vessels he chartered to

other sailing masters; but in September, 1841, when the *Union* was ready for sea with a cargo, her commander fell ill, and Captain Daly, not to delay her sailing, took up his old station on the quarter-deck. Our mother never forgot his leaving home. He had the sailor's superstition about formal leave-takings, and she watched him walk up and down with his younger son in his arms, lay him in his cradle, and softly leave the house. Three weeks later a letter arrived telling of his death. It came from Captain Pike, of Ocracoke, a small settlement at the inlet of the same name, south of Cape Hatteras and situated upon the long sandy breastwork which forms the Atlantic coast of North Carolina, and separates the waste of ocean from the inner waters known as Pamlico and Albemarle sounds. When detained by adverse winds or calms, quite a fleet of outward-bound vessels collects at the inlet. The coast had an evil reputation for wreckers, and many stories were told of vessels lured on the breakers by false lights fastened to horses which were led up and down the sands.

Upon receipt of the distressing communication our mother hastily left for Ocracoke, taking with her a captain and two seamen for the *Union*, as she was advised would be necessary. She set out with her infant son and a nurse, by coach, at four in the morning, for Little Washington on Pamlico Sound, found a sloop ready to sail to Ocracoke, and reached it the same day. Captain Pike and his wife showed her every attention and gave her full particulars of all that had taken place. It was owing to light winds and calms that Captain Daly was three weeks in reaching Ocracoke from Plymouth. When his vessel arrived at the inlet he was found prostrated with fever, and was taken ashore. Doctor Dudley of Portsmouth, twelve miles distant, was sent for, but could not

save him. He was interred in a plot set apart for burials in Captain Pike's garden. The ravages of wind and wave have devoured the shore line and buried the little cemetery beneath the waters of the Sound.

Our mother returned to Plymouth, tried to put her husband's affairs in shape, and then removed to Norfolk. The administration in Plymouth was very disappointing, and the disheartened widow conceived a distaste for the law that well-nigh prevented, in after years, my entering that worthy profession. Augustin and I were placed at school with a pedagogue of English extraction and formidable aspect, one John Primrose Scott, who had married an old friend of my mother.

One of the important structures in Norfolk was the Avon Theatre, visited by all the first-rate travelling companies. There my brother and I saw our first theatrical performance. Of theatres we had never heard until a friend came over from Portsmouth with tickets for the play. Both boys were then away from home in different parts of the town and were hastily sent for. I was the only one reached in time, and great was the outcry of the elder at his disappointment when he got home just as we were setting out — myself, aged seven, in all the elegance of a white tunic and trousers, with a shiny black belt, and a bouquet in hand. I endeavored to comfort him with the philosophy usually applied on such occasions, but he only howled the louder and secluded himself in a closet. When we returned, grandmother described with much pride how resigned he at last became, and how he went to bed very quietly. He was warmly praised. Within a week it became his turn to go to the play and mine sadly to apply the philosophy. I expected to hear next morning that I had gone to bed quietly and resignedly too. No such statement was forthcoming, and I ven-

tured to present the fact myself, but without attracting notice.

Augustin and I next day fell to comparing notes on the marvels we had witnessed. I had seen "Macbeth" with James E. Murdoch and Mrs. Russell (afterwards Mrs. John Hoey) in the leading parts. Augustin had seen "Rookwood," with Murdoch as the dashing highwayman *Dick Turpin*, and his vivid description of that thrilling adaptation of Ainsworth's novel convinced me that he had had the best of it; for all that I distinctly remembered of my play was Lady Macbeth in a nightgown with a chamber candlestick, beckoning the audience "to bed"—a recommendation too suggestive to be relished by a small boy sitting up for the first time. His experience aroused in Augustin at once the spirit of the theatre. He devised performances in our woodhouse, to the satisfaction of our small neighbors.

It was a year after this that our Aunt Woodgate succeeded in persuading her sister Elizabeth to come to New York with her family. "You must feel, Betsy," she wrote, "that this city is the only place for a widow, with boys who have to make their way in the world!"

CHAPTER II

Public school pupil. Enlists for the battle of life. Night school. Amateur dramatic societies. Some well-known members. Location of these little theatres. Maternal solicitude and precaution. Augustin not an actor. A boyish Julius Cæsar. Scene-painting doubled with Mark Antony. Low condition of New York play-houses. Vile upper tiers. The stage and the actors. Talented drunkards. A boy's experience. Fourth of July. The Bowery pit. Junius Brutus Booth in "Richard III" drives Richmond off Bosworth Field. The Astor Place riot. "Ned Buntline" and his sentence. A childish witness of the fray. Forrest on Macready. Respect for the drama in New York. Theatres provincial. All but two keep actors in stock to support stars. The Daly boys are taken to the theatre. The six theatres of the metropolis. Barnum and his lecture room. His ups and downs. A little game of "human wreck." Bills of the play and what they contained. Adah Isaac Menken. The Ravels. The Revolutionary drama. Enchantment of Castle Garden.

AUGUSTIN attended for a brief season the public school in Broome Street, New York, presided over by the late James Dewitt—one of the first schools organized under the new department of education, the successor of the old Public School Society. Among his schoolmates was John H. V. Arnold, afterwards Surrogate of New York, and a great collector of works on the drama and early New York history. Our mother, with firm independence, would accept no aid from her relatives in rearing her children, and in order to add to her diminishing resources took special lessons in sewing in order to earn money to keep her sons at school. Augustin was, however, anxious to begin the battle of life. He became clerk in one concern after another, and attended night school as well.

At this period the theatrical inclinations of the youth of New York found encouragement in amateur societies, usually named after celebrated actors, which gave performances in little theatres in the upper stories of commercial buildings. The "Murdoch Association" met in Crosby Street; the "Burton" in a room near the theatre in Chambers Street; and the "John R. Scott Association" usually performed in Humor Hall, a third-story opera-house in Houston Street fitted up by German amateurs.

These associations were nurseries which graduated many celebrities. F. F. Mackay belonged to the "Murdoch." It was the rule of these societies that each member was to have his night, for which he was to choose his own play and his own part in it and be loyally supported by his associates. When young Mackay had his night, he was supported by George C. Boniface, William J. Florence, and Maggie Mitchell,—all stars in later years.

Towards one or more of these amateur societies did Augustin naturally incline, greatly to the distress of our dear mother, who always required me to go with him and supply the companionship needed in boyhood. Hence we were constantly together at night, went everywhere, and saw pretty much everything. His joining the dramatic associations was not, I can testify, due to any wish of appearing on the stage. It was owing, I can see now, to a haunting desire to become familiar with management. He was absolutely without ambition to act. I do not recall his ever playing a part except twice, once to be mentioned in the next chapter, and once in a small literary society when he took the part of *Julius Cæsar*. He managed the production, and set me to work to paint the scenery, which I cheerfully undertook without any previous experience. To be sure he also cast me

for the responsible part of *Mark Antony*, but I know that in his opinion my success was on that occasion achieved as scenic artist. As for his impersonation of *Julius Cæsar*, I think that with his classic robes and his strikingly handsome features, a more agreeable boyish figure was never seen upon any stage.

The dread of contamination from too close association with things theatrical, which my mother in common with many other good people felt in that day, was excusable for more than one reason. Theatrical management was then precarious, and places of amusement were open to grave objections. The playhouse deserved the hard things that were said about it. In every theatre there was an upper tier with a bar, where strong drinks were supplied and (in some houses) where the profligate of both sexes resorted. To be sure there was no necessity for the patrons of the family circle or the boxes to come in contact with such visitors, as the bad company was confined to the upper and cheaper parts of the house,—the “shilling gallery,” admission to which was twelve and a half cents (there was a coin of that value in those days); but it was natural to fear that to that part of the house young men bent upon seeing life would be tempted, for access to it was open.

The actor shared the uncertainties of the manager; salaries were small and sometimes irregular. And the player too often was more convivial than ambitious. After the performance he resorted to taverns and coffee-houses (all well known and respectable enough) and entertained the patrons of the theatre (all well known and respected too), and there until the early hours he discussed the glories of the stage and many tobies of strong ale. He was not then the conservative and prosperous capitalist that he is to-day. Several causes combined to lower

his self-respect, and it was not increased by the public sentiment which condoned his failings, and tolerated the upper circle of the playhouse with its bar. It was the day of the "talented drunkard," the ban of managers and the cause of annoyance and disappointment to the public. It was owing to the impression made upon my brother's mind by the conditions existing in his youth that he instituted reforms in every direction when he opened his first theatre. Led by his forceful spirit, a succession of laudable followers helped to preserve his standards for the playhouse and the profession.

Judge Charles P. Daly used to relate an experience of his own when Junius Brutus Booth was in his prime, and any announcement of his engagement drew crowds willing to risk the possibility of disappointment from his well-known convivial habits. It was a Fourth of July, and Charles had saved up his pocket money for fire-crackers, gunpowder, and a pit ticket for the Bowery to see the great Booth as *Richard III*. The gunpowder and crackers, alas! were wasted; for when he awoke, as he thought, at daybreak, and hurried to the Hoboken Ferry to take the boat for the general holiday resort, the Elysian Fields, he saw to his astonishment crowds returning instead of going, and found that he had waked in the evening instead of the morning twilight! But the glories of the night were still to be enjoyed, and he hastened back to the theatre, where the doors were to be opened at half past six and the performance was to commence at seven, according to the early habits of those days. To his dismay the pit was already packed with men standing several deep at the back and preventing the least view of the stage by a late comer, especially a small boy. Observing his predicament, however, the good-natured men in front of him lifted him over their heads

and passed him along from hand to hand to the patrons of the crowded front rows, who then deposited him on the stage. This expedient was soon followed with the remaining small boys in the pit, and they were all safely huddled in corners of the "float," a space which in those days projected several feet in front of the curtain. Here the youngsters watched the malignant, crook-backed tyrant dispose of the rival Plantagenets, order Buckingham to execution, and ultimately, in defiance of history, chase *Richmond* off the field — for it happened to be one of those occasions when Booth was more than ordinarily full of inspiration. The luckless *Richmond* on that night was actually pursued down the back stairs, out of the back door, and into the street, and finally saved himself by taking refuge in a convenient passage.

The conditions referred to above were not alone what then affected a large part of the community unfavorably towards the theatre. Just before we came to the city occurred the Astor Place Opera House riot, growing out of the partisanship of admirers of the eminent English actor, Macready, and of the popular Edwin Forrest. Newspaper articles on both sides of the Atlantic, injudicious speeches by Macready from the stage, injurious replies published by Forrest, inflammatory articles in a weekly called *Ned Buntline's Own*, written by the publisher, Judson, and, on the occasion of a farewell engagement of Macready at the Opera House, a *canard* that the officers and crew of a British vessel in the harbor were to land for his protection — all this led to a mob marching on the theatre to wreck it, the calling out of the militia, and a fierce encounter in which the soldiers had to fight for their own lives, resulting in the killing of twenty-three persons and the wounding of twenty-two. The ringleader Judson (or "Ned Buntline," as he called himself), with other of the

rioters, was indicted, tried, and found guilty. Judson, the instigator of the fray by appeal in his paper to "patriotism," very properly received the utmost punishment for the offence (rioting) for which he was indicted—namely, a year's imprisonment and a fine. To the claims for consideration made in his behalf on the score of his services to his country (he had been formerly in the navy) and of his alleged breeding as a gentleman and a scholar, the district attorney, John McKeon, retorted that whatever he had once been, he was now one of the proprietors "of a vile newspaper — a beast of prey hanging on the great camp of humanity and living on the carrion of blasted character and vice." It was significantly observed also that whereas all the other prisoners had offered proof of previous good character in mitigation of their offence, Judson did not venture to do so.

F. F. Mackay, then a boy, was on the north side of Astor Place with a young friend who had come with him, as boys will, to see the row. When the firing began, a man standing by them exclaimed, "That's no blank cartridge," and seizing little Mackay, tossed him over the railing and into the area below. When Mackay got out again, he found that his boy companion had been shot. Mackay years afterwards frequently supported Forrest in star engagements. When Forrest last played in Boston, a chair was placed in the wings to save him the fatigue of going to his dressing-room after each scene. He used to make Mackay sit with him, and one night the latter told him of the news from England that Macready was dead. Forrest uttered an exclamation and raised his hands and eyes, then said in a strong voice: "The greatest artist of them all! In ten years there will be no one to read Shakespeare!" Mackay suggested that there remained Phelps, then a deserved favorite of the London stage.

"Phelps is an old man," answered Forrest, and repeated, "In ten years there will be no one to read Shakespeare!"

Respect for the drama in civilized communities is too deeply seated to be destroyed by adventitious circumstances. The theatre was a favorite recreation with the most intelligent circles of New York. But the city was then served somewhat like an English provincial town. Its theatres, with two exceptions, were maintained for the accommodation of travelling stars who appeared season after season with the regularity of the winter constellations. For their convenience stock companies were maintained like stock scenery. Burton's and Wallack's were the exceptions.

Our good Aunt and Uncle Woodgate were fond of the theatre and took us there often. Besides Burton's¹ and Wallack's,² there were Niblo's,³ the Broadway,⁴ the Bowery,⁵ and the National.⁶ In these places the ballet was modestly clothed and the only "problem" play was the antiquated "Stranger." There was one place to which small boys and girls were allowed to go as matter of course. This was Barnum's Museum,⁷ comprising three floors of curiosities, and a "lecture room" fitted up marvellously like a theatre, but to which persons having a prejudice against playhouses might resort without misgivings. It was a profitable concern, but Barnum happened to back a New England Clock Company too heavily and failed. The story of how he recovered is characteristic. His creditors were visited in turn by a sympathetic friend, leading a human wreck. The human wreck was Barnum. The eloquent friend persuaded the creditors to sign off

¹ Chambers Street.

⁴ Near Worth Street.

² Near Broome Street.

⁵ Still standing.

³ Near Prince Street.

⁶ Chatham Street.

⁷ Near Grand Street.



AUGUSTIN DALY

About 1854

for fifty cents on the dollar. This accomplished, Barnum — washed, shaved, and faultlessly dressed — presided once more over his museum. One creditor, however, had taken the precaution to add, “on condition that Mr. Barnum will not be able to pay any more.” He got his money.

As Augustin grew in years, his favorite theatres were Wallack’s and Burton’s, where real theatrical companies were maintained, and in which (at Wallack’s, especially) Shakespearian comedy, old plays and new ones were presented with scenery and costumes specially prepared for each revival. Here Daly learned his art.

What bills of the play there were in those days! Such a night’s entertainment is unknown in these degenerate times. A five-act tragedy, then a *pas seul* by a favorite danseuse, perhaps a comic song, and the whole to conclude with a rattling farce or a gorgeous extravaganza; the *pas seul* at the Bowery or the National by Miss Gertrude Dawes amid the shouts of the boys, and at Wallack’s by Miss Malvina Pray, who was soon to become Mrs. W. J. Florence and to dance through a hundred parts, from *Yankee Gal* to *Mrs. Gilflory*. The bills of the play were real bills of the play — none of your latter-day “programmes” with columns of chit-chat and newsy paragraphs edited by a literary person with scissors and paste, or, worse still, the modern abomination of thirty-two pages containing, to the few crumbs of information about the play, an intolerable deal of advertisements. They were good generous bills of the play, a yard long, but known as the “small bills” — to which the public was referred by the advertisements, for “particulars.”

And what freaks of ambition did the bills of the play disclose! A tight-rope dancer (his full name ought to be known — John Milton Hengler) essaying the character

of *Hamlet*, and, as it appears, for one night only! And Lola Montez, deserting a royal admirer to court the sovereign public, but without a qualification for the stage unless it were notoriety, essaying the rôle of danseuse (she could not dance); then of actress (she could not act) in a play "written expressly for her by Mr. C. P. T. Ware," a poor little hack playwright who wrote anything for anybody — and making a complete failure in all.

And how the inky blackness of the bills of the play is illumined by strange meteors that flashed for their brief moment and were gone! Here is the singular Hebrew star, Adah Isaacs Menken, ambitious to be poet as well as actress, who has left some memories of herself as Mazeppa bound to a trained steed, some accounts of adventures in foreign lands, and a book of verse, "*Infelicia*," dedicated to Charles Dickens. Here the bills show fairyland — Niblo's Garden with the Ravel pantomimists — and here the Revolutionary drama, a favorite entertainment when our country was young, in which one Yankee easily whipped half a dozen Britishers, and George Washington always appeared with red fire, in a final tableau; and here a real scene of enchantment — the opera at Castle Garden, where the audiences between the acts strolled out on the balconies to watch the moonbeams dance with the waters of the bay.

CHAPTER III

Theatre in a back yard. First attempt of a dramatist unknown to fame. A boy's paper. First attempt at management in public. The Melville Troupe in Brooklyn. Incidental account of the attempt to establish the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Objections to a curtain. Daly tackles the early Brooklyn public. Home-made poster. Varied entertainment announced. Unselfishness of the confederates. "Costumes by Mr. Harry Seymour." "Music by orchestra of six pieces." Young ladies engaged. Cast of characters. Division of glory. Sefton to be *Toodles*. Troubles of the manager. No money for costumes. Seymour adapts himself to circumstances. German band succumbs. The last quarter. Performance perfect except for one stage wait. *Porter* in "Macbeth" downstairs arguing with the band. *Banquo* as *Porter*. *Macduff*'s peril. All's well. The Melville Troupe fulfills its promise to the public. Charles Mathews. Augustin determines to become a journalist.

No sooner did the small boy Augustin feel himself at home in New York than he set up a theatre in the rather confined back yard of our house in Ridge Street. He gathered the admiring urchins of the neighborhood together for his company, and after fitting up the stage and announcing the opening, it suddenly occurred to him that he had no play. "That's all right," spoke up the oldest boy present, "I'll write one." I forget that boy's name — it ought to be remembered because he was one of those who "do things." He called for pen, ink, and paper, which being promptly furnished, together with a barrel head to write upon, he spread the sheet of foolscap and instantly plunged into the throes of composition; we saw with wondering eyes the lines flow from his pen:

“THE DEBT.

A Play.

Act 1, Scene 1. Interior of an inn. Enter Gentleman.”

And then he stopped. For what reason he stopped I cannot say, but he never penned another line of that play. He may, in after years, have grown to be a very useful citizen, but I am firmly convinced that we then and there witnessed his whole career as a dramatist.

With Augustin’s predilection for the theatre went a fondness for journalism, and he began, with boyish friends of similar proclivities, a weekly story paper in manuscript. J. H. V. Arnold was one of the editors. Each number was to be controlled by a different person, whose production was to be freely criticised in the following issue. Whatever may have been the merits of those productions, there was no question as to the roundness, fulness, and searching quality of the criticisms. It was not a bad beginning for the career of a future dramatic reviewer.

As he grew, his ideas enlarged. Having encouraged his brother to put on paper a farce in one act, “A Bachelor’s Wardrobe,” an effort wholly original and boyish, an appointment was secured with the great Burton himself, then¹ the manager of the new Metropolitan Theatre.² Nothing could exceed the graciousness of the veteran’s reception of the youthful visitor. He promised to give the play a reading. It was returned without loss of time, accompanied by a note pointing out its unsuitableness for production, but adding that it evinced a sense of humor that gave promise for the future.

¹ 1856.

² Broadway opposite Bond Street.

Immediately after this, Augustin, mere lad that he was, conceived the incredible idea of hiring a real theatre for one night and giving a genuine public performance. The only real theatre which at that time could be engaged by a manager of limited means — say pocket money to a small amount — was, of all places in the world, in the city of Brooklyn. In the year A.D. 1856 Brooklyn had but one theatre, and that was on the third floor of a building on the corner of Fulton and Orange streets, for Brooklyn was widely known as the City of Churches, and its residents preferred to cross the ferry when they sought recreation of a worldly character. It was not until a year or two after the event which we are about to describe that the best people reluctantly consented to countenance the erection of a playhouse in their serious borough, and even then they compromised by calling it an Academy of Music. Nor was this project completed without strange internal convulsions in the Building Committee, principally over the questions of stage and scenery. When these and foot-lights were conceded to advanced sentiment, a firm stand was made against a curtain. "A curtain," as I heard one grave citizen argue, "is intended to conceal something, and concealment suggests impropriety." It was necessary to explain to him that stage plays were usually divided into sections commonly called "acts," and that the curtain was lowered simply to mark the intervals; also that it was highly advantageous to screen the preparation of the different scenes, and then to display them as a whole by the raising of the curtain. Many instances were adduced and authorities appealed to in substantiation of these arguments, which were ultimately supported by the personal recollections of some of the older inhabitants,— the younger prudently held their peace,— and finally a complete playhouse was established and the ice was

broken; so that now Brooklyn has become a city of theatres as well as churches, and no harm done.

At the period of destitution when Brooklyn boasted the solitary third-story playhouse first mentioned, the vicinity of that temple of Momus was suddenly irradiated by a gorgeous poster (hand-painted), announcing that "The Melville Troupe of Juvenile Comedians," on their way from Canada to the Southern States, would give a performance for one night only in the city of Brooklyn, and would present a varied bill of attractions commencing with the screaming farce of "Poor Pillicoddy," followed by the second act of Shakespeare's sublime tragedy of "Macbeth"; after which a comic song would be given by Master William Melville, the whole to conclude with the celebrated drama in two acts entitled "Toodles," in which the aforesaid Master William Melville would enact his famous impersonation of *Mr. Toodles*.

Thus was heralded to the world the first effort in public management of the distinguished theatrical director of a later day. The whole scheme was his invention. He was then eighteen, and his confederates, all former schoolmates, were mostly younger. He had no money; nobody had any money sufficient to pay the expenses of an undertaking which included rent of theatre and hire of musicians and costumes. With perfect honesty the young manager expected to meet them with the receipts of the performance, which were to be sacredly devoted to the purpose. None of the boy associates was to receive a penny — the glory of acting was to be ample compensation. Not even the attachés in front of the house were to be paid; they were all confederates, and, so far as the doorkeeper and ushers went, were to be rewarded by being permitted to look at the performance. Difficulty, it is true, was experienced with the ticket-seller and treasurer, whose station was one

flight down from the auditorium. A compromise, however, was effected with him. After he judged that the demand for tickets had ceased he was to come up and see the play. This he did, and it is highly creditable to the honesty of the people of Brooklyn that no one attempted to effect a surreptitious entrance. A number — not a very great number — of persons, when the doors were opened, did actually pay to come in, but no one attempted to enter without paying. Those who had no intention of paying had no intention of coming.

The costumes for the three plays were engaged from the emporium of Mr. Harry Seymour, a big-hearted ex-actor who kept his establishment in Canal Street. The music was to be furnished by an orchestra of six pieces under a leader, an honest German, found I don't know where. Both these purveyors were to be paid in advance on their appearance at the theatre. It was supposed that the receipts of course would be ample for the purpose, since the music was to cost about ten dollars and the costumes eight; and with rent about twenty-five more, the prospect of a handsome profit was undeniable. This hope satisfied also the young ladies who were engaged for *Lady Macbeth*, *Mrs. Toodles*, and the other female characters of the bill, at a small salary. They were young and ambitious, and were easily found by advertising for ladies desirous of joining a juvenile troupe. What the stage-struck damsels thought when waited upon by the youthful manager and his equally boyish assistants to discuss the terms of the engagement, I do not know; but engage they did with great good-will, and they entered into the spirit of the enterprise, took their chances of getting any salary, and loyally did their best to be Melville sisters and to see the thing through, with a devotion which might have been inspired by the vanity of figuring on the stage,

but which, I am sure, was all hearty, womanly, and good.

The rehearsals for this performance were held in a room in the old Gothic Hall on Broadway, opposite the former site of the New York Hospital. The programme was arranged by the manager to give the genius of the young Melvilles ample scope for display. *Macbeth* was to be enacted by Charles Melville (né Jacobson, an ambitious, dark-haired lad who afterwards joined Wallack's Company), and, as before stated, Master William Melville (Sefton) was to convulse with his inimitable *Toodles*. He had done it several times at private parties, and it was immensely if restrictedly popular. From the very beginning the young manager was to taste all the bitter-sweets of management. Not only did he undertake the engagement of theatre, music, costumes, female stars, and the innumerable other details of his project single-handed, with rehearsals to manage in addition, but he had to encounter insubordination and dissatisfaction in his troupe, one or two young gentlemen throwing up their parts and having to be pursued and placated on street corners.

At length the eventful night saw everything prepared. The auditorium, brilliant with lights, awaited the spectators. These poured in until the total takings at the box-office reached the sum of eleven dollars and seventy-five cents. This, with all the Melville family's private resources, was immediately turned over to the landlord, who had the first claim and whose payment left in the managerial pocket a surplus of twenty-five cents. When Seymour arrived in the green room (on the lower floor) with a huge trunk of costumes, he was compelled to listen to excuses. His first impulse was to sit on the lid of his trunk, and his next to depart with his goods. Ultimately, finding himself confronted by a condition not perhaps unfamiliar to an old actor, and recalling his own golden days,

he relented, opened his treasures, and soon had the Melville Troupe arrayed in their stage finery.

This ordeal gone through, worse remained. The German band arrived and filled the passage with their portly forms and instruments, and waited, as was their custom, for their leader to announce that the pecuniary obligations of the management had been met. The animated colloquy (unaccompanied by any show of money) which took place between the high contracting parties soon, however, excited fears not perhaps foreign to their stolid breasts. The dilemma of the Melvilles was imparted to them by their leader, who, after a short conference with them, announced their decision to return home, and their simple request that at least the cost of their passage back over the ferry might be forthcoming. The disconsolate manager, with a rapid mental calculation as to the expense of transporting eight Germans at three cents apiece, produced his solitary remaining quarter. The leader took it, looked at it with fine disdain, and then without another word sent it ringing down the corridor. Another conference with his band followed, and he then announced that if the management would pledge itself to turn over to them everything thereafter received at the doors, they would go on. Gladly giving this assurance, the manager joyfully beheld them unpack, tune up, ascend the stairs to the orchestra, and soon after burst into a melodious overture as advertised in the bills.

The plays were a huge success, with trifling accidents not worth mentioning in estimating the performance as a whole. The company, oblivious, as is ever the case, to the distresses of the management, and dead letter perfect in their parts, rattled off their lines with the utmost confidence. It is true that there was a considerable stage wait when the *Porter* in "Macbeth" ought to have

responded to *Macduff's* knocking at the gate, for no less a person than the manager himself had been cast for the *Porter*, and he was then downstairs, for the twentieth time responding to the inquiries of the band and assuring them that no more money had been acquired from any source — even the quarter after diligent search had not been recovered; he was therefore too busy persuading them to return to their posts to think of his own. Meanwhile the knocking of *Macduff* (played by Master William Melville, content thus to support the *Macbeth* of Mr. Charles Melville in consideration of similar favors to be rendered to his *Toodles*) became so embarrassing that *Banquo*, supposedly retired to rest as required by the play, set out to look for the *Porter*, found him at a crisis with his exigent creditors, and received the order: "Go on yourself." This *Banquo* boldly did. He was received by the audience without surprise, the din *Macduff* was keeping up at door C being considered sufficient to rouse the whole castle. Not being up in the soliloquy of the *Porter*, *Banquo* simply strode to the portal and, with becoming loftiness of gesture, flung it open. Unfortunately, he did not anticipate that the noble *Macduff*, wondering at the delay, might be applying his eye to the crack to look for the cause of it, and would be likely to receive the swinging portal full on the nose — which in fact he did, and appeared wholly disconcerted by the violence of his reception.

After that, however, everything went smoothly. *Toodles*, notwithstanding his mishap, was in excellent form, and his fooling was greatly enjoyed. The interpreters of Bach and Beethoven having finally lapsed into hopeless apathy, worried the manager no more, but played to the end, even trying to accompany Master William Melville in his comic song, with the disadvantages of no

score and no rehearsal. The happy manager, thus relieved from carking care, plunged into the part of *George Acorn*, which he played with great fervor. Good Harry Seymour became so interested in the whole boyish adventure — unique in even his vast and varied experience — that I verily believe he would have paid eight dollars rather than not be there to see, and to have ever after the pleasure of relating what he had seen. The young ladies, who were cheerful and helpful to the end, were gallantly escorted to their homes by some of the young Thespians, but I doubt if they ever fully recovered from their bewilderment. As for the manager, having given the performance as announced and kept faith with his public to the letter, overcome every difficulty, and helped the carpenters to set the scenes and clear the stage in the intervals of hypnotizing the band and the costumer, he beamed on every one, distributed his commendations unsparingly, and went home with me triumphant, to act over again in our talks with the boys for many a day the varied incidents of what must go down in history as his first public attempt at management.

The next year (1857) his experience of dramatic art was immensely enlarged by witnessing the greatest light comedian of his own or any time, Charles Mathews, upon his return to America. He appeared at the Broadway Theatre, and to his first night we went in company with the future Surrogate, and literally fought our way through a vast crowd. No watchful policeman kept the crowd in line at the box-office in those days. Three or four fists grasping money were thrust at one time through the tiny aperture in the boarded window. An invisible hand within grasped the fists in turn and released the money from the fingers, which would then indicate the number of tickets required. Tickets and change would by the same

unseen agent be then enclosed within the expectant fingers, and the owner would back away after a terrific struggle, and often with serious damage to his wardrobe. On this occasion our young friend Arnold, having donned a new frock coat, buttoned it up for the mêlée, and when he got to his seat found the garment had been split up the back! But a little thing like that was easily forgotten in the delights of the most finished impersonations to be seen on the stage. Mathews' opening bill was "Married for Money" and "Patter vs. Clatter," and the spirit of the star had so animated even the most stolid of the stock company that every one appeared to brilliant advantage. The butterfly comedy of Mathews was a revelation to the new generation accustomed to the stateliness of Lester Wallack and Jordan. In *Flutter* ("The Belle's Stratagem") and *Marplot* ("The Busybody") his touch was light as fancy.

And now (1859) Augustin's purpose in life was to take definite and practical shape. With all his love for the stage he had not made any attempt to enter that profession by the common door; nor did he, in taking the next step in his career in another profession, do so with any certainty as to where it would lead. When he attached himself to journalism, it was with an undefined sense that it led to the way he was to go.

CHAPTER IV

How to become a journalist. And dramatic critic. Daly's first positions. *The Sunday Courier*. Weekly papers of the period. Dramatic reviewers. William Winter. Daly's integrity gains him appointment to the same post on five New York papers at the same time. Tilts between managers and newspapers. Between critics and managers. What to avoid in criticism. Perils of reporters. The "Draft Riot" of 1863. Daly and Howard in it. Howard's ruse. Daly's boldness. Panorama of amusements from 1859 to 1869. Wallack's trials. Burton retires. Changes. Castle Garden becomes an emigrant dépôt. Tragic stars. Forrest, Davenport, Edwin Booth. Charles Kean. Julia Dean. Laura Keene. German stars appear in English. Bandman and his phonetics. Mrs. Scheller. Her unfortunate accident as Pauline. Mrs. John Wood and Joseph Jefferson. Charles Wyndham a Civil War veteran. *Humpty Dumpty* at the Olympic. Edwin Booth and "Richelieu" just before the war. Significant lines. John S. Clarke in *Bob Tyke*. George, the Count Joannes. Indicted as a common barrator. William J. Florence and Malvina Pray. "Caste." A long memory defeats a lawsuit. John E. Owens in "Solon Shingle," a real star performance. Madam Celeste. The Black Crook. The Blondes. Isabel Cubas. The magicians. The acrobats. French comedy. Artemus Ward. Adah Isaacs Menken again. Daly no Bohemian. His work on the press. Stuart Robson's letter. Charles Fulton and Conway. Italian opera. Its ups and downs. English opera. Daly's plea for the strolling player.

WHEN Daly resolved to enter the profession of journalism, he went about it very simply and directly. Putting in his pocket the manuscript of a couple of articles he had written upon some amusing local incidents, he went down to the neighborhood of Printing House Square, where newspaper offices abounded. As James Smith, the editor of *The Sunday Courier*, sat in his sanctum preparing

his next issue, there appeared to him a remarkably handsome and ingenuous youth with brilliant eyes and dark curling hair, whose demeanor was modest, notwithstanding the burning eagerness with which he announced his business. He at once aroused the interest of Smith and his associate, Charles F. Briggs, formerly editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, and a writer of ability. Not long ago I heard Parke Godwin, in his reminiscent address at the Authors' Club on the occasion of the celebration of his eighty-fifth birthday, speak in affectionate and appreciative terms of Briggs. Another of the proprietors of the *Courier* took an immediate liking to the young scribe. This was Douglas Taylor, printer and publisher, a power in the political world of his day and a lifelong patron of the drama.

The result of young Daly's visit was his immediate engagement upon the *Courier* at a small salary as general writer. A few weeks later the post of dramatic critic became vacant, and although he was but twenty-one years old he was promoted to it. At that date the daily newspapers published no Sunday editions, and the relation of the Saturday and Sunday journals to the social, political, literary, and art worlds was important. Their opinions were closely scanned by the interests and individuals affected. Complaints of bias or neglect were not infrequent. One great daily at one time abolished its dramatic department and turned over dramatic reviews to a succession of reporters from the city editor's staff. The weeklies, however, gave their writers pretty much a free hand. Robert Holmes, Joseph Howard, Edward House, Henry Clapp, Henry Morford, and Morris Phillips were as well known when they took their customary places on first nights as their brethren of the great dailies, among whom the most prominent were William

Winter, Edward Wilkins, A. C. Wheeler, Seymour, and Nicholson.

Into the ranks of dramatic critics was Daly immediately thrust. His case was unparalleled, for he had absolutely no acquaintance with any one connected with the stage; but his reading was extensive and his ideas of art definite. His crude and forcible articles over the name *Le Pelerin* soon became noted, and he was complimented by the attacks of rivals with whom he rejoiced to break a lance. For ten years he pursued this calling, and earned such a reputation for honesty that he gradually came to be employed at the same time as dramatic critic on the *Sun*, the *Express*, the *Citizen*, and the *Times*, always retaining his post on the *Courier*. This also was unexampled.

During his ten years of journalism he became an industrious and successful writer of plays; but though one vocation grew out of the other, I shall keep the account of them separate, as both led by separate paths to the threshold of theatrical management. At present we have to see what befell the dramatic critic.

That functionary can involve his paper in no end of trouble. In Daly's time certain theatrical managers organized a boycott of the wealthiest of the daily papers on account of the tone of its musical criticisms. The Academy of Music led the war, and got all the chief play-houses as allies. They took their advertisements away from the foe and lavished them upon the other papers. This was absurd enough, but not so funny as it was to read the praises bestowed by the great daily upon the little establishments that stood by it. Reason, however, soon resumed its sway, and the quarrel was healed. Soon the boot was on the other foot. A querulous critic organized his fraternity against one of the principal theatres to avenge some personal slight. That campaign did not

last long, and was not so bitter as the managers' war. I remember in the chorus at the Academy when the "villagers" in the opera promenaded the stage with a figure dressed to represent the proprietor of the great daily, with his hand stretched behind him to indicate an "itching palm."

During Augustin's newspaper experience occurred the "Draft Riot" in New York. At the outbreak of the Civil War the President asked for seventy-five thousand volunteers to preserve the Union. A million offered themselves, only to be dismissed as unnecessary. Two years later, in 1863, conscription had to be resorted to, and until the State at the request of the municipal authorities authorized an appropriation for bounties to procure substitutes, the administration was exceedingly unpopular with the masses who were likely to suffer from the conscription. A short reign of terror commenced in July, 1863, when the New York City militia had been hurriedly sent to protect the Capitol at Washington. Only the local police were left to cope with the bands of incendiaries and terrorists that roamed the streets. As may be supposed, all the young newspaper men were in the thickest of the disturbances, looking for material. In company with Joseph Howard, Jr. (then a reporter on the *Tribune*) young Daly found himself surrounded by a mob on Second Avenue near a beleaguered fire-engine house. Both the journalists wore broad-brimmed black soft felt hats of the kind known as "wide-awakes," much affected (together with flowing locks) by the *littérateurs* of the period, but unfortunately associated in the minds of the mob with a lately defunct anti-foreign faction called "Know-Nothings," and with the anti-slavery newspapers which were supposed to be responsible for the war and all its consequences.

When therefore our adventurers were descried, the mob, which had been threatening the engine-house after looting and burning in every direction, shouted "Know-Nothings!" "Tribune reporters!" Howard, who was a resourceful youth, sought to pacify the crowd by explaining that he was simply deputized by Ben Wood of the *News* to give that friendly paper a truthful version of the facts. As Mr. Benjamin Wood and his paper, the *Daily News*, were known Southern sympathizers, it was an ingenious fib; but the mob derided the speaker, and might soon have made an end of both young men if the members of the fire company had not sallied from their house, dragged the imperilled youths inside, and locked the doors. This act redoubled the rage of the mob against the rescuers. Ordinarily the gallant volunteer fire department was the most popular institution in the City, but now the mob resented the zeal of the department in rushing to extinguish the incendiary fires that sprang up in every quarter. The door of the engine-house threatened to give way. My brother, preferring to be killed in the open rather than slaughtered like a rat in a hole, insisted upon being let out. His generous captors, with much misgiving, but yielding to his commands, opened the door sufficiently to thrust him forth, and instantly closed and locked it again — but unfortunately with the tail of his coat caught fast by it! This accident turned out to be his salvation; for when he immediately turned and hammered at the door to be released, the nearest mob leaders mistook his act, coupled with his expulsion, as a demonstration in their behalf. And when he finally tore himself free and faced them with looks more furious than their own, they made way for him to depart and turned to renew their assaults upon the door. When he got to the outskirts of the crowd and

was walking away in his disordered costume, a friendly mechanic advised him to take off his coat and carry it over his arm for fear some other mob would take him for an escaped draft-officer and "finish the job." Following the advice, Augustin walked home *à la Mose* in "Life in New York." As for the men inside the engine-house, the attention of the mob was soon diverted to some other quarter and the siege was raised.

The panorama of the theatres as it unrolled before the young journalist can be briefly sketched. Wallack moved his theatre from Broome Street to Thirteenth, and immediately got into straits from which only the indulgence of his creditors saved him. His example in retrieving his fortunes shows the advantage of a trained company. Opening with a failure in modern comedy, he fell back upon old comedy with success. In the course of his progress he produced melodrama and the gossamer pieces of Robertson, and did not hesitate to catch the popular tide during the visit of Dickens in 1867 by reviving a dramatization of "Oliver Twist." Nothing was foreign to his stage that could be done well. His predecessor Burton, after moving up from Chambers Street to the vicinity of Bond, retired for good. The Astor Place Opera House was converted into the Mercantile Library, and Castle Garden into an immigrant dépôt (the new Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street having become the home of Italian opera). The Broadway Theatre was soon dismantled for business purposes.

The stage then was never without a tragic star. Forrest's glory was setting, Davenport's at its zenith, and Edwin Booth's rising. Charles Kean and Ellen Tree revisited America. Julia Dean, Matilda Heron, Charlotte Cushman, and our foreign visitors Janauschek and Ristori brightened the sky. Over Julia Dean, one of the

dear daughters of memory, we may linger a moment. As boys we saw her in "Tortesa the Usurer," and as we walked home Augustin said, "Some day I shall write a play for her!" When he became famous in after years, she asked for that play. In the meantime she had gone through much trouble, but without losing her delicate charm. Her first marriage was a misfortune. Afterwards she became the wife of James Cooper. In reply to a note from Augustin on the subject of the play, came the announcement from Walter Cooper of her death in childbed:¹ "My brother feels confident that you will write² in kindness, and has reason to know that you were inspired by a warmth of friendship of no cold or common order for her who is no more."

Laura Keene (who was brought from England by Wallack) left him suddenly one day, and when she returned to New York Trimble the architect built a theatre for her, in which she brought out "Our American Cousin," with Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard* and Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*. Notwithstanding many attractive productions she failed, and became a wandering star. To conquer in the field of management requires the gift of a Wellington, not of a Napoleon. Whenever we hear a young manager hailed as a Napoleon, we ought to tremble for his future.

Nearly all the German artists attempted the English-speaking stage. Daniel Bandman showed Augustin his scheme for mastering the inflections of the English speech by interlining his part with a phonetic version. Madam Methua-Scheller, a charming actress of sentimental parts, achieved the distinction of supporting Edwin Booth as *Ophelia*, and also, on one occasion, of assisting in a curious presentation of "Othello" with Bogumil Dawison (in

¹ March 6, 1868.

² An obituary.

German), Booth (in English), and herself (in German-American). She was engaged by William Wheatley for an important revival of "The Lady of Lyons" at Niblo's, in which he appeared as Claude Melnotte. The fiasco of the first night was due to Wheatley's taking the center of the stage in the last scene and forcing Pauline (down at the left with her back to the audience) to rush to his arms when he threw off his cloak and revealed his identity. The poor lady did rush, tripped over her bridal gown, and pitched head foremost at his feet with her own soles in the air. The petrified figure of the amazed *Claude*, as he stood with outstretched arms and looked helplessly at the wreck at his feet, was too much for the risibilities of the audience, and a mighty roar of laughter went up, notwithstanding the real sympathy felt for poor *Pauline* as she was carefully assisted to a seat, her bridal wreath straightened, and her pretty nose inspected for damage.

When Laura Keene left her theatre, Mr. John Duff took it to give Mrs. John Wood the management and his friend Joseph Jefferson a permanent footing. This was the day of infinitely amusing burlesques, in which Mrs. Wood and Jefferson were unsurpassable. The accomplished Charles Wyndham was in this company. When he first came to America, he joined the Union Army and served in many engagements during the Civil War. After Mrs. John Wood left the Olympic (as the theatre was now called) the pantomimist George L. Fox was brought from the Bowery, and the long reign of "Humpty Dumpty" began.

Edwin Booth began a memorable engagement before the outbreak of the Civil War. This was at the Winter Garden, formerly the Metropolitan Theatre. The inclination of the great mass of Northerners was for peace

and a resort to diplomacy to calm the excited South, and the significant lines of the aged *Cardinal Richelieu* to his page: "Take away the sword—States can be saved without it!" evoked thunders of applause. At a later date, when all efforts at adjustment had failed and the Northern spirit was roused to arms, the same applause was awarded to a still more striking phrase from the same lips in the same play: "First employ all methods to conciliate; failing those—all means to crush!" A notable production of Booth was "*Julius Cæsar*," given in 1864 by the three Booth brothers in aid of the fund for the erection of the Shakespeare monument in Central Park. Edwin was *Brutus*, Junius, *Cassius*, and John Wilkes, the fiery inheritor of their father's rash and uncontrollable spirit, assumed the rôle of the impetuous *Mark Antony*.

A prominent star at the Winter Garden was Booth's brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, whose *Toodles* and *Major de Boots* were extravagantly humorous. Clarke, like the famous Robson of London, who unexpectedly revealed in burlesque an unsuspected depth of emotion, proved that a strong dramatic instinct is the foundation of the comic power. He revived an old play, "The School of Reform" and appeared as the ruffian *Bob Tyke*. His impersonation deserved more attention than it then received from the press generally; but it did not pass without critical appreciation from Daly, for which the manager Stuart (an old journalist and critic) wrote his thanks.

Among the theatrical apparitions of the time was the grotesque figure of George, the Count Joannes, as the old-time actor George Jones styled himself when, after an absence of years in Europe, he returned to America. He and his wife Melinda were once (1831) considerable favorites with the public. He built the Avon Theatre in Norfolk, Virginia. When he suddenly appeared in

America as a "Count," it was seen that he had become quite unbalanced, but that he possessed a keen wit, extensive superficial acquirements, and an amazing flow of language. He intruded himself upon every public occasion until he was noticed ironically in the papers, and then he turned upon them with prosecutions for libel and conducted his own cases, in order, it was easily seen, to display his forensic aptitude. One of these actions was brought against the *Tribune* in the old Court of Common Pleas presided over by Judge Charles P. Daly. The Count (who was never satisfied to call himself an attorney at law, but "counsellor of the Supreme Court") prosecuted in person and managed by his dexterity to confound the opposition, irritate the witnesses, and annoy the Court. After several such suits, however, he was arraigned as a *common barrator*, or incitor of litigation, and was effectually quieted as a litigant. While the novelty of his eccentricities lasted he was found to be a capital companion at dinner, and discussed all subjects in theology, politics, and art with equal confidence and brilliancy. His last resort was to the stage again, where he cut a ludicrous figure and was unmercifully guyed by boisterous audiences. The late E. A. Sothern impersonated his eccentricities in an amusing sketch called "The Crushed Tragedian." A sane man gifted with Jones' abilities could have made his mark in any profession.

As early as 1862 the excellent actor William J. Florence and his spirited wife (Malvina Pray) abandoned the old-fashioned "Irish Boy and Yankee Gal" parts and began better work. His *Cap'n Cuttle* and her *Susan Nipper* were excellent. His production of Robertson's "Caste" at Wallack's old house was a benefit to the profession. It served to display as an artist of the highest type Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Florence himself as a pleasing sur-

prise in light comedy and as a skilful stage manager, and Owen Marlowe as a superior "swell" in *Hawtrey*. The greatest surprise, however, was the claim that the manager had been able to reproduce the play from memory after hearing and seeing it a number of times in London. This claim defeated the attempt of Wallack, who had the American rights from the English proprietors (but no copyright), to enjoin the production as a piracy of an unpublished play. Florence's plea was sceptically regarded at the time, but considering an actor's power of committing to memory the longest part, it was hardly open to question.

In contrast to this excellent play and admirable company was the greater success of John E. Owens as *Solon Shingle* in the trumpery drama "The People's Lawyer," with an indifferent company. Not even Sothern in *Dundreary* made such a success as this eminently "star" performance and its amazingly lifelike picture of an aged sodden village teamster.

Madam Celeste was here again from London, in "The French Spy," with all her former grace and agility, but alas! all mechanical now. Lotta came to us from California, and Maggie Mitchell acquired fame as the sprite-like *Fanchon*. William Horace Lingard gave huge audiences "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," while his talented helpmeet sparkled in burletta. Then "The Black Crook" intoxicated playgoers and brought train-loads of people from every point of the compass to see Bonfanti, Sangalli, and Rigl and a hundred pretty coryphées; the ballet troupe had been brought over by Jarrett and Palmer to open in the Academy of Music in "La Biche au Bois," but the Academy burnt down, and Wheatley of Niblo's incorporated the ballet with a melodrama, "The Black Crook," which George Barras

had just written. Jarrett deplored the attacks made upon the play, which was declared unfit for ladies to visit; he wrote to Daly (as a newspaper editor) that a careful count of one night showed that of 2973 spectators 1345 were ladies — a complete refutation of the calumny.

Soon the "British Blondes," as the company playing "Ixion" was called, irradiated the town; Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Lisa Weber, and Miss Pauline Markham, with one real actress, Miss Ada Harland, and a capital comedian, Harry Beckett, were the attractions that filled Wood's Broadway Theatre. Then the Kiralfys, Hungarian dancers of athletic type, claimed public notice; and Isabel Cubas the Spanish dancer, with flaming eyes, dazzling teeth revealed in an eager smile, and sinuously moving arms. Nightly the original Hermann, *prestidigitateur* (who curtly replied to a spectator who wished to put his "second sight" exhibition to an unexpected test, "Sir, I am not de debbil!"), shot single cards from a pack in his hand to the top gallery with a single effort of his powerful wrist. Robert Heller came after him with a different style, — the "Magicien Farceur." An oddity in theatricals of the time was the illusion named after its inventor, "Pepper's Ghost." Plays were altered to introduce the trick.

French comedy was imported by Paul Juignet and exhibited in Niblo's Saloon, a concert hall attached to the Garden, and here "Artemus Ward" (Charles F. Brown) made his first appearance. He began by displaying, like Josh Billings (Mr. Shaw), the beauties of simplified spelling, then essayed the platform. From England in 1866 he wrote to Daly that he was engaged by *Punch* for a series of papers, "Artemus Ward in London," and gave Mr. Howard Paul a characteristic introduction: "At

Rochester they label their best flour XXX; Mr. Paul is a triple Xer. Trooly yours, A. Ward." Miss Adah Isaacs Menken took pains to write to Daly that the report of her engagement to Artemus was incorrect, and Ward himself wrote vaguely: "It won't do to be married."

Miss Menken was a steady correspondent of the dramatic editors, who were all enrolled as "chums" and "pals." In London she made her début at Astleys, and wrote that all the Bohemians, critics, and authors "are old men, but quite jolly." She had ambition. Having made fame for herself in tights as Mazeppa, she yearned to play Rosalind, Beatrice, Bianca, Julia, Parthenia, and Lady Gray; "all of which" (she wrote) "I once revelled in." At one time she confided that Ada Clare was translating a vaudeville from the French to be called "The Courtship and Marriage of Adah Isaacs Menken"—"but of course," she naïvely added, "it contains nothing actually relating to my life."

Among the Bohemians Daly was never classed. He could neither smoke nor drink, and had no taste for gossip. His work was praised by Henry J. Raymond, by Erastus Brooks, by Robert B. Roosevelt, and by Charles G. Halpin (Miles O'Reilly). It was watched by "the profession," as one letter shows:

"St. James, Suffolk Co., L. I.
Friday, July 19", 1867.

My dear Sir

As an humble member of the theatrical profession allow me to thank you for the very kind article in yesterday's 'Times' denouncing the general practice of classing all females who perform in concert saloons and other like places as 'actresses.' It is certainly very unfair and disrespectful to a profession which contributes so much to lighten the hours of the people, and I cannot help thanking you in the name of my companions for

your generosity in calling the attention of the public to its injustice. So many annoyances of this nature have come under my observation, and your notice so entirely reflects the feeling of my brethren, that I cannot resist the impulse of expressing my gratitude.

With best wishes for your prosperity and health, I remain
Respectfully,
Yours &c.
Stuart Robson."

Chandos Fulton was one of his early friends on the press and a great crony of F. B. Conway, who with his wife managed the Brooklyn Theatre, the first regular playhouse in that city. Conway was immense on deportment. He used to describe the respective departments of Mrs. Conway and himself as "practical business" (his wife's) and "belles lettres" (his own). He and Fulton had the misfortune to be taken down at the same time with a long illness, during which they exchanged friendly inquiries. Fulton, being the younger, got out first and went to see Conway, who had just begun to sit up. "How did you manage to spend the — ah — tedium of convalescence?" asked Conway. "Oh, in a variety of simple ways," replied Fulton. "Renewing the — ah — pleasures of the — ah — table?" "Oh, no." "Resorting to the — ah — solace of the — ah — bottle?" "Oh dear no. I simply sat at the window and drank in the joys of nature." "Good Gad!" observed Conway, "death were preferable!"

Music as well as the drama was within the sphere of the general theatrical critic. At the Academy, Gassier, Gazzaniga, Medori, Colson, Patti, Nilssen, Tietjens, Fabbri, Kellogg, D'Angri, Phillips, Piccolomini, Lorini, Van Zandt, Testa, Hinckley, and McCullough were heard, and Guerrabella, who afterwards resumed her

maiden name Genevieve Ward and adopted the dramatic stage. The impresarios were Maretzek, Ullman, Grau, Strakosch, Rosa, and Grover. Brignoli ruled in popular favor for years with Susini, Barili, Fornes, Mazzoleni, Ronconi, Rovere, and Habelmann. Operatic management was always risky. In 1860 Ullman gave it up for want of patronage and published a card to let the public know why. His singers then formed the "associated Artists" and gave a couple of seasons upon their own responsibility.

When Italian opera was sung at the Astor Place Opera House, Maretzek actually came down to fifty cents admission to the boxes and twenty-five to the circle; but even such bargain days did not bring a rush. Even in the days of the Academy there were independent impresarios. Jacob Grau took Lorini, Castri, and Morensi to Niblo's and Maretzek took Kellogg, Stockton, Testa and Ronconi, and Amelia Houck to the Winter Garden. Carl Anschutz gave German opera with Johanssen and Rotter at Wallack's little old theatre, and German song birds once caroled in the Olympic.

Opera in English was recurrent and popular. After Caroline Richings in "The Enchantress," the charming Louisa Pyne with Harrison gave us Balfe, and once, for her benefit, a revival of "Midas," in which she was a sightly *Apollo*. Miss Kellogg and Mrs. Seguin came after them. Gabriel Harrison, unknown now but once prominent in every field of amusement, managed an English opera troupe, of which Mary Shaw, Castle, and Campbell were principals; and his comedian was no less a person than Theodore Thomas! French opera was practically introduced by Bateman in the Fourteenth Street Theatre with Tostée. Paul Juignet added the risks of French opera to those of French comedy. When

Daly managed his first theatre, he had Juignet for a season as stage manager.

Daly in his ten years as reviewer developed a profound sympathy for all who were struggling along by-paths as well as on the highroad. I happened once to tell of a poor little travelling company that visited the village near which my happiest holidays were spent, and how my host, Judge Robinson, and I led pretty nearly the whole population to the show. Augustin said: "I'm glad! Wherever you may be always patronize the poor players."

CHAPTER V

Daly's first play: "Leah the Forsaken." Kate Bateman. Her parents. Successful performance in Boston. Production in New York. Received warmly by the audience. Unknown author attacked by critics. Defended by Wilkes' *Spirit*. George William Curtis's praise. He sees an historical parallel and a national lesson. Played in London. Miss Bateman's account of the first night. She sees Ristori in the German original. Naïve criticism. Daly sues Bateman père. A. Oakey Hall his counsel. Report of Hall's summing up from memory. Account of Hall and of his subsequent troubles and victory. Next play "Taming a Butterfly." Frank Wood, collaborator. Written for Mrs. John Wood. Burlesque of "Leah." Third play, written for Mrs. Methuascheller. "Lorlie's Wedding." Miss Avonia Jones at the Winter Garden — "Judith" by Daly and Paul Nicholson. Daly adapts "La Sorcière" for her. Her letter describing her favorite parts.

No dramatic critic lives who has not been tempted to write a play. Daly began with a drama of contemporaneous events. Within a week after news of the attempt of Orsini and his confederates upon the life of Napoleon III reached New York, a play on the subject was in the hands of Laura Keene. It was politely returned, and laid away. Three years later the author produced one of the most successful dramas of the century.

Kate Bateman and her sister Ellen, now grown to womanhood, had been the famous Bateman children, precocious impersonators of Richard III and other mature parts. Such prodigies were commoner then than now. Scarcely two generations before, Master Betty was the talk of London; a little later Clara Fisher crowded the New York theatres, and after that the Marsh children

were a great attraction. Mrs. Bateman was a dramatic writer of ability and Mr. Bateman an experienced actor and manager. He was looking for a play suitable for his daughter Kate, whose dramatic power developed with her years, an unusual case with child prodigies. Just now Mosenthal electrified Vienna with his "Deborah," a play representing the persecution of Jews in the seventeenth century by one class of the community, and the Christian charity of another class. A German friend mentioned this play to Bateman and he suggested it to Daly, who procured a copy, had it hastily and roughly translated, perceived at once its theatrical value, and adapted it for performance in English. The Batemans were delighted with it. Mrs. Bateman, who later compared the adaptation with the original, expressed her satisfaction that the most applauded line in it was Daly's and not Mosenthal's.

Bateman staked all his means and practically his daughter's fortunes on the play, engaged an expensive company, brought it out in Boston¹ under the name of "Leah the Forsaken," and telegraphed to Daly the news of its immediate success. The ensuing month it was presented at Niblo's Garden² to an audience that overflowed the house. Miss Bateman, then in her first youthful vigor, played with tenderness, pathos, and dignity, and was assisted by the veteran James W. Wallack, Jr., young Edwin Adams, the beautiful Mrs. Chanfrau, J. G. Barrett, J. W. Lanergan, Edward Lamb, and Mrs. Skerrett. That night Daly heard for the first time his lines spoken on the stage.

The young journalist eagerly scanned the newspapers for the verdict of his fellow critics. The name of the author had not been announced by Bateman for fear of "trade" jealousy, and Daly kept away from rehearsals

¹ Dec. 8, 1862.

² Jan. 19, 1863.

accordingly. These precautions were, however, unavailing. The translation and adaptation were attacked ferociously; the mildest reviews suggested that the book be entirely rewritten. But a champion arose,¹ and in a comprehensive article ascribed the adverse criticism to literary jealousy, and asserted that the most effective parts of the dialogue were those in idiomatic English.

The most conspicuous advocate of the play was George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, who wrote about it in the fifth week of its run.² He beheld in it an appeal for another down-trodden race on whose account a great civil war was then raging. "It is an English adaptation of a German sensational drama, and there never was a more timely play. As a simple sensational performance it is remarkable. The play is wrought in bold, coarse strokes. There is never any doubt as to its meaning." The writer finds a parallel between the class hatred depicted and that which he thought threatened the destruction of the nation, and concludes: "Whenever and wherever you can, go and see "Leah" and have the lesson burned in upon your mind which may save the national life and honor."

It was not necessary to appeal to patriotic or to political sentiment to make the play one of the most popular of modern dramas. It was played throughout this country and in England, and has ever since been the vehicle for essays of female histrionic ambition. It was not re-written by Daly. Minor critics might condemn the inelegance of its lines, but the public, like Curtis and other men of mark, appreciated the "bold coarse strokes" that reached their mark. Daly wrote to Mosenthal and sent him a copy of the adaptation, receiving a most friendly reply approving of his work in adapting a German "peo-

¹ Wilkes' *Spirit*.

² March 7, 1863.

ple's play" to another nation. The young tragedienne—then scarce twenty years old — wrote to Daly an account of her first performance of the play in London :

"London, Oct. 6'

My dear friend.

Please take a walk down to the Park, extend your hands towards the various unhappy newspaper offices, and say 'Bless you — and you — and you — and all, all, all !' and quietly take your way to No. 9 Spruce, and if you should meet —¹ on the road, embrace him and tell him I love him dearly, for such is my feeling of amiability at present that even that crew come in for a portion of it. I should have written you a line by the last steamer, as I had promised myself — but I was so very much like the 5th Act, on Friday morning, that I was unable to go beyond scratch-ing a few words to my mother and Ellen.

You can scarcely feel more content than I do to know that at last the play has been justly treated ; and the knowledge of that fact gave me as much pleasure on Thursday night — as the congratulations of my friends on my acting did.

Well, I want to tell you how the play went. The first act went all smoothly — of course no demonstration until Leah's entrance. But when that amiable young female made her appearance the reception was all by itself, as Papa would say, and the end of the act was electrical in its effect upon the audience. (That sounds like a Phila. newspaper.) Second Act charming and tender to a degree. Third Act a little slow at first because the priest had been indulging in a long dose of the 'Haunted Man' lately, and he consequently was sepulchral. But the end warmed them up and the call was fierce. Then came my dear old Fourth Act and as I had been a good child and had 'reserved my power' I was quite able to give my young friend Rudolf that little gentle remonstrance in the way he deserved. The applause at the end of the act was something more than banging of hands ; & the dear good people looked so happy when I came out, that it looked more like an audience of personal friends than entire strangers.

¹ One of the crustiest of the Bohemian critics.

Then the fifth act came in just as charmingly as possible; and they cried and applauded — and applauded and cried, in the most industrious manner. And when the curtain fell and Mr. Webster — very choky and very happy — took me before the audience, the greeting I received was all I could have ever hoped for, and you know me well enough to remember that I am not pleased with a little.

Among other wonderful things I must tell you that Leah's dress has been changed. She wears a lovely maroon skirt in place of the yellow; and it is a great improvement, for the G. T. A. (great tragic actress?) was short, not to say dumpy, in the aforesaid yellow. Then, oh! delightful thought — she has a drapery that is — words fail — *and* shoes of the *period!!*

But now prepare to weep. The dear old rags are gone; and I am wretchedly respectable in a sort of Friar Laurence affair. Poor old rags — it was too bad — but they were so very raggy.

The papers are all splendid. I beg to call your attention to the *Times* of Friday, and there is a gush in the *Post* of this morning — something in your own style — mind, I never find fault with it.

The houses have been crowded. We are intensely fashionable too. The Queen's box was filled last night with a large party of the Marchioness of Ely's, and to-morrow the Prince and Princess are coming.

So you see everything seems as favorable as I could possibly wish, and with the critics and the public with me I quietly look forward to another lifetime of Leah.

All this time I have never thanked you for your last letter — But I do now sincerely and I hope you continue in the same amiable course. Pray go over to Washington Avenue and drink six cups of tea on the strength of Leah's success.

Very truly your friend

K. J. Bateman.

You don't know how glad I should have been to have seen you and — last Thursday. It did not seem quite natural — the absence of your two faces.

Father will send you all the papers today."

Another letter, a prior one, tells of being taken to see Ristori in "Deborah" when the family toured the Continent before the London début; we must remember that the writer was hardly more than a child :

"The phrenologists all say I have no 'veneration,' and I have begun to think the assertion to be very correct. When I saw Ristori — while I was sitting in the box waiting for the curtain to go up — I worked myself up into a nervous fever, and when she came on I was in a positive tremble from excitement and I imagined I should at once have my breath taken away. . . . Gradually my breathing recovered its usual placidity and, I grieve to confess it, was never troubled again during the performance of 'Elizabeth,' 'Marie Stuart' and 'Deborah,' in which characters I saw her. I say I grieve because I wanted to have been made to feel as I had never felt in the Theatre before. But no — It must be my 'veneration' — I can't account for it in any other way. I did not so much wonder at not going into ecstasies over Elizabeth and Marie Stuart, for although I had read Schiller's play —which hers is a translation of — my Italian being rather bad I put it down to my not understanding the words, and reserved — not my 'power' — but my enthusiasm for 'Leah,' or rather 'Deborah.' How I wish you could have seen it! I was so disappointed I nearly cried. Poor dear old 'Leah.' Just think of her coming on and toddling down into a remote corner of the stage, where no one could see her, and looking as amicably as possible at the youth who brought her on, as if she rather liked it. The end of the first act was tame — tame don't express it. I mean by that the end of the first scene in our play — for Ristori plays it in four acts. The infant of four years of age was a creature of at least thirteen or fourteen. She made me shudder! No attempt at scenery or music whatever, which made it still more dreary and cold. 'I don't care to leave this farm' and Jacob were discovered in the last act alone reaping in the ocean, the ruined cross was shoved on by a youth who, to say the least, was not dressed in the costume of the period, and stone arches and houses and

churches were taken on and off in a way that would have been scarcely thought endurable in an amateur performance. The whole affair was somnolent to a degree, and if you could have seen Papa's face and watched the various emotions depicted thereon during the evening you would I am sure have been entertained. Well, I'll act 'Deborah' for your benefit in our Parlor some evening when I don't feel like knitting, and let you see how you like it.

Papa and everyone in the party send very kind remembrances in which I assure you I join them, and with strict orders that you do not permit yourself to be taken for a Tribune reporter again¹ and that you present yourself at Washington Avenue when we arrive — believe me

Very truly your friend
K. J. Bateman

See what a nice *J. I made you.*"

With Miss Bateman Daly maintained relations of warm regard all his life; but he soon fell out with Mr. Bateman, with whom he could not agree as to the extent of the reward which the author ought to have for his services (few authors and managers can), and the outcome was a lawsuit. A. Oakey Hall, then District Attorney and one of the most prominent figures at the Bar, summed up for Daly at the trial in a way to induce self-examination and repentance in Bateman and to secure a verdict in spite of the multitude of legal impediments industriously scattered in the way by the defendant's counsel. Hall's speech was much talked about, and the *Herald* wished a report of it to publish. Unfortunately it had not been taken down by the court stenographer, but Daly wrote a report of it from recollection and got this compliment from Hall:

¹ Referring to the incident of the Draft Riot.

"City and County of New York
District Attorney's Office
April 24, 1866.

My dear Client.

Yr. report of the speech is ten times better than the original. I never before so well realized how a reporter can 'make an orator.' I was happy to illustrate the Guild of Literature and in it I find my repayment.

It has never been my practice to charge a counsel fee to a brother in the law or in literature, and therefore the delicacy of your note may be withdrawn.

Very cordially Yrs.
A. Oakey Hall.

P.S. If a 'case' be made up I should like to see it before settled, &c.

Aug. Daly Esqr."

Mr. Hall was one of Daly's earliest friends, and felt the admiration for the ambitious youth shared by so many of the elder men of his day. This was Hall's happiest period. His versatility found employment in literature as well as law. He was an excellent speaker, possessing a voice of musical quality. As district attorney he gained such esteem that he was easily elected and reelected to the office of mayor. In office, like another literary politician, Disraeli, he left details to subordinates and relied upon their accuracy and honesty. It was during his second term as mayor that the duty of auditing the unsettled claims against the abolished board of county supervisors was, by special statutory provision, imposed upon him in conjunction with the Comptroller Connolly, and Tweed, the former chairman of the board. Hall audited whatever his associates approved without looking into the merits of each claim. The disclosure of enormous frauds led to the indictment separately of the three

officials : Mayor Hall being indicted solely for "failure to audit"—a charge considered by many legal minds at the time as inappropriate upon the facts. His trial was held in the Common Pleas, as the judges of the General Sessions, John K. Hackett and Gunning S. Bedford, were his intimate friends. A great surprise was sprung when the prosecution called to the witness stand one of the fraudulent claimants—a contractor named Garvey, supposed to be in Europe, whither he had fled at the first exposures. Garvey, while not being able to connect Mayor Hall with the plots he revealed, nevertheless unfolded such a tale of plunder as was likely to prove disastrous to any member of the city government to whom negligence could in any way be imputed. The death of one of the jurors before the completion of the trial was therefore most fortunate for Mayor Hall. When some months later he was notified by the prosecution to stand a second trial, it was at Christmas time; and the public, then accustomed to the confession of Garvey, thought the selection of date was oppressive. Hall, however, readily accepted the challenge. He asked no delay, and his counsel accepted the first twelve jurymen called to the box. He was acquitted, there being complete failure to prove criminal intent.

The success of "*Leah the Forsaken*" invited Daly to continue this line of work. Next year he was asked by Mrs. John Wood, managing the Olympic Theatre, to give her a comedy; and he worked with Frank Wood, a young newspaper friend, upon an adaptation of Sardou's "*Le Papillon*," which Mrs. Wood produced under the name of "*Taming a Butterfly*." Frank Wood had recommended himself to Daly by his clever burlesque called "*Leah, the Forsook*," produced at the Winter Garden¹

¹ Summer of 1863.

with the fat Dan Sitchell as "*Leah, a Shrewish Maiden*," the gigantic Mack Smith as the "*gentle Maddelena*," the beautiful Emily Thorne as *Rudolph*, and the lean and hungry-looking Sol Smith as the wicked *Nathan*.

The scene of Daly's next activities was again in the Winter Garden. This playhouse was erected on the site of Tripler Hall, a concert room later called "Metropolitan Hall," and altered to the Metropolitan Theatre (which became Laura Keene's new theatre for a brief season); it then became Burton's new theatre, and was finally reconstructed by Boucicault and named "The Winter Garden." Madame Methua-Scheller gave Daly one of her favorite parts to turn into English for her début in that tongue. It was produced under the title "*Lorlie's Wedding*."

Miss Laura Keene, now (1863) a travelling star, announced her want of a play in these lines to Daly:

"Riverside Lawn, Acushnet, Mass.

My dear Sir:

I want a comedy! I have the plot — situation etc. etc. all sketched. It would not be a task of any great length for you and would not diminish your rapidly growing reputation as an author. Will you undertake it? And what terms per night for the U. S. and England will you name? I have given the subject a great deal of thought and have been collecting matter for it for the last three years. Boucicault and Tom Taylor are willing to do it but cannot see it as an *American* comedy. I cannot see it as an English one, for it is of *us* most essentially and will I am convinced go better in England for being American. I need not tell you that I want a fine part. I played so much bad business in my own theatre (ever sinking the actress in the manageress) that I have refused every offer to New York, awaiting the time when a rôle that suited me should present itself,

that would enable me to do justice to myself. Will you give me your views at as early a date as possible?

Very truly yours,

Laura Keene.

August 1863."

It is instructive to find that although the star had the plot, the situation, and the material ready for the dramatist, it devolved upon him to create a "fine part," to realize the ideal which the star had been waiting years for, and to give the piece a setting of brilliant dialogue and character-portrayal to be recognized as distinctly American. Such are the tasks of "no great length" imposed upon playwrights.

What poor travelling stars had to put up with in the war days (1863) is related by Miss Keene's manager, Brough :

"You can hardly conceive the poverty of talent in the theatres of the west, and the actors' insolent independence. They will only do what they d—— please. Only last evening a gentleman named Lanergan who was cast for the rôle of 'Old Hardcastle' in 'She Stoops to Conquer' absented himself from the theatre, giving as his only reason the part was not good enough for him! As he was a useful man the manager retained him. At Woods theatre another actor, — Wight,— played the first act of a drama and then walked out of the house and got drunk. The management were compelled to look over it & retain him in the theatre. So much for the Western drama. Miss Keene says if she saw the slightest hope of doing any justice to your play she would try it."

Another star with another commission for the author took possession of the Winter Garden. Miss Avonia Jones was the daughter of the Count Joannes (or George Jones) and Melinda Jones, already mentioned. She was of good height, and dark, with regular features and a

musical voice, but with a monotonous delivery. Her mother was a lady of majestic mien, who had played heavy female parts and had even appeared as *Romeo*.

For Miss Avonia Jones Daly prepared "Judith" in collaboration with Paul Nicholson, a fellow journalist. Daly next adapted for her "La Sorcière," then "Garcia," and finally "La Tireuse des Cartes." "The Sorceress," under which title the first play was announced, was a tale of maternal suffering under the barbarous practice of *droit de Seigneur*. Daly proposed to make the heroine of the play the daughter, not the mother, and this elicited the following comment from the star :

"I can't make out how you intend transforming *Jeanne* into a 'daughter' and yet keep the powerful interest which in the original is centered in the 'mother.' I always think the latter phase of life the most powerful and I am most fond of portraying such emotions. Daughters I care little about. I don't mind playing middle-aged women, for I have so long been accustomed to it in 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Lady Constance' &c. As you have never seen me act I must tell you that my style is passionate. When I love it must be madly; not the tender gentle love that shrinks from observation, but love that would sweep all before it and if thwarted would end in despair, madness and death. In fact in acting I am more fond of being bad than good. Hate, revenge, despair, sarcasm and resistless love I glory in; charity, gentleness and the meeker virtues I do not care for."

This desperate character was as far from the good Miss Jones' natural disposition as from her power of portrayal. She was already the wife of the eminent English tragedian, G. V. Brooke, was devoted to her mother and her sister, and was without a particle of the stormy passion and fire in dramatic impersonations which she had evidently set up as her ideal.

CHAPTER VI

A tour of the South with the Daly plays and Miss Jones as star. Letters from the South during the War period. Norfolk revisited. The blacks. The colored provost guard. Recollections of the Taylor and Fillmore campaign. Torchlight procession. Lady with the wreath. By railroad to Nashville. Blackguards in the "Ladies' Car." Military acquaintances. Illness. Steamboat on the Mississippi. Methua and his illuminated letters. Guerillas. A trap baited with cotton. Stuck on a sandbar. Transferred. Cairo the filthy. The war fatal to civic housekeeping. Aground again and again. A better class of passengers. Despair of the barkeeper. Memphis brings up the average of wickedness. Newspapers. Notice of distinguished arrival. Permit from military authorities. Rumors of guerillas. Alarm bells empty the theatres. Return to New York. Compliment from Mrs. Jones. Appreciation of her daughter. Matilda Heron commands a play. Ada Isaacs Menken to have another.

AFTER Miss Jones' season at the Winter Garden was completed, Daly, then utterly inexperienced in management, was asked by Miss Jones to manage a starring tour with her in his plays through the South. He undertook it with complete confidence. Its pecuniary return to him was absolutely nothing, but the preparation for his future career was valuable. The tour was to take in those cities occupied by the Federal troops (no others were accessible). Daly's Southern birth would, it was hoped, be a recommendation to the old residents. During his absence I substituted for him upon his various newspapers.

The history of this tour is condensed into letters which would be uninteresting to the general reader as mere accounts of theatrical business (very much alike in all

periods and under all “stars”), if they did not give some glimpses of local conditions seen through the smoke of battle. A letter from Norfolk containing childhood reminiscences I venture to insert:

“Norfolk, Va. September, 1864.

You see I am in the old town. I have walked again the queer, curling, odd, ridiculous old streets and the little lanes and short cuts our boy feet toddled over. I have seen the old market and examined the old pump. The market women gather round it as of old to wash their dry vegetables and give them a watery semblance of freshness. It was grand market day to-day and the old fashioned queue of wagons and carts with the horses taken out and tied to a bundle of hay behind, extended up market square and up Main Street to Church. I have made but one purchase, but I have duplicated that one lots of times — Figs! Think of it — Figs! At the sight of them — at the taste — visions of our little pilferings in the back garden of Johnson’s house held me in a retrospective trance! I was a little rascal again up among the branches and you were the conscience-touched but overruled little brother under them catching the fruit — ripe — cracking and luscious which I threw down. I even had a sore mouth again from the recollection, and from present sensations I believe I have a sore stomach from a reality of gormandizing. I feasted cheaply. Five cents a dozen! Father Abraham! Would we not give five cents apiece in New York?”

“Norfolk, Sept. 15, ’64.

My room in the hotel (which is next to the Bank on the corner of Bank St. and Main) is exactly opposite our old house in Dodd’s Lane. It is now occupied by Darkies; indeed there are few places in town not filled with the black. They are two thirds of the foot passengers, they are storekeepers, barbers, market men, ferrymen, omnibus drivers, coachmen, ticket takers, soldiers, Provost guards, waiters — everything. They are cheap and sassy. You can have a dozen to run a single

errand, and the one selected falls down and thanks you for giving him the job and charges you nothing for doing it!

We had a riot in town between the negro Provost Guard and a lot of tipsy sailors yesterday in broad day. It was a big fight and finished up several sailors and a few darkies. The 'bracks' in consequence are bigger than ever." . . .

"Norfolk, Va. September 21, '64.

In my perambulations the other day I searched out the old circus camping ground. It is a Darkey quarter now and the spot where the ring used to be raised and the horses run, the clown joke his old jokes and the ringmaster snap his long whip, is covered with dingy little two-story negro habitations. The spot where the old Avon Theatre stood is now covered by the town jail. Think of it!

I passed Corsee's house too and thought of our famous torch-light procession, of the 'three cheers for the Lady of the Wreath,' of cousin blushing, and all — for the old porch looked so old and so natural."

The torchlight procession referred to took place during the presidential campaign of 1848 between Taylor and Fillmore on the Whig ticket, and Cass and Butler on the Democratic. We small urchins, aged eight and ten, paraded with the cohorts of the latter, and were intrusted with a transparency on a pole which occasionally came to the ground with a crash and nearly tilted us up on end. We erected a flagstaff in our yard with a banner and the legend "Cass & Butler" in large black letters on it, printed for us by the local Democratic journal. Notwithstanding these exertions Cass and Butler were defeated.

"Nashville, October 2, 1864.

What a horrid journey we have had to be sure. You say I will find changes of water — and they will disagree with me. I poison each tumblerfull I drink with $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen drops of whiskey.

Only think of it! I drink wotka! The world will end in '64.

The railroad accommodations out here are horrid; on the night trains especially so. Low narrow seats, dirty floors, no ventilation, brutes and blackguards in the so-called ladies' car! No water, dim lights, filthy stations and long waits for 'connections,' are a few of the evils. We waited two hours in the cold night air (between 11 and 1 o'clock) for a train at a town called Seymour, between Cincinnati and Louisville, because the ladies' saloon stank so badly and the 'gentlemen's' (?) ditto was crowded with noisy, blasphemous and filthy soldiers and conscripts."

"Nashville, October 9.

I have made very few military acquaintances here, preferring, if possible, to be known to the citizens. I have had a friendly interview with the Mayor and Secretary of State; have become intimate with the Paymaster of the department — know the Cheatemps (very honest people) — 'oldest inhabitants' and relations of the Reb. Gen., &c. &c. I have been quite unwell, though (compelled to stay much in my room) so I have been unable to enlarge the circle. I caught a severe cold on two rainy nights (Tuesday and Wednesday) and it rushed to my throat. It is as full of rocks now as Broadway when Russ or Belgian is being laid. I have a mountain on the outside (under right ear) about as big as a baby's head, as hard as the heart of a melodramatic cruel uncle and as painful as love's parting."

"October 26,

On the Mississippi.

My point of date is not very definite, I admit, for it might mean anywhere within five hundred or a thousand miles or so. The river is very low, and besides the usual traditional snags which threaten us at every bend, sandbars are now to be dreaded. Just above us are two steamers high and dry on a bank. I tremble as I gaze. They have been so three days. What a chance for the Guerillas, who line the banks all the way down.

From the sight I had of the venerable paternal parent of waters this afternoon I don't think much of that Mighty 'strame.'

It is very narrow and very dirty. In color the water varies from a sick green to an invalid yellow. You come by some pretty spots occasionally, though. Rural and romantic houses built high up on the bluffs. The foliage too is all lovely to the eye just now and the river shore is grand in autumn colors. What a magnificent album might be made up of the autumn leaves alone. I have seen nothing out here though to equal the western Pennsylvania forests in their Indian summer dress. Such richness of color, such variety of shade, so luxuriously thick. As you rush by them or through them it all looks like fairyland or dreamland.

Ask Methua why he don't write to me. He has commenced 'a series' of 'Artistic' letters to Miss J. No. 2 (he numbers them and pages them) came yesterday in an envelope much larger than this sheet of paper."

J. Guido Methua's illuminated epistles were unique. He was a painter of skill, and his letters of congratulation or commemoration were engrossed in copperplate handwriting, with superscription and initial words in German text in gold and colors. I have one before me now, dated February 3, 1863; it is addressed "Augustin Daly," in resplendent characters, followed by "Dear Friend," and begins: "Leah [in blue and gold] may be considered the vanguard of a new dramatic era." He was the devoted husband of the beautiful Madame Methua-Scheller.

Methua predicted that all the translators and adapters would be turning their eyes to the German, now that Mr. Daly had revealed the mine. There were some attempts to work the "find," but they languished. It was left to my brother twenty years after to reopen it successfully with the German comedies. Mosenthal's "Deborah" was now done into English by a great number of translators and sold everywhere; but as those productions were very different from the Daly version and could

not be played under the name of "Leah," they found no market. But to return to the account of a voyage down the Father of Waters in war times :

"On the Mississippi, Oct. 30, 1864.

We have had an eventful passage. We have struck snags, have run on bars and gotten off again, and we have been fired into by guerillas. This last 'item' transpired today while we were at dinner. The shots — about a dozen — came from a masked battery — and although we had an entire regiment of U. S. soldiers on board there was not a musket to reply. No injury was done — as the boat is a pretty fast one and took to her heels for safety. So you see I am in the midst of the War. But I assure you everything looks uglier in print than in reality. For instance there are more misses than hits in these skirmishes. It is one thing to fire — another to shoot. It is only in cases of real downright carelessness that positive injury is sustained. A steamer which reached Cairo just as we were leaving had been boarded by guerillas and several folks shot, but this was because she stopped against all reason at a deserted point on the river to take in cotton. The cotton was the bait in a trap."

"On board the Louisville, Cairo & Memphis U. S. Mail Line
Steamer St. Patrick, Geo. O. Hart, Master, I. L. Frisbie,
Clerk.

Thursday, Novr. 3rd, 1864.

On Monday the boat ran on a terrible sandbar about 80 miles above Memphis and then stuck for sixty hours and still sticks. She is loaded down with freight and draws $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water and there is only $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet where she lies. I and a number of passengers becoming disgusted got the Captain to hail a passing boat and put us on her, and today I stand a fine chance (guerillas and God willing) of being in Memphis after an eight days' trip.

I did not write you while in Cairo. It is without exception the filthiest hole in existence. It is the end of the world. The tail of creation. The finis of the sphere. The dirt-box of

this globe. It is built on a morass with a high embankment in front of it on the river side to save it from being wiped away from the map in an overflow. This, however, does not save it from being constantly inundated, as the 'body' of the town is far below the water, with wooden bridges for foot passengers, and only on three or four can horses travel. Pigs, cows, hens and horses run loose in the alleys and lanes. Every thoroughfare is a garbage box. All the houses are built on foundations 20 feet high and with no cellars or basements. All stores are variety stores. The telegraph man, even, keeps a grocery and the postmaster has a news stand. (I wonder if mailed newspapers are delivered regularly or safely there?) And yet fortunes are made there. I hear of one man who has cleared \$125,000 and who came there three years ago as porter to a 'drygoodery.' The newspapers (there are two) talk of 'our growing city' and its future as they have been talking the last 25 years. Ah Allah! but Cairo is one of the places!"

The disorder caused by war was fatal to any attempt at good "housekeeping" on the part of municipal authorities. One coming to the city of New York from abroad in 1864 would have seen parks turned into camps, and squares littered with unsightly wooden shanties. It was because the City Hall Park was so defaced for years that the public made no protest against the sale of the lower end of it to the Federal Government as a site for the post-office — the worst mistake ever made by the authorities of the then misgoverned city.

"Memphis, Nov. 6, '64.

Dear Josey,

As you see I have at last reached here.

We must have had a *Jonah* on board the entire way; for in coming from St. Louis first on the 'Julia' we were grounded twice, and took two days to make a 20 hours' trip. Then we were transferred at Cairo to the 'Mississippi,' a monstrous palace of a boat, and left the town in her on Sunday. Monday

morning we 'grounded' and stuck till Tuesday noon, when we were dragged off the bar by an amiable but rival S. B. An hour after, we struck another and a much worse bar, and on that the boat remained in the most stubborn manner for three days; those of the passengers who were compelled to be in Memphis or New Orleans were transferred to the St. Patrick (Howly boat!) but hardly had we got off on her than she grounded . . . got off the next morning, but soon after in rough water and striking a snag she unshipped her rudder, and had it not been for a gunboat which came in sight and took us in tow the good St. Patrick would never have got to Memphis.

The passengers were all staid, moral and upright people. They were all of the church. Very little smoking and chewing and no tippling. The barman was in despair. He was almost ready to give away his drynkkes to anybody who would take them, only to keep his hand in. Even the 'sailors' were moral. I didn't hear a swear sworn by any of 'em. Not even a little d—. The Captain too was the mildest sort of man. I became so impressed that I was becoming 'a chosen children' myself, and would have joined the tabernacle of grace if I had remained off shore a day longer. One old cove to whom I was relating an 'experience' or two of my travels, deceived by my churchly manner wanted to know if I was on a journey in the missionary interest! When I told him that I was not, but on a tour in the interest of the drama, he gave a spasmodic shudder and fled to the secret recesses of his berth to pray for my sinful, depraved and lost soul.

The immoralities of the town however make up for the sainted character of the boat and its passengers. Such wild devils, such drinkers, such smokers, chewers, such gamblers and uproarious fellows generally I never saw. . . . I am on the war-path to conquer or die. The newspapers received me very kindly. Here is a sample: (Clipping) '*Memphis Bulletin*. By James B. Bingham. Largest City circulation. Largest circulation of any paper in West Tennessee. The circulation of the Daily Bulletin is double that of all the City press com-

bined. *Personal.* We had the pleasure yesterday of taking by the hand Augustin Daly Esqr., the talented literary and dramatic editor of the New York Daily Express and Sunday Courier who is on a brief visit of business to our City. Mr. Daly's character embraces all the qualities of a scholar and gentleman. We extend to him the freedom of our sanctum."

Enclosed was Augustin's Federal permit:

"HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF MEMPHIS

Memphis, Tenn. Nov. 7, 1864.

Permission is hereby granted A. Daly, Esqr. Citizen of N. Y. to remain in the City Ten (10) days, he will not be molested by the Militia Patrols.

By order of

Brig. Genl. Buckland.

Alf. G. Wither

Capt. 8 a.a.a. Gd."

"Memphis, Nov. 12, '64.

By the way, let me prepare you at once, for anything may happen. There are rumors, plenty, of the approach of the Confederates to this place. A bit of news not known and which you may publish as reliable is that Beauregard is in command of Western Tennessee forces and is going to have Columbus and Memphis in order to blockade the Mississippi. Hood will work for Nashville and Bowling Green, and so the old 'rebel' line will be restored! This is the plan, and I have it from Forrest's old friend and surgeon. The other day in the capture, on the Tennessee river, of gunboats, 5,000,000 of greenbacks were taken — the pay of Sherman's army for 8 months. This is kept tremendously still, but gold has taken a step on it.

If Memphis is taken I shall be quite safe, from my intimate acquaintance with the Secesh powers (in private) here; or if it is held I shall be equally safe, from my friendliness with the other powers. So be easy, my boy. You can write to me from N. Y. up to the 24, your last letter leaving that day.

By the way, write to Keller and threaten him *horribly.*"

“Memphis, Nov. 13, '64.

As you can judge and as you have learned by this time I have not been captured, shot or imprisoned, so your queries on those heads are answered. I have to have a permit from Headquarters to walk about the City, though, and exempt me from arrest and imprisonment for ‘desertion’ from the Militia duty of the place. In such good odor am I with the authorities, though, that I could get a dozen permits if I needed them. I am almost like the man in the fable who sat between two stools — only in this instance the Federal officers seek me, while it is I who seek the Confederates — of whom there are a number in town in disguise. I introduced a Rebel Captain to Miss Jones the other evening and we had quite a treasonable feast of ‘reason’ together. He is one of the most noted guerilla leaders of the west.

On Friday night I had my first taste of ‘war.’ You must know that everybody belongs to the militia here. No resident is exempt. They drill every week and all the stores are closed that day to let every one turn out — white and black. When danger to the town is apprehended and these soldiers are needed the signal given for assembling is four reports of cannon and the ringing of all the bells. Then all have to seize their muskets and trot to rendezvous. Well, Friday evening about $9\frac{1}{2}$ o’clock, and while the performance was going on to the biggest and most fashionable audience ever in the theatre since it was built, the four cannon were heard and the bells commenced to ring. Lord! You never saw such a lot of scared people in your life as the men were. They started for the door pell-mell. Forrest had been reported within 20 miles of Memphis for six days and all thought he had come in at last. The darkies were the most scared of all. You know he has threatened to hang every ‘nigger’ he catches. I addressed them myself. I told them there was nothing the matter, that those shots were only fired in honor of another victory of Sheridan in the Shenandoah. But it was no good. I only had my lie for my pains. ‘Dat’s all berry well, bress yer soul, Massa,’ — said one old codfish, ‘but what for dem dere bells ringin?’ and off he went followed

by the entire gallery. In three minutes we had only an audience of secessionists remaining."

In a few days Daly was at home, not regretting his experiences. He filed away with his correspondence a letter from Avonia's mother to one who must have appeared to her experienced mind an extraordinary person:

"Daly, you are a thoroughly unselfish chap — too much for your own good — it is such a novelty to find one in these shoddy days that I cannot prize you too much. If I could only make you feel you would confer a favor on me by asking me to do something for yourself I should feel less weighed down by gratitude — but you are one of those that always take joy in doing for others, but unwilling others should do for you."

Through many letters, playful, practical, and meditative, from Miss Jones herself to her manager, runs a sentiment that she sums up in one sentence: "It is a great thing to have an earnest disinterested friend. You are the first one I ever had."

Matilda Heron at this time was a very masterful character, making her own engagements and commanding her own plays — one from Daly, referred to in a characteristic letter written on her departure for California:¹

"... And how about the play you are getting up for me? Good boy! That's right! Get to work! I hope to be back in June and shall have just nice time to read it over with you, study it and produce it in the autumn. Do not get it into your head to come over to the steamer on Wednesday, for you know how I abhor 'adieux' — They hurt my poor heart and it has enough to carry this very day in leaving husband child and home. Don't forget me quite, good, dear Daly, and be assured of the gratitude with which I shall ever remember you. A Happy New Year and good bye to you.

Matilda Heron Stoepel."

¹ 1865.

He pursued his profession of playwright with vigor; not hesitating to offer his work to Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Jr., and John S. Clarke, although without result; and Miss Adah Isaacs Menken pressed him to write a drama for her. Nothing that he brought out, however, approached the success of "*Leah the Forsaken*" until the production of the two plays mentioned in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII

First dramatization. "Griffith Gaunt." The grotesque "New York Theatre." Lewis Baker and Mark Smith. Art of dramatizing novels. Daly selects the cast. Rose Eytine. John K. Mortimer. Their acting. The Courtroom scene. Success of the play. Demand for it. Bowery theatre burns down. The great sensation, "Under the Gaslight." Sensational plays. The Railroad Scene. Incidents of the first night. Nothing could kill it. Familiar characters. Judge Dowling. "Charley" Spencer. Boucicault steals the railroad scene. Injunction against "After Dark." Pirates pay. Hall cannot plead for either side. Burlesque and parodies. Henry Ward Beecher. "Norwood." Miss Jennie Worrell's objection to 'bags.' "Pickwick Papers." Daly's scenario. "A Flash of Lightning." Human documents. Illness. Mrs. Scott Siddons. Marriage to Miss Mary Duff. Writes a "reform" play for the West. Begins to look about for a theatre.

Two respectable actors, Lewis Baker and Mark Smith, were lessees of the "New York Theatre," a grotesque structure on Broadway, opposite Waverly Place, converted from a church after the congregation of the Reverend Samuel Osgood had moved uptown. A. T. Stewart bought the abandoned temple and let it to Miss Lucy Rushton, an English actress, for whom it was fitted up as a theatre. She failed, and was succeeded by Lewis and Baker; who, looking about for attractions, hit upon the idea of a dramatization of the then popular and exciting novel of Charles Reade, "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy," and upon Mr. Daly as the man to do the work. The work had to be done in a week. Daly undertook it and did it.

The technical difficulties of making a play out of a novel so as to satisfy those who have read and those who

have not, are enormous. The whole effect of a book which it takes two days or more to read must be condensed into a spectacle not to exceed two and a half hours in length. It must be divided into acts, each of which must have a climax absolutely faithful to the spirit of the original work, but reached by a process of compression, dislocation, and rearrangement, the art of which must be unsuspected by the auditor. In addition, the play so constructed must be one to interest spectators who are *not* acquainted with the book. The scenes must spring naturally from each other in such sequence as to present a coherent and well-rounded work of art, perfect as a drama, as the novel was perfect as a tale. And it must, without the aid of description or explanation, tell its own story and carry its own moral.

Not only was the literary task intrusted to Daly, but also the selection of actors and actresses for his characters, and the rehearsal of his scenes. His genius for stage direction was thus early felt by old professionals. The rapidity and directness with which he accomplished the dramatization demonstrated a special gift for arrangement with reference to theatrical effect which he was afterwards to display with the plays of Shakespeare and of the older dramatists. As to the cast, he engaged John K. Mortimer, who possessed a voice of singular sweetness, for *Griffith Gaunt*, and Rose Eytine for *Kate Peyton*. That young actress was under a cloud, having abruptly broken a New York engagement a few years before. She was a dark-skinned, black-eyed beauty, resolute and uncontrollable. At Daly's request she now returned to the stage. She, too, possessed a voice of more than ordinary music—not only "an excellent thing in woman" but indispensable to complete success on the stage. Those familiar with the story will remember the

incident when to the despairing and disinherited lover the new heiress, who once rejected him because of fear of his passionate jealousy, now comes full of pity and rekindled love to comfort him; and to his half-hopeful cry, "What, Kate! Poor me—is it possible that you would marry me?" answers with indescribable archness: "How can I tell till I'm asked!" It is possible that the human voice in man and woman may have been so moving on the mimic stage before, but the effect of that occasion upon a crowded house has surely never been surpassed. From this scene to the end interest increased in the lovers, who, speedily becoming husband and wife, are as speedily estranged by his jealousy, and are only reunited after poor Kate has been tried for her life on the charge of compassing her husband's death; she is saved by his bodily apparition at the last moment in the court-room, where he is welcomed by the ringing voice of the *Chief Justice*, "Sir, I am glad to see you."

The critical appreciation of this play by the leading journals was marked: "A marvel of dramatic construction. The whole story, without the omission of a single important incident, is enacted in three hours, and every point of the novel is brought out with startling force. The impression left upon the auditor after seeing 'Griffith Gaunt' is like to that which remained after witnessing the same author's other play, 'Leah the Forsaken,' that mixture of sadness and satisfaction, of pain and pleasure, which convinces us we have seen a page from nature and read a story of human life, human passions and fears."¹ The trial scene in the last act, the culmination of sustained and painful interest, was conceded to be one of the most impressive of the kind up to that time. The unhappy prisoner is heard pleading her cause and examining her

¹ *Evening Post.*

witnesses in person, the rules of the court in those days not permitting the indulgence of full counsel to the accused.

Mr. Charles Reade was told by Mr. H. D. Palmer of the success of this dramatization, and he expressed a wish to read it. Applications for it came from all quarters. The new Bowery Theatre was burned down at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day it was to be played there.¹ Miss Rachel Denvil was to play *Kate* and William H. Whalley *Griffith*.

The dramatic critics of the period were so cordial in their praise of Daly's clever work that he could think of no better return than to devote the profits of the play to a dinner, at which they were all without exception his guests.

Within a year or two the lease of the New York Theatre passed to one William Worrell, formerly a circus acrobat or clown, who had saved money, and with the aid of a good wife had reared three daughters — Sophia, Irene, and Jennie — for the stage. Mr. Daly, having the scheme of a new sensational play in his head, offered to hire the theatre for a summer season. Even at the present day a New York manager would yield at least half the gross receipts for such an enterprise (in which he took no risk); but the shrewd old circus man, seeing the enthusiasm of young Daly, offered him a quarter of the gross and it was accepted.

The play Daly had in mind was to be called "Under the Gaslight," and was destined to become immediately famous and to hold the stage from that time to the present, to be imitated even by Boucicault, the master of stage sensation, and to be played in every country under various disguises. As we walked home one night, discussing the

¹ Dec. 18, 1866.

need of a culminating incident, my brother said: "I have got the sensation we want — a man fastened to a railroad track and rescued just as the train reaches the spot!"

The class of plays presenting some feature of physical peril and rescue were familiar, and usually called in disparagement the "sensational drama" — as if every great play were not in one sense a sensational drama. The murder of Cæsar and the harangue of Antony to the mob are colossal sensations, as is the Ghost in "Hamlet" and the play within the play, and, above all, the scene of the attempted mutilation of little Arthur in "King John." The screen scene in "The School for Scandal" is one of the greatest of sensations. Without some episode to hold the spectator in breathless suspense no drama can be successful. Whether the effect be produced with or without the aid of scenic adjuncts and of action is not important. With regard to this new play, the effect was wrought by moral agencies which were potent without the climax of the visible railroad train.

On the first night¹ the audience was breathless. In spite of many drawbacks, — the insufficiency of the stage, the nervousness of the stage hands, and all the accidents of a first performance, — the play gained its decisive victory. The intensely wrought feelings of the spectators found vent in almost hysterical laughter when the "railroad train" parted in the middle and disclosed the flying legs of the human motor who was propelling the first half of the express. Had the effect of the scene depended not upon the suspense and emotion created by the whole situation, but upon the machinery, the piece had been irretrievably lost; but the real sensation was beyond chance of accident. It became the town talk. The houses were thronged. An old theatre-goer who

¹ Aug. 12, 1867.

stood up in the rear of the crowded seats turned to those about him after a long-drawn breath and said, "It is the climax of sensation!" So it was, and has so remained. The play was not, however, all sensation. S. Weir Roosevelt (who was prevented by illness from visiting the theatre) read the book, and remarked, "I am glad to see that the literary side has not been neglected." He took a great interest in my brother's progress; at this time he had retired from the active practice of law to devote himself with ardor to the duties of Public School Commissioner.

Again Mr. Daly chose his players wisely: Miss Rose Eytinge (*Laura*), Mortimer (*Smoky*, the soldier messenger), Mrs. Skerrett (*Peachblossom*, a favorite part afterwards with Mrs. John Wood), and Charles T. Parsloe (*Bermudas* the street boy). Daly wanted E. L. Davenport for *Byke*, a sort of New York Bill Sykes, but had to be satisfied with J. B. Studley, who was admirable in it. Another accident of the first night was the rather mellow condition in which Walsh Edwards came on the bench in the courtroom scene as *Judge Bowling* (made up to resemble Judge Dowling) and nearly drove Daly wild with his rambling. Judge Dowling next day was good-humored over the incident.

An account of the extraordinary success of the new play reached the veteran dramatist Boucicault in London, and he immediately appropriated the leading incident and reproduced it in a drama of London life called "After Dark." With singular fatuity Boucicault sold and Jarrett and Palmer bought the piece for America, and notwithstanding the warnings of the American author, whose piece was copyrighted, it was presented at Niblo's Garden. Action for injunction was immediately begun in the Federal Court, and the application for an interim writ

was argued before the late Judge Blatchford. The writ was granted, and the management of Niblo's immediately made terms, paying Daly a royalty for each performance.

Daly wished his friend, A. Oakey Hall (then district attorney), to undertake the case on his behalf, but the following note explained why he was compelled to refuse:

"My dear Daly

Can't. Palmer has been my client,—you have been. I wouldn't act for him against you — I couldn't act against him for you.

Daly & nightly Yours
by Gaslight & Otherwise
O. K. H."

The choice of counsel being then left to me, I immediately selected the late William Tracy, and upon his advice retained an advocate of marked literary attainments, little known in New York, who had lately come to our Bar from Baltimore, where he had an established reputation. This was the late Thomas S. Alexander. A more fortunate selection could not have been made. His clear and impressive discussion of the points of the case prevailed against the skill of experienced theatrical lawyers, W. D. Booth of New York and T. W. Clarke of Boston.

Not only was "Under the Gaslight" played in every city, but for many months the vaudevillists, "sketch artists," variety performers, and minstrel troupes were inventing burlesque "acts" of the railroad scene. These travesties were so many evidences of the wide and strong impression which the new play had made. From the day of its production in 1867 to the present time it has continued to hold the stage as a "Peoples' Play," as our German friends would style it, and has been played perhaps oftener than any other melodrama in the English language.

The Worrell sisters got Mr. Daly to dramatize Henry Ward Beecher's novel "Norwood," then publishing in the *New York Ledger*, for production on their own account. Mr. Robert Bonner, the proprietor of the paper, had tempted Mr. Beecher to make this excursion into a new field. The dramatization was no better than the novel. The only hit was made by the youngest sister, Miss Jennie, as *The Hardscrabble Boy*, and that only after she had vainly expostulated with the author about being put in trousers :

"Boston, Revere House.
Oct. 21, '67.

Mr. Daly,

Dear Sir : I have just received the part, like it very much, with one exception and that is wearing the boy's dress all through the piece. You know that style of dress is not adapted to me but I am willing to play it but am confident I can not do it justice never before attempting one of that kind therefore it will be very difficult. I write in the hope that you will contrive to have me wear a girl's dress in the first part, then wear the bags from the battle scene until the end of the piece. I am certain it will not interfere with the text for I have carefully read the part over. It is very embarrassing for me but if absolutely necessary for it to remain as it is at present I will play it but am not responsible for the consequences. I am honorable you see to tell you before-hand so you will not be disappointed, but if you do me a favor which I shall ever be grateful I shall endeavor to arrange all satisfactory. The girl's dress shall be just as you desire if you will only comply with this request and answer please as soon as convenient you will greatly oblige

Yours

Jennie C. Worrell

Please excuse all haste."

It not being within the range of the adapter's license to put Mr. Beecher's tough little boy into skirts, the

“bags” had to go through the piece, and the *Boy* and *Peter* carried off the honors in their dialogue on the arts of war.

Daly's last work for the same theatre was a dramatization of Dickens' “*Pickwick Papers*.¹” It is safe to say that nearly every playwright of the period had attempted that work. To put it as a whole upon the stage is impossible; and to get all the fun there is in it out of it by any arrangement of scene is one of the most difficult feats of the dramatist's art. It appealed strongly to Daly, and he made an exceedingly amusing play of it, casting George Clarke as *Bob Sawyer* (fearfully made up to double the “scorbutic youth” of Bob's little party), J. B. Studley as *Jingle* (melodramatic actors always take to the part—Henry Irving did afterwards, and was immense in it), Parsloe as *Sam Weller* (and he was excellent), H. C. Ryner as *Pickwick* (a capital makeup), and William Carleton as *Winkle*. Celia Logan was *Arabella Allen* and Jennie Worrell *Mary the housemaid*. To those who have puzzled over the possible arrangement of scenes from the varied and extensive pictures between the covers of the book, I give Mr. Daly's selection in the order presented :

- Act First. The shooting party and elopement at Wardle's in Dingley Dell.
Scene second. The White Horse Inn and Mr. Samuel Weller.
Scene third. At Mrs. Bardell's, Goswell Street.
- Act Second. The Marquis of Granby Inn. Mrs. Weller and Mr. Stiggins, the Red-nosed man.
Scene second. The double-bedded room and the adventure of the lady in yellow curl-papers.
- Act Third. The election and riot at Ipswich.

¹ Jan. 22, 1868.

Scene second. Jingle's adventure at Mayor Nupkins'.

Scene third. The preparation for the trial.

Scene fourth. Mr. Bob Sawyer's little Party.

Act Fourth. The great trial of the breach of promise case,
Bardell *versus* Pickwick.

Scene second. The adventure of the Garden Wall.

Scene last. Christmas festivities at Dingley Dell.

Immediately after the production of "Pickwick Papers," work was commenced on a new sensational drama, "A Flash of Lightning," for a summer season at the Broadway Theatre (the little old house near Broome Street, once the scene of Wallack's and Brougham's triumphs, and now managed by Barney Williams). The author was indebted for the chief incident in his last act to the French drama "La Perle Noir," but the plot and characters were wholly original. There were remarkable pictures of the burning of a North River steamboat. An inventor told Mr. Daly he had unknowingly disclosed a source of danger from steamboat furnaces that was commonly overlooked. Going home one night, Mr. Daly heard a boyish voice of wonderful power flooding the night air with "Garibaldi's Hymn" and "Santa Lucia." Tracing the music to a back street, he came upon two little Italian wandering minstrels. With his usual enterprise he added them and their parent to his collection of human documents for his forthcoming play. McKee Rankin and his attractive wife, Kitty Blanchard, had two of the chief parts, with J. K. Mortimer and Miss Blanche Grey.

The press was very kind to the new play. With regard to literary merit it was pronounced "the master production of its author."

Just before the production of his play my brother was seized with an attack of illness which threatened to become dangerous. It began with a succession of violent cramps in the stomach. Although he recovered in an incredibly short time, he was for many years visited with the same symptoms when under great strain of mind or body.

Just after the summer season of 1868 Daly's interest was enlisted on behalf of an interesting newcomer from England. This was Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who came with much social prestige and some fame as a Shakespearian reader, and who had a stage experience of one season. She was said to be a great-niece of the famous Mrs. Siddons, sister of the Kembles, and was a *petite* brunette with beauty, intelligence, refinement, and charm. Her stage voice was a singular one — a sort of musical chant strange to the ear, and into which the lines of but one character, *Rosalind*, seemed to fall agreeably. She was not, however, the realization of Shakespeare's sprightliest maid in all respects, for instead of being "more than common tall" she was considerably less, and could no more convincingly assume "a swashing and a martial outside" than could *Ariel* or *Titania*. In fact she was *Rosalind* played by a sprite. She appeared two weeks in December, 1868, at the New York Theatre in *Rosalind*, *Juliet*, *Lady Teazle*, *Julia* in "The Hunchback," *Katharine*, and *King René's Daughter*.

The year 1869 opened happily with my brother's marriage to Miss Mary Duff. This took place on January 9. His fair and youthful bride was the daughter of Mr. John A. Duff, proprietor of the Olympic Theatre, in which he had installed another son-in-law (Mr. James E. Hayes) as manager, and which was then the most profitable place of amusement in the city. The bride was

brought home to our house, No. 214 West 25th Street, and there my brother's only children were born,— Leonard in 1870 and Francis in 1873.

The work of dramatic writing went on energetically. A version of Sardou's "Nos Bons Villageois" was prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Conway under the title of "Hazardous Ground"; a Polish revolutionary drama, "Sanya, or the Red Ribbon," was written for Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Tiffany, and a sensational play, "The Red Scarf," for Miss Sallie Partington, was produced at the Conways' theatre.

One of the oddest commissions ever received by a playwright was from a citizen from the West who came to New York with a letter of introduction to Mr. Daly from Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy of the *Lacrosse Democrat*. The citizen in question had been engaged in a campaign for municipal reform in his town, and had conceived the ingenious idea of representing the wicked "combine" of the local "boodlers" on the stage. Whether this was an effective plan for causing the wicked to flee is a matter of opinion. "Grafters" have thick skins and laughter often disarms justice. But it was not a bad thought to enlist in the effort for reform all the great agencies of good—the pulpit, press, and stage; and Daly, working on the plot furnished by the amiable reformer, did his utmost to make the villains not only hateful, but ridiculous. His client was delighted, and afterwards wrote that he had been either indicted or sued for damages—I forget which. The play was evidently a go!

Having given hostages to fortune by his marriage, and impelled by his life-long ambition, Augustin determined to acquire a theatre of his own and to put into practice long-considered theories of management. Suddenly the beautiful little theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, which

James Fisk, Jr., had built for John Brougham, came into the market after Brougham had failed as manager, and after a season of opera bouffe, undertaken by Mr. Fisk himself, had begun to languish. To this, the most elegant playhouse in America, Daniel Harkins, who had unbounded faith in his former manager's ability, directed Mr. Daly's attention.

SECOND PERIOD : 1869-1873



CHAPTER VIII

The Fifth Avenue Theatre and Daly's first season. Lease from James Fisk, Junior. Six weeks' rent in advance. Father-in-law Duff's grim humor. Courage, self-reliance, and ideals. Prospectus. Surprises for press and profession. The new company. Well-known names. Unknown names. Daly breaks with tradition. His own stage director. Opening night. "Play" introduces Agnes Ethel. Its successor, "Dreams," introduces James Lewis. "London Assurance" introduces Fanny Davenport. Uphill work. Undeterred by criticism. "I let tongues wag as they please." Mrs. Scott-Siddons' engagement. E. L. Davenport in *Sir Giles Overreach*. Old Comedies and Daly's Saturday nights the vogue. Olive Logan's "Surf." Last appearance of the veteran George Holland. Effect upon the company of the long struggle. All work, all play, and no decisive hit. Twenty-one new productions in six months, of which eleven were classics of the stage. At last the tide turns.

To James Fisk, Jr., proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, went the young Augustin to inquire the terms for a lease. Fisk was easily found in the offices of the Erie Railway Company, which with Jay Gould he controlled. He probably had never heard of Daly. In reply to his question "What security can you give?" the answer was "None." "Then," said Fisk, "you must pay six weeks' rent in advance. The rent is twenty-five thousand dollars a year." The financier estimated from experience the lasting powers of the ordinary ambitious manager. Singularly enough, six weeks was the length of time which Mr. Duff had given his son-in-law "to get into the poor-house," as he humorously expressed it when informed of the venture. No one would believe at that time that Daly was not backed by his father-in-law.

The impression in the newspaper and theatrical world was, as one writer expressed it, that "he would not be permitted to fail"; yet it was a fact that this undertaking, like all his prior ones, was without a dream of such aid.

When he returned from his visit to Fisk, he came immediately to talk it over with me, — we had been together in everything, and we must be together in this. His enthusiasm was unbounded: "it was folly to stop and count the cost, much less the risk. The talented and experienced Brougham had failed here, but Brougham had failed in his theatre on Broadway in 1851, and Wallack, who succeeded him, had made a brilliant success. If you pause to consider the chances of failure, you will never accomplish anything. Here was opportunity." There was no dross of material consideration that was not consumed in the flame of his desire to work out his ideals. The next day he waited upon Fisk with a check. The stupefaction of the Erie magnate was noticeable. He looked at the slip of paper for some moments, and then remarked, "This is the first man with money I have ever seen in the theatrical business!" A lease for two years was duly drawn and executed, and the young manager with swelling heart unlocked the doors of the theatre and surveyed the property which was now his own. As he said, "I went upon the stage and felt as one who treads the deck of a ship as its master." His prospectus was startling: "The production of whatever is novel, original, entertaining and unobjectionable, and the revival of whatever is rare and worthy, in the legitimate drama." Considering the reputation of Wallack's, then in its prime, for classic comedy, the intention of the new manager seemed audacious, even reprehensible, in view of possible injury to the old masters in crude attempts to restore them.

His list of engagements added to the wonder. There were E. L. Davenport, a tragic star, but one of the most versatile actors on the boards; William Davidge, a veteran of the old flavor, who never failed to make his appearance in the mixed companies hastily gathered for occasional revivals of old comedy or attempts at modern burlesque, but a reliable standby all the same; George Holland, who had grown so old that he was retired from Wallack's, but not from the affections of the public; J. B. Peck, who had been one of Wallack's young men; D. H. Harkins, who had supported Forrest; and George Clarke, a handsome youth beginning to win favor. On the ladies' side were Mrs. Clara Jennings, formerly leading woman at Wallack's; Mrs. Marie Wilkins from the London stage; Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, fondly remembered as the *Marquise St. Maur* in "Caste" and the Indian schoolmarm in "Pocahontas"; and Mrs. Chanfrau, the beautiful *Esther Eccles*. Among the unknown names were Fanny Davenport and Agnes Ethel. There was another — James Lewis.¹ What Daly was to do with a burlesque performer (he had been last seen as *Lucrezia Borgia*) no one knew. Robert Stoepel, a well-known composer, was to conduct the orchestra. William Saunders, a veteran stage carpenter, was machinist. The scenic artists promised well: James Roberts and Charles Duflocq.

It was apparent at once that the newcomer intended to restore forgotten and discarded personalities as well as to bring forward unfriended youth. It seemed to old professionals that his force covered a wide range, but that there were many "lines" vacant. But here came the sur-

¹ Others were Amy Ames, Roberta Norwood, Marie Longmore, Emilie Kiehl, Emily Lewis, Misses Tyson and Rowland, J. F. Egbert, George Jordan, Jr., F. Chapman, W. Beekman, H. C. Ryner, H. Stewart, J. M. Cooke, and Messrs. Pierce and Peck.

prise. His purpose was to break away from tradition; to free actors from the trammels of "lines" into which they had settled as in a groove. It was with a great wrench that the old favorites were pried out of the rut, but the result was soon a mobile force, adaptable and creative. He astonished his players by throwing them into parts for which they thought they had no fitness. They were one day dejected over their tasks, and the next elated with the success they had achieved. To do this all tradition had to be washed out and all rank levelled. In his engagements there was one rule: "My line," began the veteran, "is—" Mr. Daly interrupted gently: "There is no line in this theatre; you do everything." It was revolutionary but successful. Then the dignity of the profession was secured by impartial rules. The humblest personage had rights equal to the favorites of the public. All could come to the manager with a grievance. From the beginning he got the reputation of an unyielding disciplinarian, but if he was rigid with others, he also sacrificed himself. It was soon seen that no one else could do so much with men and women of the stage as he.

In this first season's company were two young women of whom, as of others, it has been customary to say that Daly found them inexperienced beginners and made them famous actresses. They were Miss Davenport and Miss Ethel. Fanny Vining (or Davenport, when she took her stepfather's name) came of an old theatrical family. She joined the company with Mr. Davenport in her nineteenth year, and notwithstanding her rawness the first part given her was a leading one in old comedy. When she was announced for *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance," an indignant editor called it New York assurance. Yet she ultimately became the best *Lady Gay* of her time. What Daly saw in her besides dazzling



FANNY DAVENPORT

beauty, splendid presence, and blooming health were confidence and self-possession. They were remarkably tested in another early part — that of *Countess D'Autreval* in "Checkmate, or a Duel in Love," a one-act version of Scribe's "La Bataille des Dames," in which she had to be substituted for Mrs. Chanfrau at a few hours' notice and with only one rehearsal. On the first night, owing to an unlucky slip of memory of one of the actors, the lines and business of the play fell into the utmost confusion, and the whole comedy would have been wrecked if Miss Davenport had not with the greatest presence of mind and inspiriting force caught up the threads of the dialogue, restored the cues, skilfully interwoven them, and rallied the actors; until, without the audience perceiving the least halt, the performance passed to a triumphant conclusion.

Agnes Ethel, a few years older than Fanny Davenport, was a pupil of Matilda Heron, and was brought out, a few months before Daly engaged her, in the small theatre of the Union League Club, then in Twenty-sixth Street. Her part was *Camille*, of which she was not an ideal representative. What the audience saw was a slender figure, candid eyes, flowing auburn hair, an oval face, and regular features always lit up by an expression of childish appeal. These and a low voice of penetrating quality dwelt in the public memory from the moment she appeared on the Fifth Avenue stage. Her gifts were not varied or marked, but she filled the eye and the ear so completely that no one asked for more.

But the most striking revelation of adaptability was in the modestly announced "Mr. James Lewis." A very young man who had made in a small way some acceptable appearances in brief seasons of burlesque and extravaganza, he was given, in the first two seasons at this theatre, a range of parts in which the ordinary lines of

theatrical business were so crossed and opposed as to bewilder the most experienced professionals of the period. Through the range of low comedy, high comedy, "juveniles," and "first old men" Lewis moved with equal facility. In the first season he played the cheeky young shopman *John Hibbs* in "Dreams," and the mature and eccentric *Baron de Cambri* in "Frou-Frou." In the second season he was the elderly and dignified *Sir Patrick Lundie* in "Man and Wife," and the flighty young *Bob Sackett* in "Saratoga." Between these he was *Marplot* in the "Busybody," *Feste* in "Twelfth Night," and *Major de Boots* — and excellent in all. Tradition was routed in the case of Lewis.

For stage manager the choice fell upon Harkins, an actor of experience, heavy build, and forcible manner, with a voice of remarkable resonance that made his utterance of Shakespeare's lines delightful. He was well read, and possessed an energy and zeal which often required to be kept in check. He was greatly elated over his appointment as stage manager of such a company in such a theatre, and he immediately proceeded to lay down his course with great clearness to his manager: "I tell you my policy, Mr. Daly — when I am on the stage I permit no one to interfere with me." "Just my policy, Harkins," said Mr. Daly smilingly. "When I am on the stage I permit no one to interfere with *me!*" This produced an excellent understanding, which was never interrupted. There was no vanity in this policy of Daly's; he was absolutely free from that weakness. When he took the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the initials of the former manager John Brougham adorned the summit of the proscenium arch, and they were never removed.

One special gift of Daly remains to be noticed — that of prompt decision, which doubles the value of every

other gift. By reason of it men are singled out from the ranks in great industries and put in command. By it professional men achieve in law, in medicine, in the sciences, reputation and fortune. I once said to my brother in discussing his swiftness of decision, "But you make mistakes?" "Yes," he replied, "perhaps in half the cases; but that is the average of the people who stop to weigh every consideration; and I have this advantage over them—I don't lose an opportunity."

The beginning of a new era in American stage history was the night of August 16, 1869, when the Fifth Avenue Theatre was opened "under the management of Augustin Daly" with T. W. Robertson's "Play." This gossamer comedy, presented with all that was delicately harmonious in personages, dress, and scenery, created at once the atmosphere that was henceforth to be familiar in this house. The little Fifth Avenue Theatre, far out of the zone of theatres, was about half filled on that mid-summer night, but the audience was of the kind that never afterwards changed in its appreciation of what was now doing for the elevation of the stage. The bright and happy faces on the stage were those of Agnes Ethel, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Gilbert, E. L. Davenport, Holland, Davidge, Clarke, and Polk. Davenport's grand presence lent dignity to the slight part of the *Hon. Bruce Farquhar*, and the alluring presence of Agnes Ethel as *Rosie* captivated the senses.

The same cast presented Robertson's "Dreams" on September 6; James Lewis was now introduced as the commercial traveller *John Hibbs*. All the characters in the play had a descriptive couplet on the programme, and Lewis' was appropriately:

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought
When such are needed."

In his next part, *Bob* in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," a valet masquerading as a limb of the law, he displayed for the first time his genius for "making up" by giving a startling (and probably accidental) imitation of the crabbed countenance of a well-known New York lawyer of the old school, then still in practice.

Miss Davenport made her début in the next production, "London Assurance." Mr. Davenport's *Sir Harcourt Courtly* was the finest representation of the part ever seen in New York, consummately polished, blasé, arrogant, and infatuated. Miss Davenport played with high spirit and confidence, and was approved by her manager, for she came up to his ideal of the part. It has ruined many a *Lady Gay* to be too sophisticated. Miss Davenport's brusque cajolery was exactly in place. What the critics thought did not change the manager's opinion. He had the indispensable gift of disregarding criticism when he felt he was right. He was not indifferent to it, was indeed extremely sensitive to the mildest censure; yet he was not deterred by it. He adopted as his motto a line from Goethe: "What I have done I have done in a kingly fashion. I let tongues wag as they pleased. That I knew to be right, that I did."

The dainty Mrs. Scott-Siddons was next brought on in a fresh and buoyant production of "Twelfth Night," the first Shakespearian revival of the Daly management. Her *Viola* was supported by Miss Ethel's *Olivia*, Miss Davenport's *Maria*, Harkins' *Orsino*, Davidge's *Sir Toby*, Polk's *Sir Andrew*, Clarke's *Malvolio*, and Lewis' *Clown*.¹ Polk was one of the best and least exaggerated of *Aguecheeks*, and Davidge a perfect *Sir Toby* in manner

¹ Oct. 4, 1869. The remainder of the cast included Chapman as *Fabian*, Ryner as *Antonio*, Egbert as *Sebastian*, Pierce as the *Friar*, Cooke as *Roberto*, Beekman as the *Justice*, Jordan as *Valentine*, and Stewart as *Curio*.

and looks. "As You Like It" followed, and the sing-song of Mrs. Scott-Siddons was like the carol of a bird in the forest of Arden. Mrs. Jennings was *Celia* on the first night, and they exchanged parts from night to night. Young Clarke was a romantic *Orlando*, and Harkins' fine and distinct declamation was enjoyed in *Jaques*. Davidge was the *Touchstone* in those days; Lewis' fine *Jester* was to come with experience.¹ Mrs. Siddons was presented in three other revivals before the termination of her visit: Henrik Hertz' "King René's Daughter,"² Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not,"³ and "Much Ado about Nothing,"⁴ the third Shakespearian revival by Daly. Mrs. Scott-Siddons was then in her twenty-fifth year, and full of a demure vitality. Not great in any part, she was charming in everything. Her *Hypolita* in Cibber's play (not seen in New York since 1858) was supported by Clarke's *Don Philip*, Davidge's *Don Manuel*, Harkins' *Don Octavio*, Lewis' *Trapanti*, George Holland's *Diego*, Miss Ethel's *Donna Rosara*, Miss Davenport's *Violetta*, and Miss Longmore's *Flora*. Equally strong was the cast of "Much Ado about Nothing." Mrs. Siddons was, of course, *Beatrice* (rather a spirited child than a woman), Harkins *Benedick*, Polk *Don Pedro*, Egbert *Don John*, F. H. Evans *Claudio*, Clarke *Leonato*, Ryner *Antonio*, Pierce *Balthazar*, Chapman *Borachio*, Stewart *Conrade*, Davidge *Dogberry*, Holland *Verges*, Beekman *Sexton*, Beneux *Seacoal*, Jordan *Friar Francis*, Miss Ethel *Hero*, Miss Kiehl *Margaret*, and Miss Lewis

¹ The rest of the cast, Oct. 18, 1869, was: *Banished Duke*, Polk; *Duke Frederick*, Cooke; *Amiens*, Stewart; *Oliver*, Jordan; *Jaques de Bois*, Pierce; *Adam*, Ryner; *Charles, the Wrestler*, Peck; *Sylvius*, Egbert; *Corin*, Chapman; *William*, Beekman; and *Audrey*, Mrs. Wilkins.

² Oct. 22, 1869.

³ Oct. 25, 1869.

⁴ Nov. 8, 1869.

Ursula. During the Siddons season there was a revival of Sheridan Knowles' "Love Chase," to afford Mrs. Wilkins an appearance in *Widow Green*, a part which she had quite made her own in England. She was assisted by Miss Ethel as *Constance*, Davidge as *Fondlove*, Clarke as *Wildrake*, and Harkins as *Waller*; but the comedy proved to be too antiquated to please.¹

The departure of Mrs. Siddons (upon a theatrical tour) seemed to affect the public, for there was a falling off of patronage at once, although "Caste" was revived² to give Mrs. Chanfrau in her lovely portraiture of *Esther Eccles*,³ and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was put on to show a great representation — Davenport's *Sir Giles Overreach*.⁴ Then in rapid succession came Palgrave Simpson's "Second Love,"⁵ Sterling Coyne's "Everybody's Friend,"⁶ and Scribe's "Checkmate" (which has already been noticed). After that came a notable revival, Mrs. Inchbald's "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," for the first time in thirty years; then Andrew Halliday's "Daddy Gray," Boucicault's "The Irish Heiress," and Scribe's "Don César de Bazan." In the hope of stimulating the public fancy, an elaborate production of "The Duke's Motto," a brilliant attraction a few years before at Niblo's, was staged; and then Mrs. Centlivre's "Busybody." The last was one of the plays that now began to make Daly's Saturday nights famous. His constant patrons acquired the habit of ending the week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but something more was needed to establish the new enterprise.

Some hopes were based upon Mrs. Olive Logan Sikes' "Surf," which was an "up to date" comedy of American

¹ Oct. 22, 1869.

² Nov. 15, 1869.

³ With Miss Davenport as *Polly*, Mrs. Gilbert as *Marquise D'Alroy*, Lewis as *Gerridge*, Polk as *Hawtrey*, and the inimitable *Eccles* of Davidge.

⁴ Nov. 23, 1869.

⁵ Nov. 12, 1869.

⁶ Nov. 25, 1869.

life and had been a success in Boston. But the only eventful episode of its production was the breakdown of poor George Holland. He was cast for *Mr. Jenkins*, a newspaper reporter, and he appeared on the opening night, January 12, 1870, for the last time in any performance. His final appearance in public was to say farewell at the benefit given him at the theatre by Mr. Daly.

As the season wore on the manager began to look for an attraction which would last longer than three weeks and give his company a rest from incessant rehearsals. Twenty-one plays had been produced in six months, and even the mechanics were worn out. When "The Duke's Motto" with its elaborate setting was brought out, old Saunders threw himself exhausted upon a pile of scenery, and had to be comforted by his tireless manager. The continuous change of plays kept the company at rehearsal all day and often after midnight. This was nothing, however, to the young and the young in spirit. Health, hope, buoyancy of heart carried them over all the disappointments. There was always some incident to laugh over, some trifling mishap, some misadventure turned to merriment; then the stage was cleared for another effort, and the feet of youth, which always tread upon air, tripped lightly after their untiring leader, who, as everyone knew, labored longer and harder than any one else, and got no salary, not even his expenses. He came to the theatre in the morning before the night watchman left, and he was the last at night upon whom the key was turned. He spent nothing upon himself. All that came in went upon the stage. The scenery was exquisite, the dresses costly, the furniture real. Everything done on the stage was done admirably, and satisfied the discerning portion of the community that came to see; but the great crowds that make success had not found their way there. So far all had been struggle — now came reward.

CHAPTER IX

"Frou-Frou" turns the tide. Makes Agnes Ethel. Supper on the hundredth night. "Fernande," and Fanny Morant's great part. The Fifth Avenue Theatre now established. Its social character. Tribute to Daly by Dorman B. Eaton. Rigid rule excluding visitors from the stage. "Man and Wife" dramatized by Daly introduces Clara Morris. She makes her mark, and so do Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. Agnes Ethel as *Viola* and Knowles' *Julia*. Third success, Bronson Howard's "Saratoga." Miss Morris in farce. Supper on the hundredth night. Boucicault's "Jezebel" and Daly's addition to it. Engagement of Charles Mathews. Breakfast to Mathews. "No Name." Fanny Davenport sacrifices beauty to wit. Outside work. "Horizon" written for the Olympic and Mr. Duff. Daly brings out Madame Janauschek in English. His project to dramatize "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Charles Collins' opinion. "Divorce" by Daly a record success. "Article 47." Clara Morris reaches the high water mark of her fame. Retirement of Agnes Ethel. Excursion to Philadelphia.

At this time appeared in Paris Meilhac and Halévy's emotional play "Frou-Frou." Their names had been associated with opera bouffe, and a serious play was the last thing expected from them. "Frou-Frou" quite supplanted Dumas' "Dame aux Camélias," but was unlike that morbid tale; it dealt with a life warmed by the sun, in which goodly vines flourish that the little foxes gnaw — in which the small passions make havoc like a tempest. A child-wife, impetuous, spoiled, installing her staid sister by the family hearth as mother to her child and companion to her husband, so that she herself may flit about in freedom; then waking to the bitter reality that she is supplanted; loading the innocent with reproaches; and,



AGNES ETHEL

maddened by the consequences of her own folly, casting herself away — to repent, to return, to die, — such was the story of “Frou-Frou.”

The adaptation was completed in three days, and the play given to the public on the evening of February 12, 1870. In Paris, at the *Gymnase*, Mme. Desclée, an experienced actress of great emotional power, created the part of the heroine; Daly gave it to the novice, Miss Ethel. His judgment was abundantly justified. The naïveté of the beginner gave reality to the thoughtlessness of the character. Dramatic force was wanting, but there was the effect of a searching cry from a weak and despairing heart. The forgiveness of the husband had the full sympathy of the beholders, who found themselves like him contemplating a creature blown about by the wind, whose feet were never made to wear out the everlasting flint.¹ The play was an unquestioned success. It became the town talk, and everybody crowded to the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Daly had justified prediction. James Fisk, Jr. looked as if he felt that his sagacity in leasing the theatre to the untried manager had been vindicated, and even old Mr. Duff wore a sort of “I told you so” expression.

To celebrate the hundredth performance Daly gave a supper at the St. James Hotel, at which the whole company of the theatre was present, together with Judge John R. Brady (presiding), Richard O’Gorman, Judge Fithian, Lawrence Jerome, and Mayor Hall. After the run of “Frou-Frou” there was a brief revival of Goldsmith’s

¹ The cast was excellent. Young Clarke was *Sartorys*, the husband; Kate Newton (her début) *Louise*, the sister; Davidge, the frivolous parent *Brigard*; Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert *Baron* and *Baroness de Cambri*; the child of Frou-Frou was little Gertrude, daughter of Roberta Norwood; Miss Davenport consented to play the maid, *Pauline*, — a great sacrifice for *Lady Gay* and the *Baroness D’Aubreval*.

“Good-natured Man”;¹ and then Sardou’s “Fernande,” another Parisian novelty, was brought out² with the same artists, and with the addition of Miss Fanny Morant, whose powerful impersonation of *Clothilde*, the woman scorned who became a fury, was magnetic in the highest degree. The new play terminated the season,—one of forty-eight weeks, and unsurpassed in a theatre devoted to legitimate entertainment.

The ambition of the manager had been fulfilled. He had established a theatre where plays new and old could be fittingly presented, and to which young and old could resort with confidence. The home-like atmosphere remained with Daly’s Theatre throughout his career. A rigid rule of the manager was that no person was to be admitted behind the scenes who was not engaged in the business of the stage. When his lease came to be renewed the following year, his landlord proposed a clause giving the lessor “free access to all parts of the theatre at all times.” Daly refused, and the clause was omitted.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre and Daly’s reputation as manager were now established. The popularity of his company in the eyes of other managers was attested by the successful efforts of Wallack to withdraw George Clarke from it. But this defection was only for one season. He soon returned.

Plays were offered by well-known writers: one was a drama by Bret Harte; and Laura Keene was anxious to come and play a new local piece in a theatre managed by “an American author brim full of genius.” But Daly’s energies were now bent upon a congenial task — the dramatization of the great novel of the period, Wilkie Collins’ “Man and Wife”; Collins himself had attempted the task for the London stage, but had failed completely.

¹ April 24, 1870.

² June 7, 1870.

The work presented enormous difficulties. In the last act, incidents which take up six weeks of time and many changes of locality had to be crowded into a single scene and half an hour. It was the opening piece of the next season,¹ and gave Miss Clara Morris her first opportunity.

Miss Morris and her mother had come from the West with letters to New York managers. Mr. Daly was the only one to give the friendless stranger a chance. Impressed at first by her vivacity, he mentally enrolled her in his comic forces; but when, to his astonishment, Miss Ethel refused the part of *Anne Sylvester* in "Man and Wife," he recalled the mobile countenance and impressive voice of Miss Morris, and intrusted that leading rôle to her. The result was that the first night of the new play presented to a deeply interested audience another of Mr. Daly's discoveries. But Miss Morris was but one of several surprises of that eventful première. Lewis, the farceur, was the dignified, keen, and benevolent *Sir Patrick Lundie*, and immediately became a favorite. This was one of Daly's most daring defiances to theatrical rules — to give the low comedian a rôle naturally falling to the "first old man" or the "père noble." The third surprise was the appearance of the aristocratic dowager, Mrs. Gilbert, in the weird part of the pretended dumb woman, *Hester Dethridge*. It was a night of triumph for the management.

After ten weeks' run a season of old comedy and Shakespeare followed. No one now doubted the capacity of the new theatre for a brilliant and unconventional interpretation of the classics. In "Twelfth Night" Miss Ethel was *Viola*,² and in "The Hunchback" *Julia*.³ "The Heir at Law" introduced Mrs. William Winter to the stage.⁴ Davidge was *Sir Harcourt Courtly* in a revival of

¹ Sept. 13, 1870. ² Nov. 21, 1870. ³ Dec. 12, 1870. ⁴ Dec. 22, 1870.

"London Assurance," and *Malvolio* in "Twelfth Night." A one-time favorite, Ione Burke, was added to the company and played *Grace Harkaway* in the style of an ingénue and with the experience of some years in England. Then Mr. Daly had the pleasure of giving a young American author his opportunity.

Bronson Howard had written to Mr. Daly a year before, asking him to read a new comedy which had had a test performance in Louisville under J. W. Albaugh, who had praised it highly. Daly read it and made several suggestions to Howard, who was quick to appreciate their value and able to make the best use of them. With "Saratoga" he at length gave to the stage one of the liveliest and freshest comedies of the period. Miss Morris shone in a comedy part as conspicuously as in that deadly earnest one of *Anne Sylvester*. The manager's first as well as his second estimate of her abilities was correct. And now Lewis was back again in farce, rattling, in *Bob Sackett*, through a wilderness of scrapes; *Bob Sackett* is the hero of "Saratoga." Delighted with Howard's success, Daly gave him a supper on the hundredth night, at which Mayor Hall presided, assisted by Robert B. Roosevelt (then member of Congress from New York), John Brougham, Colonel Knox, Joseph Howard, Jr., many representatives of the press, and the whole company of Daly's Theatre.

After the long run of Howard's play, Boucicault's "Jezebel" (from the French of Lessière's "La Fille du Sud") was produced, and to lighten its gloom Daly wrote a comic scene for it, which the press (not in the author's confidence) pronounced to be "in Boucicault's best vein"! The next novelty was a season of Charles Mathews after an absence of years. Mathews was one of the bright recollections of Daly's boyhood. His seventy

years were only disclosed by his wrinkles, his step and spirit were young, and he walked jauntily to rehearsals in the morning, smoking the longest, strongest, brownest, and most highly flavored of Regalias. He had been thirty-five years on the stage, which he adopted only in middle life, having been intended by his father, the famous comedian, for the profession of architect. In the preceding season in England he had toured nine months, playing in forty-one one-night stands and in thirty-one places for two nights each. He now turned up as gay as ever for his third visit to America, accompanied by his wife, Lizzie Weston of New York, whose first husband was Adolphus Davenport.

Mathews' opening bill¹ was (as always) "Married for Money" and "Patter *vs.* Clatter," and he wrote from San Francisco in advance, referring to terms (half the receipts after \$500), describing the *dramatis personæ* of the first piece (which Daly knew by heart) and how to cast it (which Daly also knew as well as he did), and begging that he be announced "as 'Mr. C. M., the celebrated (or distinguished) English comedian,' — nothing more. And I have a horror of 'gags' (which, by the bye, I believe you have the good taste to avoid also)." The new manager's principles in the latter regard had already become the talk of the theatrical world. "Gags" are those interpolations with which privileged comic actors enliven the author's composition.

Mrs. Gilbert was *Mrs. Mopus* to Mathews' *Mopus*, and Miss Kate Claxton, now a member of the company, was one of the mute performers in the second piece, in which the star did all the talking. He played eight weeks in eleven pieces, including "A Bachelor of Arts" and "Used Up" (favorites of Lester Wallack); and the gossamer

¹ April 10, 1871.

daintiness of the first made even the lightest light comedy of the other seem ponderous; yet both were perfect. Mrs. Mathews appeared, for the first time in New York since she had become Mrs. Mathews, as *Medea* in Planché's extravaganza of that name — no longer the slender *Naiad Queen*. Mathews was *Chorus* crowned with bays, in a short white toga over evening dress. He was a martinet at rehearsals, going through his own lines in a whisper, but advising "a judicious application of the toasting fork to all the dram. pers."

Mayor Hall gave a breakfast to Mathews at the Manhattan Club at which Sunset Cox, Evert Duyckinck, James W. Gerard (one of the leaders of the Bar), Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, managers Wallack and Augustin Daly, Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, and Brougham were present. The Chief Justice asked Wallack if he had ever met the celebrated Irish comedian, Jack Johnstone. "Yes," said Wallack, "I married his daughter; and there [pointing to Lester] is her son." Brougham sat next to me, and the conversation in a little while turned upon spiritual manifestations. Brougham asked me if I believed that at any time in the history of mankind the spirits of the departed had ever appeared to the living. "I have lain awake," he said, "in my bed at night many a time and have stretched out my hand in the darkness, saying, 'If there is such a thing as a disembodied spirit, let it make me sensible of its presence by touching my hand!' And there was no response."

No one could ever have been a greater stage favorite than Brougham. From the time of his first appearance in New York in 1842 until his death in 1880 he was continually before the public. Some years after the Mathews' breakfast, and when the veteran Brougham was afflicted with years and ailments (1878), a public benefit was

arranged for him which netted about \$10,000. It was invested in an annuity which he enjoyed only two years, when he was taken away "in the next shipment of souls." He wrote more than fifty plays — among them dramatizations of the early works of Dickens — and innumerable songs and ballads introduced into the works of others. Taken all in all he was the most agreeable actor of his time, and one of the most intelligent. His *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* was a revelation. At the close of Mathews' engagement he played Sheridan's "Critic" in two acts, so as to show his *Sir Fretful Plagiary* as well as his *Puff*, making the change of costume — from the rubicund, powdered, gartered, choleric knight to the cool, well-groomed dramatist — in an incredibly short time, I should think not over half a minute.

After Mathews, Wilkie Collins' and Daly's adaptation of "No Name" was brought out¹ with all the company in the cast, and with Miss Davenport masking her glowing beauty in the rôle of the frowsy, chalk-faced, slipshod and half-cracked *Mrs. Captain Wragge*. "Delmonico's," an adaptation from Sardou, came next,² and finally, as late as July 10 (another prolonged season, but there was no Manhattan Beach in those days, the public taking their ease in summer gardens, listening to Theodore Thomas' orchestra) "An Old Olympic Bill" was given, such a night's frolic as William Mitchell used to offer his patrons twenty years before, at the toy theatre on Broadway below Grand Street. One of his greatest hits was the *Crummles* episode from "Nicholas Nickleby." Daly now reproduced it from the original MSS. Davidge was *Crummles*, Mrs. Gilbert *The Infant Phenomenon*, and James Lewis *The Savage*. Mrs. Gilbert's ballet was inimitable. On July 15, 1871, after a season of three hun-

¹ June 7, 1871.

² June 20, 1871.

dred and fifteen performances, the company was allowed to rest.

If we fancy that the work of this season afforded all the employment needed for the energies of the manager and dramatist, we shall be surprised to learn that he wrote, rehearsed, and produced¹ for his father-in-law, Mr. Duff, at the Olympic Theatre an original American drama, "Horizon," lending Agnes Ethel for the heroine *Meddie*, who, as fair and frail as a lily, handled a rifle and kept a score of savages at bay. This was in the third act, the climax of which was the startling ruse by which the Indians captured the stockade in which the families of the settlers were gathered. The drama was a picture of life on the border and the plains. A. M. Palmer said to me years afterwards: "'Horizon' was the best American play I have ever seen; more than that, it was the best play your brother ever wrote; and it was the least appreciated by the public." G. L. Fox, J. K. Mortimer, Charles Wheatleigh, Hart Conway, Mrs. Prior and her daughter Lulu, Mrs. Yeamans and her daughter Jennie, with many others, were in the cast.

Daly wrote this play to help the fading fortunes of the once popular Olympic Theatre, which Fox in "Humpty Dumpty" had crowded for two years, but which the receding stream of population was now leaving high and dry. Duff had invested a huge sum in the purchase of the decree of foreclosure which cut off the builder Trimble; but through some oversight final judgment was not entered, and when the property became exceedingly valuable in Duff's hands, the creditors of Trimble (revived by an astute attorney) were allowed to redeem, and Duff had to account for the profits. Only once after this did Daly produce a play on the Olympic stage. This was in 1879, and the

¹ March 25, 1871.

play "L'Assommoir," when Miss Rehan, a beginner, came to his management.

Daly's fame now brought him¹ from Mr. Thomas Carnegie an offer (which he had to decline) to manage a new opera house, or theatre, at Pittsburgh. A congenial task for him this year was to take charge of Madame Janauschek's début in English. This was at the Academy of Music, in Mosenthal's "Deborah" and in "Macbeth." The company he selected for her comprised Frederic Robinson, Mark Smith, A. H. Davenport, Mrs. DeVere, Mme. Lesderniers, and Miss Ames.

Still another project was to compose and produce a dramatization of the lamented Dickens' unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Assuming that the author must have left some clue to the "mystery," our playwright wrote to young Charles Dickens, who stated in reply that it was as great a mystery to him as to the public at large. Daly wrote to Mr. Luke Fildes, the illustrator of the novel, and Mr. Fildes referred him to Mr. Charles Collins, the artist (son-in-law of the author), who had designed the cover. Mr. Collins obligingly replied :

"Brompton, May 4, 1871.

Dear Sir : —

The late Mr. Dickens communicated to me some general outlines for his scheme of 'Edwin Drood,' but it was at a very early stage in the development of the idea, and what he said bore mainly upon the earlier portions of the tale.

Edwin Drood *was never to reappear*, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor Mr. Tartar to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood and the pursuit of his murderer, thus endeavoring to direct

¹ March, 1871.

suspicion from himself, the real murderer. This is indicated in the design, on the right side of the cover, of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover reading the placard 'Lost' is only intended to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa Budd as to the fate of her lover Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor.

As to any theory further it must be purely conjectural. It seems likely that Rosa would marry Mr. Tartar and possible that the same destiny might await Mr. Crisparkle and Helena Landless. Young Landless himself was to die perhaps, and Jasper certainly would, though whether by falling into the hands of justice or by suicide or through taking an overdose of opium, which seems most likely, it is impossible to say.

I regret not being able to offer you more information and also that your letter should have remained so long unanswered.

Very faithfully yours,

Charles Allston Collins."

Disappointed in his search for authentic matter to supply a conclusion for the unfinished work, Daly considered the possibility of inventing one himself. His theory was that the conscience of Jasper might induce him to betray himself in sleep. At that period the French drama, "Le Juif Polonais" (which Henry Irving afterwards brought out under the name of "The Bells"), had just been produced, and the dream scene of the second act suggested a nightmare to result in a confession by the culprit. The work, being laid aside for the moment, was not taken up after the production of "The Bells." The manager had become engaged upon one of his most celebrated original plays, with which he decided to open his third season.¹ This was "Divorce," the first American

¹ 1871-1872.

drama on the subject. When the dissolution of the marriage bond was legalized in France, the dramatic authors there appreciated the value of the new conditions for theatrical purposes, chiefly in the humorous way. But it was a serious subject to America, and the scheme of this play was to show that marital disagreements usually begin with self-love and pride, and that they grow out of unions where each party marries for his or her own happiness and forgets the other's; and to impress the idea that forbearance is the religion of matrimony as well as of society.

Anthony Trollope's "He Knew He Was Right" suggested the common case of a man unreasonably jealous and a woman unreasonably resentful; but apart from these traits, Daly could claim the play, with its well-contrasted characters (of whom there were twenty-one), its novel incidents, intense dialogue, and admirable dénouement, as all his own. Two ill-assorted couples were shown. Miss Morris and Harkins represented a high-strung woman united to a man who denied her the least freedom of will; and Miss Davenport and Davidge, a mating of May and December. Dominating the sea of trouble was the "divorce lawyer" *Jitt* (Lewis), and his coadjutor was necessarily the despicable divorce detective (W. J. Lemoyne). The worldly mother and matchmaker was Miss Fanny Morant. Necessary to the story was the alienist (DeVere), of whom a well-known physician said, "I'm delighted to see on the stage at last a character that does not belie the profession!" Minor parts fell to Mrs. Gilbert, Mary Cary, Ida Yereance, Linda Dietz, Louise Vollmer, Kate Claxton, Nellie Mortimer, David Whiting, Henry Crisp, and Owen Fawcett.

The first representation¹ showed that the play exactly

¹ Sept. 9, 1871.

suited the temper of the public. It did not preach, it acted, its moral. The causes of trouble lay on the surface of everyday life. The whole play was an appeal to reason, to fairness, to justice. The appeal went straight home. The veteran actor John Gilbert was there on the first night. He went back to Wallack's and said: "They have a strong play up there!" It is not surprising that it was played two hundred times (a record), and, before the season ended, all over the United States.

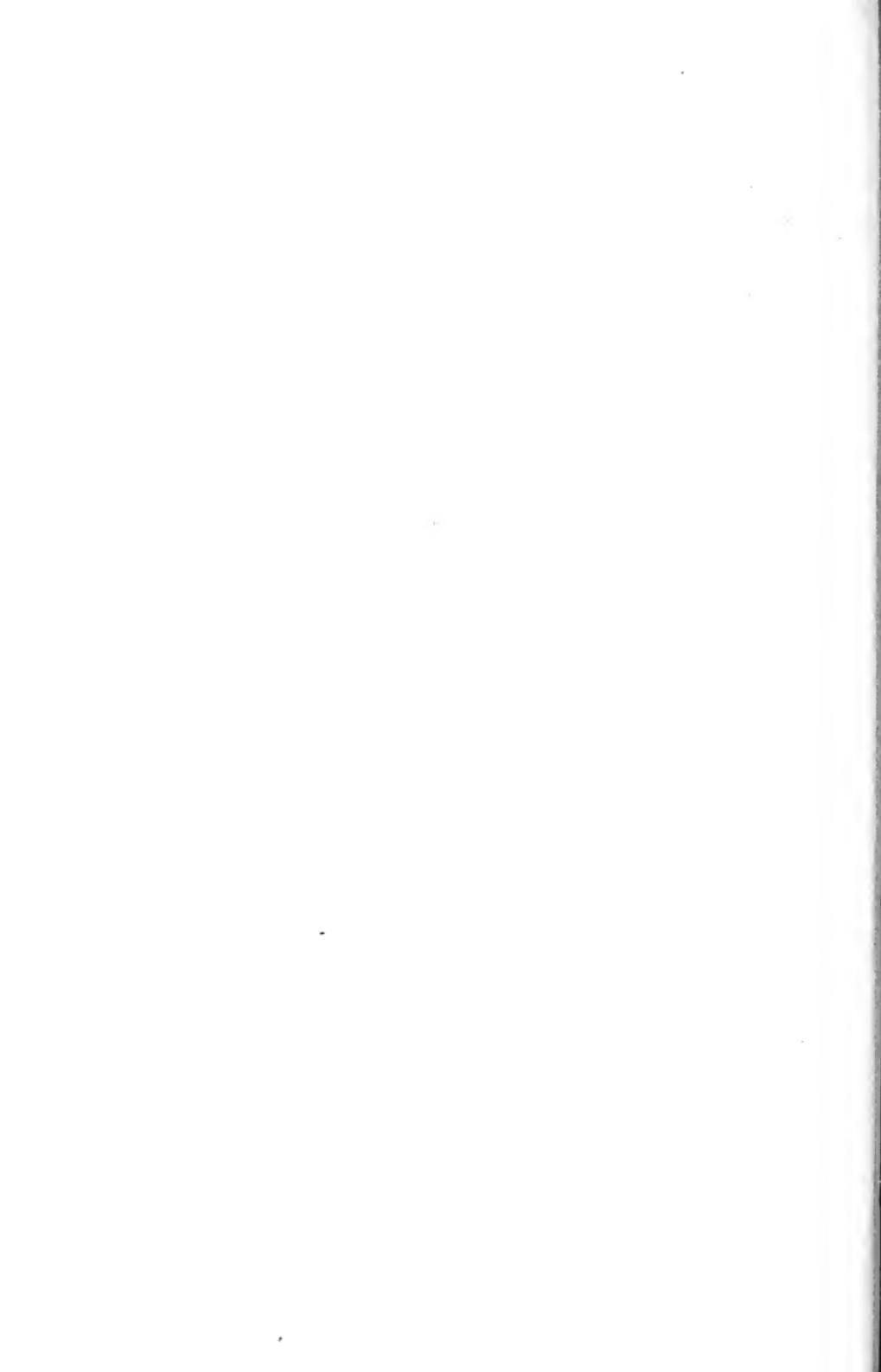
The devotion of the manager to the older comedy prompted the revival of "The Provoked Husband."¹ Miss Davenport was *Lady Townly*, Mrs. Gilbert *Lady Wronghead*, Miss Cary *Lady Grace*, and Miss Claxton *Trusty*; Louis James was *Manly* and Lemoyne *Moody*. A week was given to Miss Ethel in *Frou-Frou* and *Viola*; then came the greatest sensation of the management, "Article 47."

In this play Miss Morris reached the height of her achievement. The scene in which, baffled of her vengeance, which had become a monomania, her overwrought emotion unseats her reason and she passes through the stages of fear, cunning, and loss of control to raving madness was electrifying; and when the curtain fell, she was the mistress of the American stage. This triumph had not been effected without extreme preparation. Long rehearsals with her ambitious and painstaking manager had shaped every movement and guided every inflection. Their joy was mutual. The brilliancy of the cast, the setting, the surroundings, made this victory look as if it had been foreseen and staged. Miss Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert, Misses Dietz, Norwood, Vollmer, and Yereance, Messrs. Crisp, Davidge, James, Lewis, Griffiths, Lemoyne, Parkes, Harkins, DeVere, and Burnett were in

¹ March 22, 1872.



CLARA MORRIS



the triumph. The season closed¹ when "Article 47" was well on to its hundredth night.

The successes achieved by plays in which she had no part caused Miss Ethel to leave Daly's management and engage with Shook and Palmer of the Union Square, who had watched the course of the Fifth Avenue Theatre with appreciative eyes. Daly would gladly have retained Miss Ethel with the expectation of fitting her delicate and limited gifts with suitable parts. He had sent her with a special company through the country to star in "Frou-Frou" and "Divorce," and he offered her a three years' engagement. She was weighing this when Shook and Palmer made her an offer to get a play for her from Sardou and revive the interest of the "Frou-Frou" days. The scheme was greatly helped by Harkins being now willing to leave Daly (Clarke was coming back) and serve the Union Square as stage manager with all the experience acquired at the Fifth Avenue. It may briefly be said that Miss Ethel's acceptance was wise, and Shook and Palmer's venture successful. Sardou made over one of his plays ("Andrea"), and called it "Agnes," in which Miss Ethel made a decided hit; after one season she retired to marry.

During the latter part of the run of "Article 47" Miss Davenport was also fitted out with a company to star in "Divorce," taking Miss Morris' part, *Fanny Ten Eyck*. Lawrence Barrett wrote from his theatre in New Orleans: "She is certainly as sound in sentiment as she is airy and charming in comedy. She has the best of her parent stock in her composition." There was another starring tour, brief and eccentric, the first of its kind: during the run of "Divorce" at the Fifth Avenue the whole company was carried to Philadelphia to give a matinée (at the

¹ June 15, 1872.

Walnut Street Theatre, I think) and were back in New York in time for the evening performance. The excursion was greatly enjoyed by everybody except James Lewis, who sat gloomily in a corner when he heard that the regular trains on the P. R. R. were to be held on sidings to let the special containing his mortal parts go by. Like nearly every other comic actor Lewis took a serious view of life and the probability of its accidents. He was not seen to smile that day until back safe in Twenty-fourth Street.

The untiring manager had this season found time to assist in benefits for Mrs. Matilda Heron, now sadly in need, and for the young widow of James H. Hackett, who was left with an infant son.

CHAPTER X

Last of this theatre. Fourth season opens with Bronson Howard's "Diamonds." Old Comedy and Shakespeare take possession. Charles Fisher as *Old Dornton, Falstaff, and Sir Peter Teazle*. Clara Morris in "The Inconstant." Lewis' aversion to old comedy. Notable casts for "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The School for Scandal." Revival of "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Provoked Husband." An amateur début. Frank Marshall's charming "New Year's Eve." Sudden end of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Fire on New Year's Day 1873. Total loss. Daly resolves to go on immediately. Interview with A. T. Stewart. The old New York Theatre converted into a Fifth Avenue Theatre in three weeks. Great throng at opening, January 21, 1873. "Alixé" and Clara Morris. "Madeleine Morel." Revivals of former successes. Close of season. A charity benefit and Adelaide Neilson. We look at another scene of Daly's activities.

THE theatre was made splendid for the next season; a tableau by Garibaldi, "The Crowning of Comedy," decorated the ceiling—a subject reproduced by the same artist for the new Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-eighth Street, and embroidered in silk for Daly's last theatre on Broadway. The opening piece was a play by Bronson Howard¹ with strong (if not violent) features, in which all the company took part; it was, in fact, written to fit them all. But it did not make a lasting impression, and its withdrawal enabled Daly to indulge his passion for the classic drama. Charles Fisher had just joined his forces and enabled him to extend his range of old comedies. Fisher's style, more French than English,

¹ Sept. 3, 1872.

agreed well with the lightness of touch observable in all the Daly revivals. He had had immense experience in many companies, from Burton's to Lester Wallack's. There was a new young woman too, Sara Jewett, a pupil of Miss Morant, who possessed all the freshness of Agnes Ethel without her fascination, and all the energy of Clara Morris without her power.

“The Road to Ruin” introduced Fisher¹ as *Old Dornton*, one of the choice impersonations of W. R. Blake. Lewis was cast for *Goldfinch*, but to the manager’s astonishment declined it, not because it was not good enough but because it was “entirely out of his way.” Clarke took it and gave it the correct rollicking touch. The fact was that Lewis detested old comedy, yet he was a good *Touchstone*, *Grumio*, and even *Sir Toby Belch*. The next revival was “The Belle’s Stratagem,”² with Louis James as *Dorlcourt*, Clarke as *Flutter*, Davidge as *Old Hardy*, Miss Davenport as *Letitia*, and Miss Morant as *Mrs. Rockett*. Then came “Everybody’s Friend,”³ the feature of which was the tragic Louis James in *Felix Featherly*, a part that J. B. Polk had once rejected as beneath him. The greatest novelty, however, was “The Inconstant,” for the first time in seventeen years,⁴ with Miss Morris as *Oriana* (her first appearance in page’s dress, and a very spirited, slender, and symmetrical figure), Miss Davenport as *Bizarre*, Clarke as *Young Mirabel*, and Griffiths as *Old Mirabel*. Shakespeare’s “Merry Wives of Windsor” presented Fisher as *Falstaff*, Miss Davenport as *Mrs. Ford*, Miss Morant as *Mrs. Page*, Miss Jewett as *Anne*, Mrs. Gilbert as *Dame Quickly*, Clarke as *Page*, Louis James as *Ford*, Lewis as *Slender*, Lemoyne as *Caius*, Davidge as *Evans*, Whiting as *Shallow*, Ringgold as *Fenton*, and Fawcett as

¹ Oct. 28, 1872.

² Oct. 30, 1872.

³ Nov. 4, 1872.

⁴ Nov. 6, 1872.

Host—a memorable cast. Fisher's fat knight was all nature. There never seemed to be anything theatrical about his bulk nor anything assumed in voice or gait. The rolling eye and smacking lip had no suggestion of the theatre, and seemed to have no taint of grossness.

Equally pleasing to lovers of old comedy was Fisher's *Sir Peter Teazle* in the next revival, "The School for Scandal."¹ Miss Davenport was *Lady Teazle*, and it continued to be her part for ten years. Clarke was *Charles*, James was *Joseph*, Lewis *Moses*, Davidge *Crabtree*, and Miss Morant *Mrs. Candour*. Such a revival is the supreme test of a dramatic company. If you doubt it, try to recall how many managers venture upon it in these days. In rapid succession followed "Married Life"² and "A Bold Stroke for a Husband."³ Meanwhile, a débutante from the ranks of New York social life, Mrs. C. D. Abbott, made her first appearance at a matinée⁴ in "The Baroness," from the French. A new comedy, Frank Marshall's "New Year's Eve," a charming picture of English life, was produced on December 23, and as interpreted by Miss Morris, Miss Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Mortimer, Whiting, Burnett, Clarke, Rockwell, Davidge, Ringgold, and Fawcett, became at once a favorite.

New Year's day, 1873, was a typical winter's afternoon, and the streets were covered with snow and ice. At about half past five I was stepping into a sleigh, when the driver with a troubled air informed me of a report that "the Fifth Avenue Theatre was on fire." Driving immediately in that direction, it was found that we could approach no nearer than the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, as a cordon of police was stretched

¹ Dec. 9, 1872.

² Dec. 16, 1872.

³ Dec. 17, 1872.

⁴ Dec. 12, 1872.

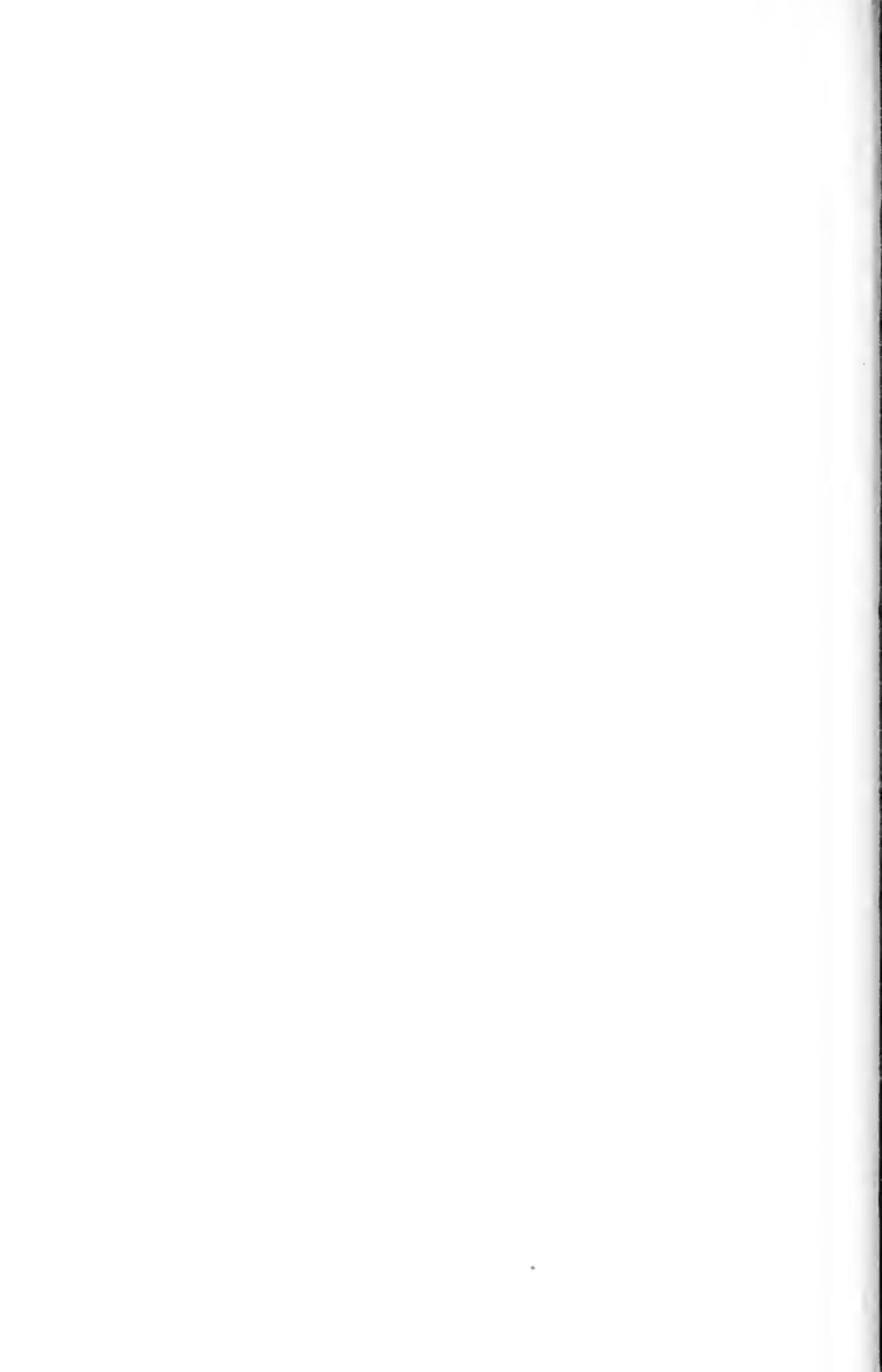
across the latter thoroughfare. From that spot an immense crowd of strangely silent spectators watched a roaring flame ascend as in a chimney from the walls of what had been, an hour before, the most cherished play-house in America. After a brief view of the melancholy sight, and the receipt of many condolences from acquaintances in the crowd, I returned to our home and learned the particulars of the disaster.

About half an hour after the departure of the audience which had crowded the afternoon performance, Appleton, in the box office in front of the theatre and scarcely six feet from the street, was astonished by a gush of smoke and flame beneath him, and had only time to close his safe, clutch at his cash, and escape through the doorway. The artist on the paint frame above the stage beheld the smoke rising through the openings in the orchestra and fought his way blindly out. In a few minutes the whole house was a furnace. The doorkeeper, whose post was at the front basement entrance, had not appeared, but alarm for his safety was succeeded by astonishment when he was seen coming toward the theatre after it was practically consumed. He had absented himself without leave to join his family at their New Year dinner. But for his desertion it is probable that the fire, detected at the beginning, might have been extinguished. Once before the theatre had been threatened by a fire which broke out in one of the dressing rooms below the auditorium. It was caused by the careless handling of an alcohol torch used by one of the cleaners; but Thomas, Uncle Woodgate's black boy, was then the doorkeeper, and, intelligent as well as fearless, he seized the light hose which was kept on a reel by the front door and ran with it down the corridor upon which the rooms opened, and quickly extinguished the flames. At each corridor under the audi-



THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

The day after the fire



torium there were similar reels of light hose, besides fire extinguishers in every part of the house. All that was needed was a watchman faithful to his post. It is characteristic of my brother's merciful disposition that, knowing this unfortunate guardian would be unable to get employment after such omission of duty, he took him back for the sake of his family.

Our house that night was filled with friends calling to condole with my brother upon his great loss, but he was found in anything but a depressed mood. Although totally uninsured and facing an incalculable loss in wardrobes, furniture, manuscripts, libraries, and records, his only thought was how to continue his artistic enterprise and the season so suddenly extinguished. To do this it was necessary to reproduce the Fifth Avenue Theatre somewhere, move his company there, and go on as if nothing had happened. But it must be done instantly — while the memory of the public was fresh. At eight o'clock that night, as A. T. Stewart was rising from dinner, Mr. Augustin Daly was announced. "I thought," said Mr. Stewart, advancing with outstretched hand, "that I should see you!" Stewart, as we know, was the proprietor of the New York Theatre where "*Griffith Gaunt*" and "*Under the Gaslight*" were produced. It was then the only vacant theatre in New York, and Stewart, who knew Daly and his enterprising spirit, had probably been listening for the doorbell since six P.M.

A lease for two years was agreed upon at once, and next day Mr. Daly was closeted with builders and decorators, who were to convert the wretched old barn into some interior resemblance to the Fifth Avenue Theatre as it was on New Year's morning. This was accomplished in exactly three weeks from January 4, when the con-

tracts were signed, though at the heavy cost which such rapid work entails.

Meanwhile the extensive company was held together. Some one remarked that Daly was "a mother to it." Lewis replied, "I don't know about the mother, but he is certainly our father!" Each member suffered individual losses. The manager grieved most for his prompt books and his letters. Some of the latter were found, and have been consulted in writing these pages; but the charred edges crumble in my hand. Letters of sympathy poured in. Wallack wrote offering his theatre, and sent a message from Sothern. "The ladies and gentlemen of the Fifth Avenue Theatre Company" had a meeting, with Davidge in the chair, to express their sympathy and the hope that their manager would continue "in the same way he has so successfully employed in elevating and furthering the best interests of the Drama in New York." Bronson Howard wrote from Detroit: "What with the epizoötic and snowstorms and fire, you and Providence seem to have had a serious falling out of late." What was greatly valued by Daly was a letter of sympathy from the veteran James L. Smith of *The Sunday Courier*, who had given him, as a youth, his first employment and encouragement.

To open "Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre," as the rejuvenated playhouse was now called, the manager resolved to produce a new play, reserving the fateful but successful "New Year's Eve" for contingencies. He had offers in plenty. Mrs. Olive Logan, writing her gratitude for his efforts with her "Surf," announced a new piece prepared in collaboration with her husband, William Wirt Sikes, the United States Consul at Cardiff, Wales. Dumas' "Femme de Claude" had been acquired by formal contract with that eminent author. Bret Harte had already interviewed him:

"217 East 49th St.
Wednesday.

My dear Mr. Daly:

Sunday is, in law, a *dies non*, but in fact is a good day for the unfolding of a great moral purpose, such as I need not say would be a play from this hand, submitted to the author of 'Divorce.'

Look for me then on Sunday at 10 A.M., at wh. hour the curtain will rise promptly upon the performances of two young men from whom posterity expects everything.

Confidentially yours
Bret Harte.

Aug. Daly Esq."

But Daly already had in mind a novelty. This was "Alix," from the French of "La Comtesse de Somerive," by the Baroness de Prevois. On the night of January 21, 1873, the eager crowd that poured into Nos. 728-30 Broadway and found themselves on velvet carpets in an interior of crimson and gold and in the very atmosphere of the uptown "jewel box," might have recalled the many changes upon this spot. Old churchgoers remembered it as The Church of the Messiah, in which the commencement exercises of the neighboring University of the City of New York were held when a young graduate, Oakey Hall (he took the English honors), delivered an address on the poet Keats, and composed a dialogue between The Ghosts of the Past, the Present, and the Future, with the prophecy:

"Even this church of our Commencement page
A playhouse is, with Shakespeare as the rage."

All memories however gave way when, amid a roar of applause, the familiar orchestra of the Fifth Avenue Theatre took their seats with Harvey Dodworth as leader, and old Padovani's bald pate was seen exactly in its

accustomed place. Still greater was the welcome to the assembled company, when the curtain rose and disclosed them delightfully lined up to recite an address written by John Brougham, in which each principal had a line recalling some favorite incident of the past three years. Up to this time the genius of the enterprise had not shown himself, but no sooner was the prologue ended than the whole house burst out with "Daly!" and broke into the wildest demonstration when the tall and slender figure with the pale face and brilliant eyes stepped upon the scene. One line of his address dwells in the memory: "The casket is gone, but the jewels are safe. In fact, the Fifth Avenue Theatre is not destroyed, its life and soul are here. There is simply a change of scene; and between the last act and this, 'a period of three weeks is supposed to have elapsed'; that is all."

By the time the personal greetings between the stage and the public had been exchanged, the audience was full of the spirit of the old nights in the old house. The old spell was upon everybody, now profoundly strengthened by the affecting play that inaugurated the new house. Miss Morris, Miss Davenport, Miss Morant, Miss Dietz, Miss Mortimer, Clarke, James, Lewis, Fisher, Burnett, and Beekman were the few who shared in the eventful first night. Miss Morris and Miss Dietz represented half-sisters, the children of the *Comtesse de Somerive* (Miss Morant). The elder, condemned to the shade while her happier sister sports in the sunlight, has nevertheless no plaint to make, even when her only affection has to be added to her sacrifices. This stroke kills. There was no display of force in the acting of Miss Morris. None was called for; the mute appeal was transcendent.

The press, like the audience, was enraptured. Said one journal: "That so simple a story can be so effectively

told is a credit to the stage." Said another: "Faults may no doubt be discerned after the glare which Mr. Daly has thrown about this opening subsides, but it is more graceful, as it is more delightful, to simply recount at this time the unqualified triumph of the management in the new home, the company on the new stage, and the play of 'Alix' in its new dress."

For two months the new play charmed, and then "New Year's Eve" was revived, followed by "Old Heads and Young Hearts" and "Divorce." The season of five months here was closed¹ with Mosenthal's "Madeleine Morel," produced on May 20, 1873. The dénouement of this play was altered by Daly. It presented an incident new to the theatre. A novice about to take the veil meets in a church with a marriage party; and the bridegroom is recognized by the despairing girl as the cause of her misery. The awful nature of the result, the frenzy and wreck of mind, was almost beyond the limits of a social play and belonged rather to the regions of pure tragedy.

Daly found time to arrange the annual charity benefit at the Academy of Music, which netted ten thousand dollars and which ought to be associated with the memory of the beautiful Adelaide Neilson. Her generous co-operation having been secured by Daly, she exerted herself to retain E. A. Sothern, whom a California engagement threatened to carry off, and succeeded. Sothern played in "A Regular Fix," Miss Neilson and her company played an act of "As You Like It," the Daly company gave the third act of "Madeleine Morel," Charles Fechter appeared in an act of "Hamlet," George L. Fox in scenes from "Humpty Dumpty," and Dan Bryant with his minstrels. It was one of the few benefit perform-

¹ June 28, 1873.

ances in which there have been no disappointments — thanks to Miss Neilson.

In addition to the very great labors of this season, enough to tax the energies of many men, Daly leased and managed the Grand Opera House in New York, the very large and handsome theatre on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue; the account of this unique undertaking will be made the subject of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XI

How managers "spread." Daly leases the Grand Opera House. "Le Roi Carotte" a great spectacle. "Round the Clock." New York scenes. Harry Hill's. Vice in the rough. "The Cataract of the Ganges." "Roughing It." Production of Sardou's "L'Oncle Sam." His pictures of American life, social, industrial, and political. Charles Fechter, turned out of 14th Street, is sheltered by Daly at the Grand Opera House. "Monte Cristo." "The Corsican Brothers." "Ruy Blas." "Charge" for charity. Bronson Howard and "Old Western Hemisphere." Second Season. Charlotte Cushman's opinion of the modern stage. A managers' association. Borrowing actors. Shakespeare memorial window. Young John Drew introduced to Daly. Portents. "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Grand opera with Lucca and Di Murska. "The Wandering Jew." "Humpty Dumpty Abroad." Fox as Richard III for charity. Another benefit got up by Wallack and Daly. Daly's Broadway Theatre begins with "La Fille de Madame Angot." "The New Magdalen" rehearsed by Wilkie Collins. The panic of 1873 ruins theatrical business and catches Daly with two theatres on his shoulders and a third building. "An Atlas of Theatres."

In the noon of his prosperity at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Daly found himself lessee of the Grand Opera House. Young and phenomenally successful theatrical managers are never satisfied with one theatre. Material, excellent and abundant, demands more room; I have no doubt that Thespis was early compelled to hire two carts. When Daly was offered "Le Roi Carotte," — music by Offenbach, book by Sardou, a spectacle and opera suitable for a great theatre, — the Grand Opera House was the only place available. It was out of the way, and accessible only by omnibus from Broadway; but Mr. Duff had his

eye on it and was waiting for the present tenant to fail, as all had done who leased it since it was built by Samuel Pike in 1868 as a rival to the Academy of Music. But Daly, not knowing Mr. Duff's plans, bought out the tenant for fifteen thousand dollars and began to reconstruct the stage for "King Carrot." An expensive company was assembled: Mrs. John Wood (lately returned from England), Miss Emma Howson, Miss Rose Hersee, John Brougham, Stuart Robson, two families of acrobats,—the Majiltons and the Lauris,—and an army of other people of both sexes. The costumes and properties were bought in France for a hundred thousand francs. The play cost as much more.

The story of the play, a thinly disguised political squib, told how a people discarded an ancient line of sovereigns to pick a king from the kitchen garden, and finally, in a great revolt, restored their exiled monarch. It drew immensely at first. A striking tableau was the resurrection of the city of Pompeii from its lava-covered fields, and its reëngulfment by an eruption of Vesuvius. An admirable trick was the dismemberment of the wizard Quiribibi, the casting of his members (under his direction) in a furnace, and his emergence therefrom rejuvenated. The music was of a superior order.

After three months the fairy spectacle was replaced by "Round the Clock," an extravaganza of New York scenes. There was "Harry Hill's," on the corner of Houston and Crosby streets, a famous spot in police annals, the detectives seldom failing to find there at some time the man or woman they wanted. The affable Mr. Hill received Mr. Daly, accompanied by the indispensable "plain clothes man," on a visit of inspection preparatory to putting the place on the stage. The room there in which the public entertainments were given, though large,

was coarse and squalid. There was no "gilded vice" at Harry Hill's. A platform of plain boards held a cheap piano, for the accompaniment of singers without voices or any other attraction. Sometimes the benevolent proprietor gave a poor waif a chance to earn a living there, and on the night of the manager's visit a blind woman sang in a pitiful way, and was rewarded by contributions taken up on the spot. Throngs of visitors came and went or sat at small tables for refreshments. Several notorious "crooks" were pointed out, and well-dressed women came in now and then from the street to hold brief colloquies with them at the tables or at the bar. One tall and handsome creature, expensively gowned, stood earnestly conversing with an evil-visaged man, whose demeanor, however, was very respectful. She was known to the detectives as the wife of a burglar then serving his time, and was understood to be engaged in a serious business talk with one of his associates. After the conversation she left, with a cursory glance at the company.

The principal attraction of the place to its habitués was an occasional boxing contest between youthful amateurs or, on great occasions, between distinguished professors of the manly art of self-defence. It was the boast of Harry that he kept the best of order in his place. Signs were conspicuously posted on the walls, "No lovers allowed." But this was not to be interpreted as a discouragement of the tender passion, for the expensively dressed ladies were never so welcome as when attended by liberal admirers. The lovers who were warned off were the unspeakable ruffians who lived upon the earnings of the women.

The picturesque features of this den were what the manager desired to reproduce: the stage, the char-

acteristic patrons, the humble singers and dancers, the amateur boxers; and for the exigencies of the plot, an irruption of police in pursuit of criminals was invented. This innovation was resented by Mr. Hill, who wrote to Mr. Daly, objecting also to the place being called a "crib," and advising the impresario that several gentlemen of his acquaintance were kept from visiting the Grand Opera House with their families by reason of such misinterpretations:

"N. York, Dec. 9th 1872

Mr. Daly,

I perceive by your advertisement this day the title you think proper to call my house—A Crib. Allow me to tell you plainly it never was considered in such a Light. also your representation is very Low. I never have police to rush into my house, or to be represented by such a crowd. I pay License and as such deserve and will not be held up by any one. your reputation is in its morning mine has arrived to mid day Therefore I would wish you to understand me perfectly. An alteration would be an advantage to you. As several gentlemen of my acquaintance would take their families to see Harry Hills as it is. I think you trust your agents, and have not given it any attention yourself.

resp yours.

Harry Hill.

26 E Houston"

The play was immensely attractive and drew great audiences, notwithstanding the regretted absence of the discriminating gentlemen of poor Harry Hill's acquaintance. It was acted for two months.

To follow "Round the Clock," "The Cataract of the Ganges" was revived for the first time in twenty years,—a spectacle displaying extraordinary feats of horsemanship, the chief sensation being a scene covering the whole height as well as depth of the stage, and presenting a succession

of waterfalls, which a highly mettled horse with a rider ascended in great bounds, leaping from glistening rock to rock and dashing aside the spray with its hoofs. Brougham assisted his manager in grafting upon the ancient spectacle an old farce, the locale of which was East India, and which gave Mrs. Wood and himself an opportunity to enliven the scene.

After this came "Roughing It," dramatized by Mr. Daly from Mark Twain's book; and this was followed by the real sensation of the season — a picture of American life and manners by an eminent Frenchman whose knowledge of both was derived from foreign and domestic caricature. This instructive dramatic satire was the work of M. Victorien Sardou, and was called "L'Oncle Sam." While preparing for production at the Paris *Vaudeville*, it was engaged by my brother for America. The subsequent intelligence that it had been interdicted by the French Government as likely to be offensive to the Americans, and that M. Sardou had addressed a remonstrance to the President of the Republic, was not calculated to lessen interest on this side. Sardou said :

"I protest against this judgment. 'Uncle Sam' attacks in no way the political institutions of the United States. It is simply a comedy of manners, a criticism of American eccentricities, as the 'Famille Benoiton' was a criticism of French eccentricities; a criticism made without bitterness and which never passes the limits of that liberty which has always belonged in every age to comedy.

Not one of the personages of the play is an odious character, and if any expression *really injurious to the United States* is pointed out to me, I am ready to expunge it on the instant."

"Uncle Sam" therefore made its first appearance on any stage,¹ in America, and was a veritable native-born

¹ March 17, 1873.

citizen of foreign parentage. The opening scene was one of those "fashionable resorts," the upper deck of an Albany day-boat on its way to the metropolis. A couple of French tourists (one a marquis, the other a virtuoso on a concert tour) have come on deck to escape the drinking and card-playing in the saloon. Here they are joined by a compatriot, a lady from New Orleans, who gives her experience with the American judicial system in her legal contest over an estate situated partly in Massachusetts and partly in Connecticut, the house itself being divided by the State line. She had gained the suit in Connecticut, but had lost it in Massachusetts. On appeal each judgment was reversed, and she lost in Connecticut but won in Massachusetts. The final result is to give her the parlor and award her adversary the *salle à manger*. Her speculations in buying real estate are not less exciting: A clever gentleman manages to sell her a factory in Arkansas at the very moment that it is burning up; and another sells her a bog in Kentucky which "takes in" all its proprietors. The tourists are joined by a young American journalist who describes to them that typical American, the *Hon. Samuel Tapplebot* (L'Oncle Sam), who "sold brooms at the age of twelve, was porkpacker at seventeen, manufacturer of shoe-polish at twenty, made a fortune in cocoa, lost in tobacco, rose again with indigo, fell with salt pork, rebounded with cotton and settled definitely upon guano. He rises at six, rushes to his office in an omnibus, is greedy, extravagant, cunning and credulous; without scruples, yet a good fellow; will throw you overboard for a hundred dollars and spend two hundred to fish you out; a perfect type of the American whom nothing discourages, always at the front, his eyes fixed upon his three beacons — wealth for an end, cunning for the means, and as for morals — success!"

"You know him then?" asks the marquis.

"Very well. He was my father-in-law for six months,"

responds the journalist, who had married L'Oncle Sam's eldest daughter and is happily divorced.

This introduces, of course, the characteristic American complication. The wife has married again, and we see her effusively greet her first, to whom she introduces her second. Her indulgent father complains gently of having been overlooked in the announcement of the second union. "Why," she exclaims, "didn't you get my telegram?" They discuss the respective husbands. "I like the first one best," says Uncle Sam, "and he seems to be still very fond of you!" This sets the lady thinking; and, as the assistance of the journalist is important to one of Papa's new deals, she confidently undertakes to secure it. The result is a return to number one.

A "typical" aldermanic contest is described. Three days before the election, the Democrats have gained a great point by exhibiting at their headquarters an educated seal which smokes a pipe. The Republicans, whose candidate had risen from the cobbler's bench, were in despair until they hit upon the happy expedient of exhibiting him in the act of making a pair of shoes for the poor. After that, the seal may go to the bottom.

But the flower of all things American in the play is the American girl, exemplified in *Miss Sarah Tapplebot*, the orphan niece of the prosperous *Uncle Sam*. She comes upon the crowded deck, looks about for a seat, taps the marquis on the shoulder with her parasol, and, when he starts to his feet, hat in hand, carries away his chair to sit on it beside her own party. "She did not even say 'thank you!'" murmurs the bewildered foreigner. "Oh, never," says his compatriot, placidly. From that moment

the marquis determines to win the American girl, and reduce to submission this self-possessed creature who flirts with a hundred men until she chooses her particular victim and compels him to wear her chains. Fate is propitious. Without waiting to be introduced, she takes his arm as a matter of course and orders him to help her down the gang-plank. As the members of her party rush off to business in different directions, these two walk about the town, visit the shops, and lunch in a restaurant; and he is finally invited to tea at her uncle's hotel. "But won't your uncle think it rather strange?" "My uncle! It's none of his business!" He accepts. The home of *Tapplebot* is a hotel. All wealthy Americans live in hotels. Hither come at night a dozen couples of young people, all flirting, each couple seated apart. The bewitching *Sarah* engages the enraptured *Marquis* in conversation in which she cross-examines him as to his rank, his income, his capital and what it is invested in, permits his ardent protestations of love, secures his pencilled declaration, and in the end gets her hat and wrap and announces that she is going to Long Branch. The marquis sadly relates the sequel: "I was sent skipping from icebergs to flames, from red pepper to snowballs, exasperated at beholding the fruit almost at my lips and unable to clutch it. I was mad. I understand now the meaning of the word 'flirtation'! But how do they carry it on without singeing their wings? Heavens! What are American women made of? And you will ask what were the words to all this music? A serious and tender prattle—conversation witty and childlike—an indefinable perfume rising from this strange flower of a new world! At length yesterday she became all at once reserved—alarmed! I expected to see her at dinner—she did not come. I went to her room—gone! Gone

without a word of farewell." The explanation of her flight, however, was simple. This bold, capable, and confident young American has suddenly become conscious of love, and her flight is a confession. He has conquered. He does not know it until he clasps her in his arms and she pleads, "Leave me — oh, leave me — Robert, I am afraid!" Whereupon he joyfully exclaims: "At last! That is the cry I wanted to hear from your lips! Oh, maiden modesty! You still exist!" and he makes her his wife.

Somehow, the play was not convincing.

While "Uncle Sam" was playing, Mr. Daly learned of the misfortune of Charles Fechter, who was compelled to abandon his enterprise of converting the Fourteenth Street Theatre into a model playhouse after his own artistic designs. Daly at once invited the shipwrecked manager and actor to make use of the Grand Opera House and its company for a timely appearance:

"28 March, '73.

Dear Mr. Daly

I really don't know how to answer your kind proposal; or rather I answer by accepting it *at once*.

You have taken a frightful load off my mind: That of breaking my faith with the public.

Although I was unlawfully and in a vile way forced to it, I could not bear the notion of disappointing my supporters; thanks to you I feel myself anew; and thanks to you again 'Monte Cristo' will be presented this season spite all ugly tricks to prevent its appearance.

Name your terms, I accept them 'd'avance'; and shall ever consider myself in your debt, for the light your brotherly assistance will throw on the whole matter.

Yours thankfully
Chas. Fechter."

Preparation was immediately made by Daly for Fechter's début in "Monte Cristo," the play he was preparing in Fourteenth Street when evicted, and on April 28 it was given in magnificent style to a crowded house. Fechter was then at the ripe age of fifty, and master of the whole art of acting. His acting was technical perfection, and inspired on this occasion by his victory over what had seemed lasting defeat. Next day he wrote:

"29 April '73.

Dear Daly

I think '*We've got 'em.*'

Now let me once more and personally thank you *from the bottom of my heart* for your brotherly and effectual support in the whole matter. It was indeed wonderfully carried out! No word in our poor restricted language can express my entire satisfaction.

Thanks again heartily. * * * *

Yours ever sincerely
Chas. Fechter."

"The Corsican Brothers" followed "Monte Cristo" for one week and was succeeded by "Ruy Blas" for another. On June 14 the closing performance of this arduous and exciting season took place. Before going on his vacation Fechter responded in his hearty style to a request to play for charity :

"14 May 73

My dear Daly

I am all yours, and at the free disposal of the Foundlings' Asylum.

My 'terms' as usual for all charitable purposes: \$ooooo!
Sincerely thine
Chas. Fechter.

We must have a chat about next season — if you really want me — proposals are *pouring*."

Fechter did not play again under Mr. Daly's management, but he continued for five years afterwards to fill engagements in various cities in this country. He ultimately retired to a farm in Pennsylvania, and died, it is said, in poverty. Although exacting very high terms for his performances, his indifference in business matters usually left him in difficulties which his faculty for contention (with managers) did not tend to lighten. His audience appeared to be limited. Although the most finished and capable of actors, he was not popular. Easily holding the whole attention while on the scene, he nevertheless sent the spectator away unsatisfied. The impression he left upon me was that of a consummate actor consciously displaying his art. As a reader, I think he would have been completely satisfying. An offer of \$500 a night for readings was made to him by J. B. Pugh, the impresario of the lecture field, through my brother, but without scenic surroundings the stage had no charm for the artist.

Before closing this chapter of Mr. Daly's first season of "grand productions" in the vast Opera House, I must confide to the reader a fancy which seized upon the imagination of Bronson Howard after he had seen "*Le Roi Carotte*." This was an immense allegorical spectacle showing the origin and growth of America, with a greater personage even than Uncle Sam as the genius of our continent and dominating the scene—"Old Western Hemisphere," whom I conceive to be a species of brooding giant shaping the destinies of Brother Jonathan and the Central and South American republics, all children of the venerable protector. Beginning with the red man, the play was to come down to Columbus and Montezuma and the discovery of the Pacific. The long letter of Howard was a brilliant scenario. This dream of the in-

ventive young playwright only afforded the manager a moment of pleasant contemplation, clouded perhaps by calculations of the acres of canvas, forests of timber, menageries of wild beasts, armies of supernumeraries, and treasures of gold necessary to realize it, not to mention the time consumed in the performance, which would have had to be reckoned not by hours but by days.

For his second season at the Grand Opera House Mr. Daly thought of bringing back Miss Charlotte Cushman, then long retired, in her great part *Meg Merrilies*. His suggestion induced a reply which will be worth the reader's attention.

"Villa Cushman,
Newport,
R. I.

July 7th, 1873.

Dear Mr. Daly.

Your favor of the 4th in. recd. Contents noted & generally satisfactory to me. The only thing which admits of question is whether I shall be able to act seven times in the week. If I am able, be sure, I shall do it — but your note binds me to act seven times if I "enter upon the engage't." To this I can not bind myself. I am not a capricious person. I have never placed myself in any antagonism to the interests of the Theatre where I am engaged — therefore you must trust to my justice & my ability to carry out *that* clause in your letter.

All else seems to me quite rightly understood by you. I do not wish to have *my* character in 'Guy Mannering' — (as I prefer it should still be called) — augmented or changed at all. As I give it — it reaches the extent of my power, & if increased would only be beyond it. It seems to me — as I recollect seeing the play acted in the old times, that properly placed upon the stage, the drama is good enough as it is. The great difficulty, to-day, is the incompetency of the actors & their carelessness in dealing with the parts in Guy Mannering, because of the old fashioned character of the dialogue! Look at the cast of

the earliest time, in London — what great names were in all the subordinate parts! Get together a company to perform these characters as they have been — & still can be — concocted by the old actor Terry in conjunction with Wm. Murray & Sir Walter Scott himself — who wrote things for the Drama which did not exist in the novel — ought to be good enough for the audiences of to-day. Let the singers be first rate — the acting first rate & the disposition of scenery &c. — as you are famous for making it — & its chances are as good as would be any of the old plays. The trouble now-a-days exists in the actors — they lack respect for the profession — or the characters they represent, think too much of how much money they can get, & how little they can get off with *giving*, in the way of real labour in their art! In a word they do not forget themselves — & unless one does — he can never be an actor! Am I right or not? I will send you the book of Guy Mannering in a day or so. My letter is for your own eye — In my stricture upon actors — of course there are honorable exceptions, & I hope as you have found some, you may be able to find more & bring them into ‘Guy Mannering,’ when we shall move the town not by the startling effects of our strong *charcoal sketch* but by the grand strong finished picture *as a whole*. Believe me dear sir,

Yours truly
Charlotte Cushman.”

A little contribution to the general theatrical history of the period will not be out of place here. The successful entry of Daly into New York theatricals had wrought for a time a wonderful change of heart among the old-time managers. They resolved to abandon the old policy of cut-throat competition and to come together. A meeting was called at Booth’s Theatre, and those represented agreed to form an association for the conduct of their business, in which they had a common interest. Mr. Booth’s brother-in-law, J. H. Magonigle, was made secretary, and Fechter, Booth, Wallack, Palmer, Jarrett, and Daly

were members. This fraternity could be very serviceable in times of need. Theodore Moss of Wallack's applied to Daly for a loan from his extensive company to complete the cast of Boucicault's "Mora"; and later in the regular season Wallack himself wrote under the stress of urgent need:

"Wallack's, New York, Octr. 20th 1873.

Dear Mr. Daly

I am in a dilemma caused by the unprincipled conduct of a lady, who has deliberately and without expressed reason, broken her written engagement with me.

Will you assist me? I ask it because, under like circumstances, I would certainly do as much for you.

Will you allow me to engage Miss Rogers¹ for a short period (to be named by you) to perform 'Miss Hardcastle' in 'She Stoops to Conquer'?

If you could spare her and thus oblige me I shall appreciate your kindness very highly and will hope for some opportunity to requite you in kind.

In any case let me take this opportunity of wishing you all success with your new theatre.

I am

Very truly yours
Lester Wallack."

The New York managers interested themselves about this time in a proposed memorial window to Shakespeare to be placed in the Stratford Church:

"139 East 17 St.
Jan. 5.

My dear Mr. Daly

I send you the design for the projected memorial window to Shakespeare I have just received from my friend Graves; do

¹ Katharine Rogers, the original *Mimi* in Boucicault's version of "La Bohème."

you not think it would be a graceful thing for the several companies of New York to identify themselves with the movement by a general subscription of a small amount, say one dollar, from each individual. Should you agree with me, the proposition would come with more force from you than from any other, as I am well aware with what energy and perseverance you carry out whatever object you undertake.

Sincerely yours
John Brougham."

In a line from Mrs. John Drew, her young son, then a mere lad, was now first presented to his future manager. John was evidently in New York for a good time:

"Arch St. Theatre
Phila. May 28 '73.

My dear Sir

If not inconsistent with your regulations will you oblige me by giving my son (the bearer of this) two seats for each of your theatres.

Yours truly
Louisa Drew."

Aug. Daly Esqr.

All of my brother's successes as playwright and manager for ten years had been immediately produced at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre; and between the famous actress and the New York author there subsisted a warm regard.

By the end of his first season the Grand Opera House began to assume the proportions of a white elephant, and the manager recalled to me an incident of his first entry into that huge building. He found upon his desk the fragment of a leaf from the Bible which had apparently blown in through the open window, and which contained these verses, quite prophetic of a venture whose loss exceeded its profit in a single season:

"For which of you having a mind to build a tower, doth not first sit down and reckon the charges that are necessary, whether he have wherewithal to finish it:

Lest after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that see him begin to mock him,

Saying: This man began to build and was not able to finish."

The loveliest spectacle the stage can offer, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," opened the second season. Harkins was made stage manager, having returned from his brief excursion to the Union Square Theatre, the prospects of which establishment were somewhat clouded by the retirement of Miss Ethel preparatory to her marriage. The hard-handed men of Athens were: G. L. Fox *Bottom*, Frank Hardenbergh *Quince*, Leclercq *Flute*, Jennings *Snout*, and C. K. Fox *Snug*. For *Puck* (the despair of managers who would realize the ideals of the lovers of Shakespeare) Daly found a pretty and intelligent child,— "Fay" Templeton. It may be recorded here that Mr. Daly's prompt book for this production was sought by Miss Cushman for one of her readings.

Shakespeare was followed by Italian opera under the excellent Max Maretzek, in which Pauline Lucca, Tamberlik, and Ilma Di Murska made their débuts. Lucca and Di Murska sang together in "Il Flauto Magico." Shakespeare attracted for only three weeks, and Lucca and Di Murska could not entice to Twenty-third Street the operatic patrons who were tied to their shares and chairs in Irving Place. The impresario who sets up Italian opera in New York in opposition to the stockholders' establishment cannot be saved by prayer.

The new English version of "The Wandering Jew" was now put on. It was the latest Parisian dramatization of Eugène Sue's romance; but the wandering Jew, pursued by inexorable fate, could not rest even in the comfortable

Grand Opera House, and he departed as the rumble of the railroad train in "Under the Gaslight" was heard in the near distance. This revival was in turn supplanted by "A Flash of Lightning."

A hit was finally made in a new pantomime called "Humpty Dumpty Abroad," for which Mr. Daly constructed an introduction adapted from a French féerie. Fox was now permanently severed by Mr. Duff from the Olympic Theatre and installed at the Grand Opera House. He was exceedingly funny in farce as well as pantomime; in fact, he was the last of the old-fashioned farce actors. He was billed to appear at a charity benefit at the Grand Opera House, and the advertisement announced that the entertainment would conclude with the fifth act of Shakespeare's sublime tragedy "Richard the Third," in which Mr. G. L. Fox would sustain the character of *Richard the Third* and Mr. Frederick Vokes that of the *Earl of Richmond*. The bare announcement of this desecration of the classic drama was sufficient to attract a vast audience, which awaited with emotion the respective appearances of Fox and Vokes and their desperate combat on Bosworth Plain. When it is understood that all the characters delivered the immortal lines of Shakespeare (and Cibber) with the utmost gravity; that the falling of Fox's steel visor, whenever he attempted to speak, cut off most of his lines until he reversed the helmet and wore it hindside before; that one of his steel greaves or leg-pieces got loose and was kicked knee high at every step he took; that, in the combat, his Humpty Dumpty shuffle was opposed to the incredible agility of Vokes, whose *Richmond* escaped death by feats of legs as well as of arms, the whole stupendous joke may be faintly realized. Until we have another Fox and another Vokes we cannot expect to see again such exquisite fooling.

The entertainment was further enlivened by Mr. Fox selling tickets at the box-office, the Messrs. Vokes acting as ushers, and the Misses Vokes obliging at the flower stand and distributing programmes.

Another benefit for the poor was given during the same season under the joint supervision of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly, and they remitted the proceeds to the lady patronesses of the affair, at whose head was Mrs. James I. Roosevelt. The ladies generously resolved to devote a portion of the amount to the profession :

"Mr. Augustin Daly.

Sir.

Enclosed please find a check for Nine hundred, sixty five dollars and 87 cents, being one half of one third of the money donated by Mr. Wallack and yourself to the 'Lady Patronesses' of the Matinée at the Academy of Music March 19th.

At a meeting held at Mrs. Sherwood's, the ladies unanimously resolved to return one third of the whole amount received to Mr. Wallack and yourself to be distributed among the aged and indigent actors and actresses of the City.

I was appointed to receive the money and distribute it according to the wishes of the ladies. Permit me to thank you in their name for your noble donation.

Yours with respect

Cornelia Roosevelt.

836 Broadway.

April 30th

1874."

Wallack wrote :

"May 20th
13 W. 30th St.

Dear Daly —

I'm blessed if I know what we had better do with our Charity money.

By jingo, now that I've got money for them — nobody seems to be poor. However, I have divided mine into portions of \$25. each. If I don't find as many as I had anticipated requiring relief — I shall make the twenty-fives into fifties and relieve a lesser number with larger sums.

I hope your O. T. was a good success —

Yours ever truly
Lester Wallack.

A. Daly Esq."

In the summer of 1873 the building of a new Fifth Avenue Theatre was begun on Twenty-eighth Street, and the recently fitted up New York Theatre (also called the New Fifth Avenue) was renamed "Daly's Broadway Theatre," and was to be supplied with stars supported by a stock company. The first engagement was extremely fortunate. It was that of Mdlle. Aimée with "La Fille de Madame Angot," a work so superior to the ordinary *bouffes* that it was awarded at once by competent critics a place in comic opera. Following this brilliant musical attraction came some engagements which were unremunerative : Miss Minnie Walton, Mr. J. K. Emmett, William H. Lingard and his wife, Miss Alice Dunning, Miss Lucille Western, Miss Virginia Vaughan, and lastly Miss Carlotta Leclercq in a dramatization of Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen," rehearsed by himself in the intervals of a lecture tour in America.

Hardly was the season of 1873 under way when financial disaster overtook the country. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. in the early autumn rendered every security practically unmarketable, and caused the suspension of nearly every trust company and of all the banks in New York save one — the Chemical. People in easy circumstances were suddenly reduced to borrow for the ordinary expenses of life, and everybody had to share with his friend

in the first extreme period of anxiety. Of course theatrical business felt the effect of the financial disaster immediately. Daly was caught with two theatres open, a third building, and three companies to provide for. The *Daily Graphic*, the first daily illustrated newspaper, covered the front page of its issue of November 11, 1873, with a cartoon representing Daly bending beneath the vast burden of the Grand Opera House, and having as his sole support a staff labelled "Fifth Avenue Theatre." The cartoon was entitled "An Atlas of Theatres."

THIRD PERIOD: 1873-1877



CHAPTER XII

The New Fifth Avenue Theatre built for Daly. Its cost to him. Inciting Americans to write plays. Mark Twain's letters. He suggests W. D. Howells. Mr. Howells' letter. Bronson Howard. M. Villa of the *Courier des Etats Unis*. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes the opening address for the new theatre. His letters. Delay in opening caused by the panic of 1873. The Company. Defection of Miss Morris. Opening of the new house. "Fortune" a failure. "The Parricide." Arrival of Miss Ada Dyas from England. "Man and Wife." "Folline." Production of "Love's Labour's Lost" for the first time in America. Richard Grant White's letter. Oakey Hall advises Daly to adapt Shakespeare. Production of "Charity." Miss Davenport's "Ruth Tredgett." Production of "Monsieur Alphonse." Bijou Heron. Revival of "Divorce" and "Oliver Twist." The bad beginning makes a good end.

ON the site of the present Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-eighth Street near Broadway, there once stood Ferrero's dancing academy, or Apollo Hall, afterwards converted into the little St. James Theatre, where Susan and Blanche Galton (the latter afterwards Mrs. Thomas Whiffen of "Pinafore" fame) played vaudeville, and Steele Mackaye first displayed his Delsarte system of acting. The property belonged to the Gilsey family, and they offered to build a theatre upon it for Mr. Daly according to his own designs, the interior and stage to be fitted up and furnished at his own expense, and the rent to be thirty thousand dollars per annum for the first five years, and thirty-five thousand afterwards. The offer was accepted, although the furnishing and fitting up involved a cost of about forty thousand dollars before the doors were opened. The building was to be ready in September, 1873, in time for the

opening of the regular season. This contract was made at the time of the greatest inflation of prices after the war; namely, in the spring of 1873. Mr. Daly ordered from Garibaldi, for the decoration of the great space above the elliptical proscenium arch, a reproduction of his "Crowning of Comedy" which had embellished the ceiling of the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. A crimson satin drop curtain — the first of the kind ever shown in a theatre — was to be one of the surprises of the opening night. The new playhouse was to be called "The New Fifth Avenue Theatre." It should be noted that the entrance at that time was on Twenty-eighth Street.

Daly was active in exciting among the literary Americans of the day the ambition to win fame as playwrights. The first he approached was Mark Twain, who responded modestly to repeated solicitations :

"Hartford, May 4.

My dear Daly,

One of these days, somewhere in the future, I may surprise and grieve you by reminding you of that invitation, & proposing to revive it; but I mean to have the modesty to serve a decent apprenticeship before I make such a lofty venture.

I never tried the stage before; but by re-writing Peter Spyk, I managed to change the language & the character to a degree that enabled me to talk the one & represent the other after a fashion — but I am not equal to the Metropolitan boards yet.

Yrs. sincerely

Saml. L. Clemens.

But mind, I thank you for the compliment of the invitation anyway."

"Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 14.

My dear Mr. Daly,

I will hope that in the course of time I will be so situated that I can make the attempt, but I am debarred now by a book contract which I keep shirking and dodging but which I can't

venture to shirk any longer. There is more money in books than in plays, but still, when I get the chance I shall be cheerfully willing to intrude further upon the dramatic field.

Yrs. truly
Saml. L. Clemens."

"Farmington Avenue, Hartford.

My dear Mr. Daly,

Oct. 29.

Although I am not able to write a play now, there are better men that can. Would it not be well worth your while to provoke W. D. Howells of the Atlantic Monthly into writing a play? My reason for making the suggestion is that I think he *is* writing a play. I by no means know this, but I guess it from a remark dropped by an acquaintance of his. I know Howells well, but he has not confided anything of the kind to me. Still, I think if you and Bronson are done with your fight (I mean the newspaper one) it would be a right good thing to hurl another candidate into the jaws of the critics.

I am not meaning to intrude & hope I am not.

Yrs. truly
Saml. L. Clemens."

When his play of "Ah Sin" was finally submitted to Mr. Daly, it needed more altering than Bronson Howard's first draft of "Saratoga."

A brief note pencilled upon a post card is characteristic:

"7 A.M. Wedn'dy.

I can only tender my regrets & compliments & say I am at this moment leaving for that bourne from whence no traveler returns when sober (Elmira, N.Y.) Excuse haste & a bad postal card.

Yrs. truly
S. L. Clemens."

Mr. Daly did venture in accordance with Mark Twain's suggestion gently to "provoke" Mr. Howells into writing a play, and received the following:

"Cambridge, Mass.
Nov. 14, 1874.

My dear Sir:—

Do not suppose from the great deliberation with which I answer your obliging letter that I was not very glad indeed to get it.

I have long had the notion of a play, which I have now briefly exposed to Mr. Clemens, and which he thinks will do. It's against it, I suppose, that it's rather tragical, but perhaps — certainly if you've ever troubled yourself with my undramatic writings, — you know that I can't deal exclusively in tragedy, and I think I could make my play in some parts such a light affair that many people would never know how deeply they ought to have been moved by it.

I have also the idea of a farce or vaudeville of strictly American circumstances.

Of course I'm a very busy man, and I must do these plays in moments of leisure from my editorial work. I'm well aware that I can't write a good play by inspiration, and when I've sketched my plots and done some scenes I shall, with your leave, send them for your criticism.

Yours very truly,
W. D. Howells."

Bronson Howard was busily engaged with a new theme which was subsequently to take shape as "Moorcroft":

"My dear Mr. Daly,

Your favor of the 18th with check enclosed (\$70) is before me, for which my thanks. I am now at work on the John Hay idea play which I spoke to you about more than a year ago — you have probably forgotten it. I know the story of this will be novel and striking. What success I may have in working up an essentially serious play remains to be seen; my success in the case of "Lilian's Last Love," from your standpoint, was not, certainly, encouraging. But I am particularly anxious to have at least one successful serious play. I know my forte is the

other way, (as well as my tastes) but it seems so strongly for my interest before the public to lay aside the cap and bells at least once that I shall make a strong effort. I have found society here an allurement and an interference; indeed I confess to having been ‘lazy’ for several months — the first time for many years.

I shall try to work up ‘The First of May’ in the rollicking fun way in time for its natural and proper season next year.

During a recent visit to Chicago, by the way, I met Bartley Campbell. Have you seen any of his plays? ‘Peril’ and ‘Fate’ I am told are good. His ‘Risks,’ recently produced, which I saw, was hastily constructed but showed signs of excellent ingenuity in the way of plot — the direction in which I feel a desert-like barrenness sometimes. I feel you could use Campbell to good advantage with some of your attention — such as you have given to me. How he would be in working up details I cannot say; but if he comes in your way I think it will pay you to give him *attention* and encouragement.

As soon as I can get my present work into an understandable form you shall see it, of course.

Your sincere friend
Bronson C. Howard.

Detroit, June 20, 1873.”

M. Villa of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Daly’s adaptations from the French, called his attention to the “Monsieur Alphonse” of Alexander Dumas *fils*, which had just made the greatest success in twenty years at the Paris *Gymnase*, the theatre of emotional modern dramas; and Augustin secured it through the agency of Mrs. Olive Logan Sikes. He consulted Mr. James R. Osgood of Boston on the subject of an opening address to be written by either John G. Whittier or Oliver Wendell Holmes. Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Osgood, the task was proposed to Dr. Holmes. His letters will be found interesting:

My dear Sir,

"Boston, Nov. 3d, 1873.

I should like to have a day or two to think of your polite proposition. On Wednesday of this week I think I can send you my answer, which I hope will be in season whether it is affirmative or the contrary.

Very truly yours,
O. W. Holmes."

My dear Sir,

"Boston Nov. 5th, 1873.

I have been writing *at* an Address or Prologue at such intervals as I could command and have finished just fifty lines, which must grow to nearer a hundred before the poem will properly finish itself. I hope by the end of this week to mail you the first draught. I think it would be well for you to send me a few words either of local allusion or in some way indicating a point or two that might be adapted to your audience. I do not know that you have fixed on the play for the evening, but if you have I should like well enough to know what it is. In fact any little hint with local character might prove useful, though of course I can get along without it.

Mr. Osgood thinks that two hundred and fifty dollars would be a fair honorarium for my performance, to which I should add *if it suits you*, otherwise nothing, and quite welcome to my attempt to please you.

Yours very truly
O. W. Holmes."

My dear Sir,

"Boston, Nov. 7th, 1873.

I send you the draught I promised. If it pleases you I shall be gratified — if you have any suggestions to make I shall be happy to receive and consider them.

I never let anything go before the public without correcting the *printed proof* myself. If you like the poem and will send me the manuscript back for any alterations, I will, if you wish, have a copy or two *privately* printed by a printer who is quite safe, and send it to you in that authentic form.

I should be glad to hear from you as soon as it is convenient.

Yours very truly,
O. W. Holmes."

"296 Beacon St., Boston.
Nov. 13th, 1873.

My dear Sir,

I am glad you are pleased with the Prologue. I shall avail myself of your hints in certain additions made and making, and send you the new draught this week or next as soon as it is ready.

Yours very truly.
O. W. Holmes.

I am so busy with my lectures at the College that I am afraid it will be impossible for me to come on to New York."

"Boston, Nov. 21st, 1873.

My dear Sir,

I send you No. 2 of my privately printed copies of the address as I have completed it, taking advantage of your hints. I hope it will please you.

It aspires to something more than the dignity of a Prologue; it is longer and more elaborate, as seems fitting for so important an occasion. I should therefore call it AN ADDRESS.

If this suits you, as I hope and trust that it may, I will send you some additional copies to be distributed at the proper time after its delivery, or if you choose, just before, in time for the next issue if any of those wish to print it. Please tell me if you would like half a dozen more.

No person has seen or heard one word of this address, not even a member of my own family, except myself, the printer and any to whom you may have shown it. The types were at once distributed and all vestiges of it at the office destroyed by my own confidential printer.

I am, my dear sir,
Yours very truly
O. W. Holmes.

I hope you will let me know if this amended copy is to your mind."

"Boston, Nov. 24th, 1873.

Dear Mr. Daly

I have just received your note containing the cheque, for which please accept my acknowledgments. I am very glad that the address pleases you. I meant that it should if I could make it do so.

You will see that I have made two light corrections. The semi-colon after 'violin' on the third page should be a comma, and I have made it so by erasing the dot.

On the last page I changed 'climbing' to 'creeping' because it is not correct to speak of climbing up and down. One cannot climb down. Will you have the kindness to make these alterations in the copy I have already sent you.

It strikes me that the place for lifting the curtain will be just as the lines

'The crash is o'er, the crinkling curtain furled,
And lo! the glories of that brighter world!'

are being delivered. My idea would be that as the word *crinkling* is uttering the curtain should begin to crinkle and then slowly rise, and show the scene, whatever that may be. The members of the Company might be there, or make their appearance at the line —

'There are the wizards,' etc.

I give you my inexperienced idea of the matter, but of course you know a thousand times better than I do.

I am disposed to think that it is quite as important that the Address should read well in the papers for the great outside public as speak well for those who are in the house to hear it. I have tried to give it that finish in its execution which will fit it for careful and even critical reading. Whether I have succeeded, others will have to decide. With my best hopes for your success in your spirited enterprise

I am, my dear Sir

Yours very truly

O. W. Holmes."

The splendid company of the Fifth Avenue Theatre was kept together in active practice through a period of delay in the completion of the new house caused by the financial panic already mentioned, the worst ever experienced in the United States, which occurred in September, 1873, and which interfered with every building operation. The expense of maintaining his company for a period of three months was met by making a series of out-of-town engagements. Nothing was to be expected from the Grand Opera House nor from 728 Broadway, now called "The Broadway Theatre." "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," gorgeously produced at the former, wilted away under midsummer day heat; and the little house, after doing a roaring business for a few weeks with Mdlle. Aimée and "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," became a pitiful burden on the manager's shoulders. To add to his difficulties, Miss Clara Morris left the company while it was on tour, and engaged to play at the Union Square Theatre when his new house opened. She had been regularly with the company in its brief visits out of town, and played in the famous repertoire of the Fifth Avenue Theatre : "*Divorce*," "*Fernande*," "*New Year's Eve*," "*Alixé*," and "*Frou-Frou*." The tour opened in each city with "*Divorce*," as it had been written expressly to display the talent of all the members of the company, and therefore served as the best introduction of the famous organization to new audiences. In Cincinnati, it happened that the comedy scenes elicited more applause than the serious and emotional parts, and Miss Morris gave notice of an intention not to appear again in "*Divorce*" as the opening play. Her contract for the current season was to play three months from September 1 to November 30, and for four months in the ensuing spring. In the interval she was free to make starring engagements ; but it was expressly stipu-

lated that she was not to play at any other theatre than Mr. Daly's in New York from the date of the contract until its termination, without his consent. Before her first three months were up Miss Morris retired from the company; and about a fortnight before Mr. Daly opened his new theatre, she was announced to appear with Shook & Palmer at the Union Square.

Mr. Daly was privately much affected by the thought that the ability which he had fostered and developed should fail him at this critical period, but he took no steps to enforce his contract. He had been grieved the year before by Miss Ethel's going to the same house (though after her contract with him had expired) and helping to establish his rival. Such defections never failed to wound him, and that is why he has extolled so often in his writings loyalty of players to managers. It is a question whether the gift which he possessed for discovering and developing unsuspected talent for the stage did not require for its exercise such trials as now occurred; and whether the temporary loss he sustained might not be a very decided gain to the public, which loves better to welcome new candidates for its favor than consistently to support the old. It is quite in harmony with this view that we find the ambitious desiring to go out and reap the whole harvest of their talent for themselves without particular regard for the toil of the sower. In the field of labor called the stage, the harvest time is short, and there are sometimes long droughts, even in the season of popular favor.

It was during this period of hard work and heavy responsibilities that my brother's second boy was born, whom he named after us both, — Francis Augustin.

* * * * *

“Excellent music by Mr. Dodworth's band was the prelude. Miss Fanny Morant then came before the

curtain and spoke the first half of an original address by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. At a certain point the curtain parted, disclosing the entire company ranged upon the stage, and Mr. Daly came forward and bowed in acknowledgment of the vociferous calls and the hearty public plaudits. The other half of Dr. Holmes' address was then spoken — and that with excellent spirit and discretion by Mr. Frank Hardenbergh. The assembled company, a noble and interesting group, received emphatic recognition and welcome. There were twenty-eight persons on the stage." Thus, the foremost dramatic critic of the day described the opening of the new theatre on Thursday, December 3, 1873. Dr. Holmes' address was printed in all the leading daily newspapers, and is to be found in the edition of his complete works, under the title "Address for the opening of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, December 3, 1873."

The opening address was the best feature of the night (except the faces on the stage), for the new play "Fortune," written expressly for the occasion by Albery, was disappointing to the last degree. This was utterly unexpected, and Daly now experienced, for the first time in his career, disappointment on the opening night of a season. His regret was all the greater as he had chosen my birthday for the inauguration of his new enterprise. His physical labors for forty-eight hours in preparing for the opening were so exhausting that he fell asleep for a moment behind the scenes during a part of the performance. However, before the play was over, he posted a notice calling his company for rehearsals of several old and recent favorites: "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "London Assurance," "New Year's Eve," and "Alixé"; and the succeeding week saw them all performed. In "Alixé" Miss Jewett took Miss Morris' part.

It is probable that no other manager in the world has withdrawn so promptly pieces that failed to receive favor on a first performance. Theatrical records furnish innumerable instances of such failures converted into lasting successes. Beaumarchais' "Barber of Seville," produced a hundred years before, is a notable instance. The opening representation was hissed, the second rapturously applauded. To be sure the work was overhauled, cut and patched to cure its defects, but even then Madame du Deffand thought it detestable. The instinct of most managers who have spent labor and money upon a play is to persist in the conviction that it is worthy of the expenditure and that the public will ultimately come to its senses with regard to it. In England it has not been uncommon to see a play which has languished for several weeks suddenly begin to flourish, and at last outlive the most hopeful anticipation. There it is considered that the small percentage of patrons of the stage gathered on a first night (including the blasé and jaded habitués of such occasions) do not fairly represent the whole theatrical public. Daly was not content to wait for the merits of his productions to circulate slowly in the community.

Within two weeks after the unfortunate production of "Fortune," a new play from Paris, "The Parricide," was rehearsed and produced. This play had for theme one of those problems which absorb the readers of Gaboriau, du Boisgobey, and Conan Doyle. The murder of an elderly wealthy woman by a mysterious criminal is laid at the door first of her companion, an innocent young girl, and then of her son, a harmless *viveur* of the Parisian type. It was produced on December 17 with Fisher, Hardenbergh, Louis James, George Clarke, Sara Jewett, Marianne Conway, Nina Varian, Mrs. Gilbert, and Miss Morant.

But the event which Mr. Daly had in reserve for the season was the début of Miss Ada Dyas, who now arrived from England. Her engagement was made upon competent opinion that she was a "thoroughly trained leading actress of the best school." Wyndham thought so highly of her that he intended to bring her to America with a company. She added the distinction of good breeding and careful education to youth and a handsome and refined face and figure. She instantly won the favor of a very critical audience assembled at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, as *Anne Sylvester* in a revival of "Man and Wife" on January 3, 1874. *Anne Sylvester*, portrayed by Miss Morris as a passionate, emotional creature, was now represented as a woman of not less intense feeling, whose wrongs burned through a surface of womanly dignity and calm. She next appeared as the young married heroine of Sardou's recent Parisian success "La Maison Neuve," a satire upon young France breaking away from traditions in domestic and business life; the changing of the shop into the "Emporium" and the old-fashioned flat into the gorgeous apartment. Under the name of "Foline," the new play was given on January 27, 1874, with Miss Dyas in the title rôle.

A Shakespearian revival, the invariable feature of every Daly season, occurred on February 21. It was "Love's Labour's Lost," and was presented with an extraordinary list of performers. It was as great a novelty as any new play, for it had never before been seen by a New York audience, as we are informed by Richard Grant White and Joseph N. Ireland:

"118 East 10th Street
Feby. 15th, 1878.

My dear Sir

I never heard or read of Love's Labour's Lost having been performed in New York. My own reminiscences of the Park

Theatre & indeed of any theatre, date only from 1845; but since that time I am sure the play has never been performed here, & indeed I have never heard of its having been performed anywhere within the memory of living men, which does not surprise me, considering the structure & dramatic motive of the play.

I thank you for your proffered compliment of a box on the first evening & shall hold myself disengaged.

With sincere wishes for your success on this occasion & all others

I am dear Sir

Yours very truly,

Richd. Grant White.

Augustin Daly Esqr."

Mr. Joseph N. Ireland, compiler of the authoritative "Records of the New York Stage," was positive that New York had never witnessed "Love's Labour's Lost." It was a delight to Daly to make his generation acquainted with anything that was rare in the Shakespearian drama. There was of course no hope of profit in the costly production of a work which had not tempted even Burton or Wallack. It was indeed a labor of love — not wholly lost.

Miss Ada Dyas was *The Princess of France*, Miss Fanny Davenport *Rosaline*, Miss Sara Jewett *Maria*, Miss Nina Varian *Katharine*, Miss Nellie Mortimer *Jaquenetta*, Miss Stella Congdon *Moth*, Davidge *Holofernes*, Fisher *Don Adriano de Armado*, Harkins *King of Navarre*, Clarke *Biron*, Louis James *Longaville*, Hart Conway *Dumain*, Hardenbergh *Boyet*, De Veau *Mercade*, Whitney Sir *Nathaniel*, Chapman *A Forester*, J. G. Peakes *Hiems*, Gilbert and Beekman *Lords*, James Lewis *Costard*, and Owen Fawcett *Dull*.

The lively Oakey Hall took it for granted that when his intelligent friend Daly deliberately brought out a play

there must be something interesting in it, and spent an hour or two reading "Love's Labour's Lost" (as nearly everybody did when it was announced) for the purpose of becoming familiar enough with the lines to enjoy the representation. The result in Mr. Hall's case was a pencilled note:

"Dear A.

. . . I read myself stupid over L. L. Lost. Read it in 3 originals by aid of illustrations & notes, etc. A series of fine poetical readings, but won't you dress it up and write in some plot and fun and introduce three or four Charaktorrs! Adapt Shake. by all means & provide beds in the boxes.

Yours

O. K.

This is Sarkasm!"

There were two important pieces of the modern school which Mr. Daly had acquired for the present season, and which were to be produced in quick succession. One was "Charity," a serious comedy by W. S. Gilbert, and the other "Monsieur Alphonse," the work of Alexander Dumas *fils*.

"Charity" was produced March 3, 1874, with a cloud upon it, cast by the unfavorable criticisms of the London press, which variously termed it "blurred and indefinite in results," "unsatisfactory and unpleasant," "tedious and morbid." Its presentation by Daly's Company showed it to be an absorbing play, growing in interest and power from scene to scene and act to act. Miss Dyas was *Mrs. Van Brugh*, Miss Davenport *Ruth Tredgett*, Miss Jewett *Eve*, Miss Griffiths *Caroline*, Harkins *Ted*, Hardenbergh *Smailey*, Clarke *Fred*, Lewis *Fitzpartington*, Davidge *Skinner*, and Chapman *Butler*. Every actor of a principal part made an individual hit; but the appearance of Miss Fanny Davenport, hitherto the representative of fashion,

beauty, and comedy, in the rags of *Ruth Tredgett*, with matted, straggling hair and furtive, hunted eyes, acted upon the audience like an electric shock. As if recognizing immediately her true dramatic instincts and feeling the promise of power to come, they broke into the wildest welcome; and then watched with eagerness through the play the truth with which she struck every note of the character. The play ran for six weeks to most appreciative spectators after its production on March 12, 1874. It was then still running in England at the Haymarket.

"Monsieur Alphonse" succeeded "Charity," and was presented on April 14, 1874, by the same principals, supplemented by a remarkable little girl, Bijou Heron, the only child of the once famous Matilda Heron and the composer Stoepel. Mrs. Stoepel had at this time given up the stage and lost all her pupils, and had reached a stage of dejection which is distressingly set forth in the letters of her friends. In "Bijou" (*Hélène Stoepel*), however, she possessed a veritable treasure, whose grace and intelligence the new play introduced to audiences which still remembered her mother's notable début sixteen years before. "Monsieur Alphonse" was played forty-six times.

The final novelty of the season (after a brief revival of "Divorce" with Miss Dyas as *Fanny Ten Eyck*) was a dramatization of "Oliver Twist" with Bijou Heron as the innocent *Oliver*, Miss Davenport as the tragic *Nancy*, Davidge as *Bumble*, Fisher as *Fagin*, James Lewis as *The Artful Dodger*, and Louis James in the most realistic delineation of the ruffian *Bill Sykes* ever as yet seen on the New York stage, although it had witnessed many forceful impersonations of that forbidding character.

The theatre closed on June 6, 1874, and the company went out for a tour lasting until July 4. It had played

continuously forty-four weeks. Against what siege of troubles the manager had had to take up arms during that period has been already stated. The season began in a time of appalling financial distress, involved great financial burdens, was seriously threatened by desertions from his company, was disappointing in its opening, and yet witnessed some of his most striking managerial successes.

CHAPTER XIII

Daly contracts his activities. Closes out the Broadway Theatre on terms. Will continue the Grand Opera House with Fox. Fox deserts the Opera House and opens the Broadway. Daly closes out the Opera House on terms. Account of the two theatres afterwards. Harrigan and Hart build the *Théâtre Comique* on Broadway. Their peculiar plays described. Poole and Donnelly make a cheap and popular theatre of the Grand Opera House. Daly helps Davenport in Philadelphia. Theatre in Albany. Miss Fanny Morant deserts to the Union Square. Miss Emily Rigl joins Daly's. Sol Smith Russell. Miss Anna Dickinson. Miss Kate Field. Engagement offered the Kendalls. Season of 1874-1875. "What Should She Do? Or Jealousy." "The Fast Family" a great hit. Daly's strong company. His leading women. Weakness of Wallack's. Montague imported. J. L. Toole brought over, and a failure. Wallack's opinion of the powerful competition. Shook & Palmer, and their disappointment with "The Sphynx." Daly needs plays. Bret Harte to be assisted by Boucicault. The latter's conference with Daly. Asks advice about "The Shaughraun." Doesn't think much of "The Two Orphans." Will collaborate with Bret Harte. His cast *raisonnée* for "Kentuck." Miss Ada Dyas goes. Daly puts on "The School for Scandal" with Miss Davenport as *Lady Teazle* and makes a hit. Excellent acting of James, Clarke, and Fisher. "The Hanging of the Crane" and "The Critic" not popular. Howard's "Moorcroft" a failure. Attacks on the press by the author. "The School for Scandal" revived. Clarke deserts in the middle of the performance.

EARLY this year, 1874, Daly became satisfied that his theories of management could not be operated in several theatres. It was utterly distasteful to him to be what he called a "janitor manager," opening the door for independent troupes and locking it after each disappeared. He closed the "Broadway" and began negotiations with A. T. Stewart's agent for the relinquishment of the re-

maining year of the lease. Mr. Stewart's agent quite readily entertained a proposition to take over the theatre with all its improvements and to take indorsed notes for the rent in arrears. The Grand Opera House remained. There was some attractiveness about getting up great productions there, and, with Fox as a feature in pantomime and spectacle, some hope of profit. But suddenly that popular comedian terminated his long engagement with his old friend Mr. Duff, and consequently with Mr. Daly, and withdrew from the Grand Opera House.

His purpose was quite a mystery until it was shortly after advertised that he was to take the theatre which Mr. Daly had just given up, and which was now to be called "Fox's Broadway Theatre." The smoothness of the late negotiations was now explained.

The loss of Fox closed any outlook for the Grand Opera House, and the obvious policy was to get out of an undertaking of which this last desertion had made Augustin heartily sick. So far, there had been sunk in the enterprise a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, including the fifteen thousand paid as bonus or premium for the lease, and the cost of the improvements. The proprietors of the property, The Erie Railway Company, under the new management which succeeded the extraordinary administration of James Fisk, Jr., consented to a surrender of the remainder of the term if the lessee also surrendered the scenery and properties and gave indorsed notes for the rent due. This arrangement was carried out.

It is instructive to glance at the subsequent history of the two theatres which Daly could not make profitable. In less than six weeks Fox failed at the Broadway and retired, defeated, from his venture. He had been for years receiving a salary of \$400 a week from Mr. Duff, but had recently conceived the idea that he had been slaving

while his manager was reposing upon a bed of roses, and that it was now time for the toiler to gather a fortune for himself instead of rolling it up for others. The result was not uncommon; he found that the art of acting and the art of management are utterly different gifts.

After Fox's failure the unfortunate theatre passed through sixteen different managements in five years with long intervals of darkness. Then Harrigan and Hart, two well-known variety actors, leased the ground, demolished the old church, and built a very handsome "New Théâtre Comique," in which for three years they produced with varying success Mr. Harrigan's peculiar plays; but as Christmas 1884 was approaching the theatre was burned to the ground. It was never rebuilt.

The Harrigan plays had neither plot nor coherence, but they drew audiences which seemed to spring from the ground. Irish and negro life in the congested districts, with their convivial meetings, weddings, excursions, feuds, and frolics, to which the simple German element (designated as "the Dutch") contributed their part, were the stock attractions, repeated over and over again under different names. Harrigan was usually the prosperous saloon keeper, conservative and sententious. Hart was at his best in petticoats as a wholesome kitchen-maid of sunny disposition. Two types of Hibernians were the roystering, reckless laborer on the "big pipes," and the parsimonious shopkeeper. In the negro quarter one saw with what solemnity the African took his amusements, and with what suddenness he passed from peace to war and developed unexpected social accomplishments with the razor. Nothing was extenuated or softened. At the steamboat dock the young street tough, with his equally tough slip of a girl, both well known to the ticket seller, approaches and tenders a five-dollar bill. The latter

gazes at it suspiciously and inquires, "Does your father know you've got this?" "Naw," is the reply, "he thinks my brother took it." And the couple pass on to a day of pastoral enjoyment.

The problem of making the huge Grand Opera House successful was also solved when a local patronage was created; but this was not until the house had had a checkered career under eight different managements and long intervals of abandonment. Then two men, Poole and Donnelly, opened the magnificent structure as a place of cheap amusement. They reduced the price of admission more than one-half; and whereas former managers were unable to make both ends meet with a rent of twenty-five thousand dollars, the new lessees could ultimately stand an enormous rental of fifty thousand dollars. The distinguished companies of Wallack's, the Union Square, and the Fifth Avenue frequently began or ended a fall or spring tour with an engagement of one or two weeks at the Grand Opera House, the art-loving populace of the West Side waiting patiently until the attractions of the costlier theatres could be witnessed from fifty-cent fauteuils. It may be mentioned, in connection with Mr. Daly's wise determination to concentrate his efforts upon one theatre, that he had for a little while helped Mr. F. L. Davenport's management in Philadelphia, and had even assisted an Albany theatre venture, but had declined an offer to manage a new opera house in Newark.

After the first season at the new theatre Miss Morant also went over to the Union Square. Before the season ended she had written to Mr. Daly:

"Since you have given the Madame Valorys ('Mothers with grown-up daughters') to your leading Juvenile Lady and the heavy character parts to your Comedy Lady I see nothing for me in the future but discontent and discomfort."

The allusions were, first to casting Miss Dyas in the parts of *Mrs. Van Brugh* in "Charity" and *Raymonde* in "Monsieur Alphonse," and next to giving Miss Davenport the rôles of *Ruth Tredgett* and *Mme. Guichard*. Miss Morant broke her contract and joined the forces of Shook & Palmer. An action was instituted by Mr. Daly against Miss Morant in the Superior Court in order to confirm the right to enjoin actors under contract with one manager from transferring their services to another. He obtained an injunction, which, however, he immediately waived; and he permitted Miss Morant to play in the rival establishment. It may be noticed here that Miss Kate Claxton had joined the forces there the preceding season, and so had George Parkes a year before. Miss Morant was therefore the sixth graduate of the Fifth Avenue Theatre to adorn the boards of the Union Square.

Two new names appeared on the company roll for the season of 1874-1875. Sol Smith Russell had been for some years a monologue entertainer whose imitation (among others) of the European lecturer Gough was a neat bit of mimicry; he now gratified a desire to have a regular dramatic training. And theatregoers who remembered the ballet of the "Black Crook" and the front row of pretty juvenile *coryphées* were agreeably surprised to learn that one of them, Miss Emily Rigl, had been studying for the English stage and was to appear this season at Daly's. Her sister, the première danseuse Betty Rigl, who divided with Mdlles. Bonfanti and Sangalli the honors of that famous production, had, like so many of the troupe, become a permanent resident of the United States. Emily had been seen infrequently with her sister in ballet, but of late had been devoting herself to her new ambition, which intelligence, personal charm, and aptitude fully justified.

About this time the idea of embracing the theatrical profession was entertained by the distinguished political lecturer Miss Anna Dickinson, and Mr. Daly was thought by her to be a competent guide in such a delicate and momentous undertaking. A similar ambition on the part of Miss Kate Field, also well known in the ranks of lecturers and writers, brought her to Mr. Daly. Taglioni had urged her and Wallack had encouraged her to "adopt the footlights." It may be said briefly here that circumstances prevented both the ladies from making an appearance under my brother's management.

The earliest offers from an American manager to the Kendalls came from Mr. Daly. Through Mr. French he offered them a hundred pounds a week at his own theatre, for two seasons; three months to be devoted to starring, the profit of which was to be shared equally. The Kendalls asked for some additions, including four "benefits" of half gross receipts in seven months in New York. Six months afterwards Mr. Daly's offer was two hundred pounds a week. Mr. Kendall required two hundred and fifty; but soon all thoughts of coming to America were postponed, owing to the illness of Mrs. Kendall's mother. They did not visit the United States until many years afterwards, when their position on the English stage had grown to the importance, if not the eminence, once possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

The season of 1874-1875 was opened with a new drama from the French of Edmond About, "Germaine," called "What Should She Do; or Jealousy." It was not a success. The story was morbid, but not so unpleasant as Octave Feuillet's "Sphynx," which was seen a month later at the Union Square with Miss Morris in the principal part, a part which her talent could not make endurable. Miss Davenport had the chief part in About's drama.

There is something mysterious in the effect of a first performance upon the material of a play. Up to that time it may have revealed nothing of structural weakness, it may have read like an absorbing novel, hurrying the reader from scene to scene, piling sensation upon sensation, bewildering by variety, and thrilling by appeal. Through the rehearsals it may seem to grow in cogency and force; the actors may strut in confident expectation of their "hits"; and yet, in that marvellous alembic of the first night, everything may vanish but dregs of dulness.

With his customary promptness the unsuccessful drama was withdrawn by Mr. Daly, and ten days after, a brilliant success was presented — Sardou's "La Famille Benoiton," adapted and called "The Fast Family," in which Miss Dyas was *Clothilde*, Miss Jewett *Blanche*, Harkins *Didier*, Louis James *Hector*, Jennings *For-michel*, Fawcett *Prudent*, Hardenbergh *Monsieur Benoiton*, Hart Conway his nephew *François*, Stella Congdon and Bijou Heron his young sons *Polydore* and *Fanfan*, and Emily Rigl and Nina Varian his daughters *Rose* and *Camille*. My brother wrote to me:

"New York, September 6, 1874.

... The Fast Family last night was quite a success. That is, it went off with roars of laughter — 2 recalls — and not a hitch before a \$900 house. So well was it received, in fact, that I am going to try it all the week; so as to give me more time on *The School for Scandal*. I do wish you could come down with Emma & see that revival. I think it will be a night of nights. I'll do it on Saturday the 12th. I have made a very good and close acting play and I think it will go."

It appears from this letter also that Miss Dyas did not like her part in "The Fast Family," "though," as the letter states, "she made a hit in it."

The immediate recovery from the failure of the opening piece proved that Mr. Daly possessed in his company a working force which no other theatre could boast, and which, in the then deplorable condition of theatricals, made his management conspicuous. His was the only theatre which possessed a leading woman for serious parts (Ada Dyas) and a leading woman for comedy (Fanny Davenport), three leading men, Clarke, Harkins, and Louis James, and four comedians, James Lewis, Hardenbergh, Davidge, and Fawcett. Wallack had to import a leading man, H. J. Montague, but was still without an actress of the necessary reputation and ability for principal rôles. A letter from Wallack a little later (when my brother was getting up the annual benefit for the Foundling Asylum) indicates how critical the veteran manager thought the period :

"I will do everything to aid you except act myself. You will, as a manager, I'm sure understand how much importance (in these days of powerful competition) my first appearance is to me. It represents more money than I could well afford to give."

A year before this, Edwin Booth had retired defeated from his own magnificent new theatre on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, and in May, 1874, the whole Booth interest was closed out and a lease given by Ames of Boston to Jarrett & Palmer; but those lessees had just met with a crushing reverse in the failure of Boucicault's "Belle Lamar." Wallack about the same time had brought to this country one of the famous old comedians of the English stage, J. L. Toole, and met with failure as thorough and disheartening as manager ever experienced. When he wrote the letter given above, he was experimenting with Montague with dubious results.

Not until November 14, when he gave up his theatre to Boucicault and "The Shaughraun," did the tide of fortune set his way. Shook & Palmer had a like experience. They brought out "The Sphynx" for Miss Morris, but had soon to replace that disagreeable play with "The Hunchback," in which she essayed *Julia*; and that was followed by other ventures, equally discouraging, until "The Two Orphans," produced on December 21, brought the management fortune.

All that Daly needed was a supply of plays. He had been relying upon Bret Harte, and now Boucicault, back from a long visit to Europe and looking for a job, took kindly to Harte's proposition to help put a Western legend into theatrical form. His "Belle Lamar" at Booth's was a disappointment, and to Mr. Daly he disclosed that he was engaged upon an Irish drama for Wallack. The period was to be that of the trouble that followed the abdication of James II, and the plot was to depict the serious struggle of a young English officer between his duty and his love for an accomplished and high-bred Irish girl. Boucicault felt that he had been long out of touch with the American public, and he sought Daly's advice as fellow playwright and manager, and my brother gave it with sincerity. He advised against the James II period, saying that the public would feel no sympathy for distress in big wigs and hooped petticoats. He further advised that the theme of the play should be if possible treated almost wholly from the humorous side, as the continued financial and business depression of the country turned for relief to the lighter theatrical amusements. The advice was followed, and so was Mr. Daly's suggestion of a play for the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to be called "The Bridal Tour." Boucicault agreed to begin upon it at once, and also to get to work with Bret Harte; and he gave his

opinion (a mistaken one) upon the merits of Shook & Palmer's projected "Two Orphans":

"The cast of the 2 orphans is strong:
 Maud Granger . . . Henriette and
 The Blind Girl . . . Claxton ! ! ! !
 The *Blind* girl should be played by Palmer."

(Palmer was the manager of the theatre.)

"Now for Bret Harte! — I saw him last night and agreed to re-shape Acts 1 and 2. — to construct and detail Acts 3 and 4, which so far have not been shadowed, much less written. He comes here on Monday, by which time I shall have re-modelled Acts 1 & 2. I must do the society dialogue and scenes myself, as I think B. H.'s best work is *rough character and male*.

I propose to call the piece 'Kentuck.' The name is good familiar Brethartish — do you see Hardenbergh in it?

Yours faithfully
 D. B.

About the joint terms for this piece — what are they to be? I have lost recollection of the matter and B. H. is dizzy on the same."

My dear Boucicault,

"5th Ave. Theatre, Sept. 7.

The original terms between Harte and myself & which I still adhere to are: One hundred dollars per night or six hundred dollars per week. Matinées free unless they reach \$600, in which case \$50 is to be paid.

Yours truly
 Augustin Daly.

I like the name of 'Kentuck' immensely."

"My dear Daly

Do send me a box for the first night of the School for Scandal.

I am afraid there is not room *for two* behind the terms you have made with Harte — and I must retire.

Yours ever
 Dion Boucicault."

"My dear Daly

Why the blazes (pardon my Irish) don't B. H. speak distinctly?

I quite understand that you cannot afford to pay double price because *two names* are attached to Harte's play. But *I* cannot afford to work for half price.

The simple question is this — What advantage to you will result from the combination of our names — if any —? then estimate that.

If none — then keep my name out of the transaction, and if Harte simply wants my architectural plans to work upon — let me be paid *for that only* — leave me out of the bargain. Let the play be Harte's alone. He can take as much or as little of my plans as he likes — And you will pay me for helping him over the stile.

So I shall be released of all responsibility.

But if I am to compose and write as much of the play as I see I must do under present arrangements: Then \$50 a night would not pay me — and I should decline in dealing with Harte to accept a larger share than half — if he proposed such an arrangement.

Yours sincerely
Dion Boucicault."

"20 East 15th St.
Wednesday.

My dear Daly

I wrote you last night as clear and distinct a proposition as Euclid could have shaped.

I will now put it in a business shape.

You engaged Bret Harte to write you a play. — he began it — and found he could not construct such a work. He came to me to do it for him.

I undertake to put the piece into form — make a play of it — which he can clothe with dialogue.

For this work you shall pay me one thousand dollars, and I transfer to you all my right, title and share in the concern — my name is not to be associated with the matter.

My design and plot should be seen and approved by you before Harte begins upon the material I furnish — so that the work may proceed congenially.

There! is that a puzzle? To avoid all this enigmatical business — We three should have met and then there could have been no reserve or fog.

My position was plain from the first moment that Harte and I spoke of terms — viz.: — \$50 a night will not pay me for the amount of work I saw before me. — This I told him and I told you — Your terms for the piece are liberal enough — and if I were sole author I could have accepted them without demur.

But half a loaf is not bread enough for me.

Yours sincerely
Dion Boucicault."

"20 East 15th St.
Wedn. 9 Sept. 74.

My dear Daly

In reply to your offer contained in yours of this day I accept: —

Bret Harte and self will write conjointly the new American Drama. And for the privilege of playing the same at the 5th Avenue Theatre during the present season — you pay us 12 per cent of the gross receipts nightly, that is: — 6 per cent to me and 6 per cent to him.

The play shall be delivered to you as fast as it is completed act by act. —

Yours sincerely
Dion Boucicault."

"To Augustin Daly Esq.

Private:

My dear Daly. —

It was not without motive that I suggested to you in one of my letters that you should devote a stray hour to watch the progress of 'Kentuck' — Harte is dilatory and erratic. He is very anxious to get the work done — but thinks we can scurry

over the ground more rapidly than is consistent with safety. For your sake — as well as for ours — the piece should be carefully done. I have constructed a new first act — I send you a cast *raisonnée*.

With some difficulty I have made Harte promise to attend here every day at 4 o'clock.

Could you drop in here about Monday next between 4 and 6 and 'report progress' — make your remarks on the enclosed meanwhile.

Sincerely
D. B "

The cast *raisonnée* made out by the famous dramatist and enclosed in his last epistle shows the Boucicault method :

Hardenbergh. "*Kentuck.*" Aged 33. A bluff fellow who has a large claim on Sandy Bar, where he believes there is a rich mine. There is a tradition that the Spanish family that owned this place worked secretly a rich mine here for ages. Kentuck believes in the existence of this old mine. He is half cracked on the subject. He has taken to drink.

Clarke. *Oakhurst.* His partner, aged 26. A gambler — very cool, quiet — deeply attached to Kentuck — they hut together — he resists Kentuck's passion for drink.

James or Harkins. *Fanshawe.* Foreman of the mines at Sandy Bar; has discovered an *English speculator* in San Francisco — who will buy Sandy Bar — Fanshawe has excited this man on the subject —

and has brought him down to see the place — the other miners have agreed to sell out their claims — Kentuck refuses — holds out.

- Davidge. *Sir Ulysses Medlicott.* A conceited Englishman, City knight — who represents an English company of capitalists.
- Sara Jewett. *Kate.* His daughter, in love with “Kentuck.”
- Lewis. *Telemachus.* His son — a cockney upstart — who despises anything American — a bragging fellow about his “British pluck” — but really a coward; not a bad fellow at heart.
- Mrs. Gilbert. *Lady Medlicott.* A mournful, testy, vulgar woman complaining of everything she finds in the “orrible wilderness” — always warning Sir Ulysses that they will come to ruin.
- C. Fisher. *Don Diego Ruiz.* An old Spanish hidalgo who once owned the estate — has lost his wits by the invasion — still inhabits the ruined hacienda — himself a greater ruin. Thinks he is still master of the place — receives insult as compliment and is noble, courteous and dignified to the jeering miners.
- Fanny Davenport. *Ooita.* His daughter — a Spanish girl — proud — irascible — hating the American — a wild & noble girl — in love with Oakhurst.

Parkes.	<i>Boston.</i>	Miners — each with marked & distinct characters: the “scientific and sanguine” miner, the refined and disappointed miner, the rough and reckless miner.
Sol Russell.	<i>Flynn.</i>	
	<i>Jemmy Bymon.</i>	
	<i>Coscob.</i>	

At the moment when Daly deemed himself secure in the possession of the most perfect theatrical organization in the country and had only to provide the vehicle for its display, an unlooked-for desertion almost paralyzed his efforts. Miss Dyas left him and went to Wallack's. One of his oldest friends and stanchest supporters outside of his own family (also a friend of Wallack and of Miss Dyas) called upon him almost immediately after the successful production of “The Fast Family” to impart the intelligence that the lady was uncomfortable; that she was afraid her manager had been disappointed in her from the first; that she had wished to leave last season, but had yielded to the persuasion of her friends, and remained; that she had been used in her own country to a great deal of consideration, had been quite a little power in her sphere, and did not like the republic which Mr. Daly maintained in his theatre; and that she desired to be released. Mr. Daly knew at once that an engagement at Wallack's was waiting for Miss Dyas. There was no one to play the heroine in “The Shaughraun,” and he recalled that a week or two before, Boucicault had written as if casually:

“ . . . If Ada Dyas is not included in your programme for October I can place her for that month or for a longer time if it suits you.”

It was manifest of course that there had been considerable negotiation going on, and that, the time being ripe, a dip-

lomatic agent had been selected who could impress upon the manager the alternative of yielding, or of facing an unyielding antagonism in his own establishment. The friendly representative took this occasion to say that in his opinion the manager's policy of not making a star of any member of his company was a mistake; that the public would have it, and that he would be compelled to yield. In a few days Miss Dyas was advertised as a member of Mr. Wallack's regular company.

The production of "The School for Scandal" at the Fifth Avenue on September 12, 1874, proved a brilliant success. The performance was witnessed by a crowded house and received enthusiastically. Miss Davenport was *Lady Teazle*, Fisher *Sir Peter*, Mrs. Gilbert *Mrs. Candour*, Davidge *Sir Oliver*, Hardenbergh *Crabtree*, Lewis *Moses*, Miss Jewett *Maria*, Clarke *Charles*, and Louis James *Joseph*. To Clarke and James a great share of the success was due. By them and Fisher the celebrated screen scene was so deftly worked up that it was practically divided in two parts by the applause and recalls of the audience — first when *Sir Peter* is forced into the closet, and next when *Lady Teazle* is discovered.

The play was reconstructed by Mr. Daly so as to present each act in a single scene. It had been remodelled for the Prince of Wales Theatre, so Mr. Daly had the authority of the London stage for meddling with the classic; but he discarded the English version and invented one of his own.

While Bronson Howard's "Moorcroft" was in rehearsal, the public was treated to a surprise, — a representation by tableaux of Longfellow's poem just published, "The Hanging of the Crane." The seven pictures described in the lines were shown as Harkins recited the poem, accompanied with incidental music by Dodworth. The scenes were painted by Witham, and the personages were repre-

sented by Ringgold, Fawcett, Davidge, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Varian, and Miss Alice Grey. The evening's entertainment began with the comedietta of "The Two Widows," in which the four parts were taken by Miss Davenport, Miss Jewett, Clarke, and Hardenbergh; and concluded with a new version of Sheridan's "Critic," with James Lewis as *Puff*. The lack of favor shown by the public to this meritorious performance indicated the aversion of the American public to an entertainment consisting of "one act" pieces. After a week the poem was withdrawn for Bronson Howard's "Moorcroft."

"Moorcroft" barely survived for two weeks. The local press treated it as a sort of false claimant to the honors of the American drama. The following extract from one of the journals illustrates the hostile spirit in which the task of criticism was approached :

"We have the author's word for it that neither 'Saratoga' nor 'Moorcroft' is taken from the French. We are sorry for it. We had hoped both were. But he insists that in the deed of dullness he had no accomplice."

There were insinuations that the play had its origin in "Les Faux," a forgotten French play. This was a repetition of a rumor started by the *London Times*, and it compelled the author to publish a good-tempered answer. Mr. Daly would not let him wage an unsupported conflict with the press, and so he addressed on the same date (October 24, 1874) a letter to the *Herald* condemning the attitude of American journalists towards native dramatists. He showed the inconsistency of the lament over the absence of an "American drama" and the systematic condemnation of all attempts in that direction; saying that there will be no indigenous growth if the young shoots are pulled up by the roots and the cultivators are driven from the

field; and affirming that the only people who endeavored to establish an American drama were authors and managers, without any assistance from journalists, and particularly dramatic critics. He instanced "Belle Lamar," the characters and incidents of which were taken from the late Civil War, but which was denied all claim to the title of American, "because — mark the reason! — the incidents might have occurred in any other country"; he also referred to "The Gilded Age," considered as having a doubtful claim to the same title because there was only one distinctively American character in it, that of *Colonel Sellers*; and he summed up in the phrase, "American press writers are proud of everything American except other American writers."

The unlooked for failure of "Moorcroft" compelled the manager to fall back upon his brilliant production of "The School for Scandal," which was accordingly revived on November 2; but this resource was immediately cut off by the singular behavior of George Clarke (*Charles Surface*) who, irritated by a reproof from his manager, left the theatre before the play was over. The reproof was for disregard of the rule that no beards or mustaches were to be worn in the comedy. Clarke, who had always previously observed this requirement, thought that a revival for two nights did not demand the sacrifice of a mustache which had embellished "Moorcroft," and affronted the public by leaving his performance unfinished. More than this, he allowed himself to be interviewed by reporters and to predict the downfall of the arbitrary reign of Daly. A few months later he wrote a letter to Mr. Daly expressing his regret.

CHAPTER XIV

Daly sets out to make up for unexpected defections. His production of "The School for Scandal" a pronounced hit, but everything after it fails. "The Belle's Stratagem," "Everybody's Friend," "The Heart of Midlothian." Not three weeks' paying business in three months. Remarkable play from the Spanish produced. Louis James as "Yorick." Judge Van Brunt's opinion of the public. Henry Bergh's appreciation. "London Assurance," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Man and Wife" and "Monsieur Alphonse" wasted. E. L. Davenport's splendid acting in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" unavailing. Miss Carlotta Leclercq in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Palace of Truth." She plays Portia to Davenport's "Shylock." Financial stress. The company on half salaries. Gossip of the street. Downfall of Daly predicted. Engagement of Stephen Fiske as business manager. "Women of the Day." Sudden change with the production of "The Big Bonanza." First appearance of John Drew under Daly's management. A hundred nights. The company now much sought after for benefits. Ringgold and Montague want Miss Davenport to play for them. Her benefit. Mrs. Gilbert's. Little Bijou Heron. Mrs. Alice Dunning Lingard. Restored friendship with Clara Morris. Fanny Davenport and her \$1000. The DeVeres. Actors' children and what happens. Sydney Cowell engaged. First trip to San Francisco. Poor quarters. Chinatown. Virginia City and the Bonanza mine. Salt Lake City. Brigham Young.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" was immediately replaced by "The Belle's Stratagem," which had been rehearsed for emergencies, and Miss Davenport as *Letitia Hardy* and Louis James as *Doricourt* gave a spirited performance.¹ "Masks and Faces" brought out Mrs. J. H. (Louise) Allen for the first time in several years.² "Everybody's Friend" gave Lewis an opportunity to create a new *Major*

¹ Nov. 4, 1874.

² Nov. 10, 1874.

De Boots,¹ and finally the rehearsals (superintended by Boucicault himself when he could tear himself away from "The Shaughraun") of "The Heart of Midlothian" ended in the elaborate production of that play.² All these ventures were played to diminishing houses, and the deficit in running expenses increased enormously. In three months there had been hardly more than three weeks of remunerative business. Boucicault's play lived barely two weeks, and ran behind from the start; yet in the worry and anxiety of this period the manager was able to give his personal effort to the production of a genuine work of art — a notable Spanish play known as "Yorick."

As "Un Drama Nuevo" ("A New Play"), produced in 1867 in Madrid, it was not only a tremendous acting success, but found a reading public which demanded four editions of the published work in the same year. The fanciful story is that Yorick, Hamlet's old acquaintance of infinite jest, was not a mere court buffoon, but a contemporary player and popular favorite. The "new play" is an original tragedy accepted by Shakespeare for performance at his own theatre. Its plot is the discovery by *Count Octavio* of the perfidy of his wife *Beatrice* with his false friend and adopted son *Manfred*, disclosed by the jealousy of the villain *Landulph*. The comedian of the Shakespeare company, *Yorick*, is possessed with the ambition to play a tragic part, and persuades Shakespeare to take the rôle of Octavio from the leading man *Walton* and give it to him. *Walton* conceives a fiendish scheme to ruin the performance and wreck the peace of the too ambitious *Yorick*. In the scene in which *Count Octavio* receives a letter apprising him of the frailty of the *Countess* and the perfidy of *Manfred*, *Walton* substitutes for the property missive a communication revealing to *Yorick*

¹ Nov. 20, 1874.

² Nov. 21, 1874.

his betrayal by his own wife (acting the part of the *Countess*) and his pupil and friend *Edmund* (who is cast for *Manfred*). Thus a real drama of jealousy and treachery is enacted in the very scenes and by the characters of the acted play. *Walton's* baseness, however, only partly succeeds. It tortures *Yorick* to madness, but *Yorick's* passion, now real instead of simulated, renders the mimic scene almost insupportably true to nature. *Yorick* expires after an attempt to kill his wife and *Edmund*.

The value of the piece as an acting play was unquestionable. Its presentation required an actor of the first ability. The manager had already sounded the possibilities of Louis James, and knew that he could go far if he devoted himself with sincerity to his art. To him he awarded the rôle of *Yorick*, passing over (a singular coincidence of play with fact) the claims of Harkins as leading man. The artistic results fully justified his choice, and James, inspired with the confidence of his manager and the greatness of his part, surpassed all expectations on the opening night,¹ and disclosed the tragic power which, in a later period, he was generally acknowledged to possess. But the manager did not reckon with the incredulity of press and public, which refused to believe in the value of a tragedy that had no well-known tragedian for its interpreter. The season had already witnessed some starvation receipts, but the lowest level was now reached. Disgusted with the desertion of the public, after a trial of one week the manager indignantly tore off the play and consigned the manuscript to his library shelves.

And yet the play and the manager and the actors deserved unstinted praise and support. Judge Van Brunt, who may be remembered as a plain-spoken man, went to the play, saw the empty house, and set down the public

¹ Dec. 5, 1874.

as asses. He said to me years afterwards : "The best play your brother ever produced met with the worst reception!" Henry Bergh wrote a letter which conveys better than I can the impression made by the play upon cultivated minds :

"From the rising of your elegant curtain, until the last scene, and word, uttered, my attention was riveted to the stage. If I am capable of appreciating dramatic excellence and acting, I do not hesitate to declare that it would be impossible to present to the public a more truly enjoyable performance than that I witnessed last night. The play itself would add to the incomparable fame of the great Shakespeare himself. The acting was exceptionally great — while the *mise en scène*, and costumes, left nothing to desire. The part of Yorick, as rendered by Mr. James, raises him to a level of the greatest artists of his time — while the elegant and refined lady who portrayed so touchingly the distracted wife, (Mrs. Jewett,) was entirely admirable. . . .

The purpose of this letter is to request you to delay the removal from your Stage of these beautiful pieces until the public have had an opportunity to judge for themselves. . . . If the equivocal and sensational rubbish which theatre-going people are made to endure nowadays is to be substituted for such a performance as I witnessed at your house last night — then farewell to the legitimate drama.

I am

dear Sir

Yours faithfully

Henry Bergh.

P.S. I have sent a copy of this to the Times for publication.¹"

Nor were the leading men of the profession blind to its merits. Davenport wrote that it was "full of dramatic beauty and poetry," and Lawrence Barrett applied for the right to produce it in New Orleans, Boston, Philadel-

¹ Dec. 11, 1874.

phia, and San Francisco. In later years, as "Yorick's Love," it had a fixed place in his repertoire; but in his acting version, his reverence for Shakespeare induced him to substitute Thomas Heywood as the manager. At the Fifth Avenue Fisher was *Shakespeare*, made up after the intellectual and aristocratic Chandos portrait, Hardenbergh the envious and malignant *Walton*, Ringgold *Manfred*, Sara Jewett the wife *Alison*, Miss Mortimer *Margery*, and Jennings *The Prompter*. To Lewis was given the only humorous part in the play, that of *The Author* — a character always the butt of the dramatist, though why, Heaven knows! In the gloom and depression caused by the slaughter of this remarkable play, the manager had the grim satisfaction of observing that none of his critics noticed the anachronism of a female player on Shakespeare's stage!

The beautiful theatre seemed suddenly to have sunk into a groove of ill luck. "London Assurance," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Man and Wife," and "Monsieur Alphonse," put on in quick succession, could not pry it out. Then the manager took his principal people on tour and brought in stars to exert a temporary benign influence. E. L. Davenport appeared in a revival of Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts,"¹ one of the greatest impersonations of *Sir Giles Overreach* the stage had seen — it drew the veteran actor and manager, William Wheatley, out of his retirement. Then Miss Carlotta Leclercq came in "Pygmalion and Galatea"² and "The Palace of Truth," and both stars united in a presentation of "The Merchant of Venice."³

During this time the finances of the theatre had to be maintained by loans, and for a time the company cheerfully agreed to be put on half salaries. The financial

¹ Dec. 21, 1874.

² Dec. 28, 1874.

³ Jan. 11, 1875.

matters were kept reasonably quiet. The old and experienced Davidge put the matter very convincingly to his fellow players. They resented, too, the gossip of the street, by which the débâcle of the management was predicted, and the genius, skill, and efficiency of rival establishments were exalted.

Among Daly's new arrangements was the securing of a new business manager, Stephen Fiske, who had just given up the management of the St. James Theatre, London. Having the fullest confidence in Daly, he predicted that in six weeks they would be "turning people away."

"Women of the Day," a well-written comedy by an old actor, Charles Morton of Philadelphia, brought the company home,¹ and then occurred one of those happy events that change the face of fortune. Von Moser, a noted German playwright, had written a farce that tickled the Berliners and Viennese immensely, for it ridiculed the passion for senseless speculation which set in with the Germans after their intoxicating success in the Franco-Prussian campaign of 1870-1871. Neuendorf, manager of the German theatre in New York, called Daly's attention to the play.

Daly had just the company to play it, and he was just the man to reconstruct it as an American story of the foolhardy speculation from the effects of which our country was suffering. Lewis was the crabbed professor, representative of "brains" as opposed to "money," and an admirable foil to his brother-in-law (Fisher), an amiable plutocrat. But the satirical side was the least attractive of the play. Two pairs of young lovers made the charm of the evening; the impecunious young rolling stone *Bob*, his sedate and struggling chum *Jack*, and the goddesses of their affections, *Eugenia* (Miss Davenport) and *Virginia* (Miss Rigl).

¹ Jan. 20, 1875.

For the part of the impecunious and light-hearted *Bob* Mr. Daly brought from Philadelphia young John Drew, then playing his first engagement at his mother's theatre. It was again one of the Daly surprises — to give a novice a leading part in a metropolitan theatre. Von Moser's play was produced under the title of "The Big Bonanza," and on February 17, 1875, Drew made his first appearance in New York under the manager with whom he was to remain for many years. The finish of his later performances was not to be found in this one, but there was all their intelligence, added to the exuberant spirits of youth. It was a joyous performance. The archness and beauty of Miss Davenport and Miss Rigl were well mated with the ardor of Drew and Ringgold. It is not easy to forget the first call of the impecunious *Bob* upon his inamorata with a surprisingly fine suit of clothes and a very perceptible limp. He explains in a single line of soliloquy, after sending up his card: "Jack's clothes fit me pretty well, but his shoes —!"

Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert had two of those parts which later made the Daly plays famous. His sage remarks (and hers) upon the various stocks in which he was blindly investing, were the joy of the house for a hundred nights.

The play ran to the end of the season. The stage of the Fifth Avenue was full of sunshine. Its company was again esteemed the most desirable in the profession. Jarrett & Palmer vainly begged Daly for Miss Emily Rigl for *Princess Katharine* in "Henry V" at Booth's, with George Rignold as the star. She would have been perfection in it. It was the period of benefits. Montague for his fête selected "London Assurance," and asked for Miss Davenport to play *Lady Gay Spanker*, Lewis for *Meddle*, Fisher for *Sir Harcourt*, and Davidge for *Max*. Rignold's benefit took place later at Booth's, and Mr. Daly allowed



MRS. G. H. GILBERT

Miss Davenport to play *Pauline* to his *Claude Melnotte*. For the few months in which he appeared in "Henry V," Rignold caused a sort of madness among theatregoers. At the benefit in question he gave "Blackeyed Susan" as an after-piece, and women fainted with emotion.

Mrs. Lingard, the wife of William Horace Lingard, better known as Alice Dunning, was in Mr. Daly's company, having joined with a view to her début on the legitimate stage, and was waiting for a play worthy of her ambition and her gifts. Rignold asked Mr. Daly to let her play *Blackeyed Susan*, but it was out of the question to allow her to make her first appearance on such an occasion, and so the part of *Susan* was bestowed upon Miss Maude Granger, who subsequently created the title rôle in Sardou's "Dora" ("Diplomacy") at Wallack's in 1878.

Miss Davenport, of course, had a benefit in "The Hunchback," as *Julia*, with Montague as *Clifford*, Rignold as *Modus*, and Frank Mayo as *Master Walter*. Then Mrs. Gilbert had her benefit with Rignold and Miss Davenport in "The Lady of Lyons," and John Brougham his as *O'Callaghan* in the old-fashioned, Irish, gentlemanly farce, "His Last Legs." A dainty bit of child acting was furnished by the juvenile Bijou Heron as *Romeo* to little Fay Templeton's *Juliet* in the balcony scene.

With regard to another benefit performance, the manager received this letter :

"N. Y. Jan. 7th, 1875.

My dear Mr Daly

I am just informed that you have consented to spare Bijou for her little entertainment at Union Square Theatre.

I can but say that this (is) another evidence of the noble manner in which you have taken interest in her since you first took her by the hand. To say I am grateful were meagre thanks in sounding words, but I have that in my heart which

thanks you in silence, but with a warmth of gratitude unspoken but faithful as the flood which flows through it. I pray Heaven it may be ever in my power to aid in some way on my own humble part to your prosperity.

God bless you.

Matilda Heron."

In the retrospect of the passing season, the pleasing recollection remains of a renewal of friendly relations with Miss Clara Morris. As in the case of Miss Agnes Ethel, Mr. Daly had accorded her the privilege of playing his copy-righted versions of the plays in which she had made her reputation in his theatre. On January 1, Miss Morris added to her letter enclosing royalties a postscript: "May I wish you a happy New Year? I do so with all my heart. C. M."

The success of "The Big Bonanza" enabled the manager to reward the loyalty of his company. Here is one acknowledgment:

"May 12th, 1875.

My dear Mr. Daly

A thousand thanks for your or rather 'my thousand dollars.' What a nest egg. How I hope it is but one of thousands of thousands that I bring to you. If a woman's determination, energy, talents & gratitude can thank you the future will show you.

Ever sincerely

Fanny Davenport."

Miss Davenport had excellent training in the duty owed by actor to manager from her mother, a member of the Vining family, and from her distinguished step-father whose name she bore. Her theatrical experience began with her first appearance as a child for his benefit at Niblo's Garden in 1863, as Charles I in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

Few persons know at what sacrifice the lesser members of a troupe sometimes leave their homes to fill unexpected demands. One of the most reliable couples in Mr. Daly's employ were Mr. and Mrs. DeVere, the parents of six children. The exigencies of a New Orleans engagement required their instant departure from New York, and they made a hurried arrangement with a motherly person to look after the flock. No sooner were the parents out of sight than the enfranchised youngsters mutinied, and got up a negro minstrel show in the apartment with the assistance of equally unruly neighbors, to the delectation of a crowd of youthful invaders invited from the street. The racket, din, and destruction drove out the motherly person, who disappeared and did not dare to reappear. Kind-hearted neighbors soon realized the situation, and cared for the children until the return of their parents after an extended absence. No wonder poor Mrs. De Vere, when a subsequent sudden departure was proposed, wrote:

My dear Sir

"Sunday.

To leave my house and children alone again is something terrible. I went for two weeks and suffered untold anxiety; to leave again at once without preparation or time to make any, is more than I supposed it possible you could ask me. If you will give me your word of honor I shall return on Wednesday, I will go. Awaiting reply

Yours very truly

Nellie Mortimer DeVere."

Additions were made to the company. One of the most noticeable was Miss Sydney Cowell, a capable and experienced young actress of what, in the old "lines of business," were called "Chambermaid" parts — impossible characters who in old comedies invent plans for deceiving unreasonable guardians, aiding sincere lovers, and effecting

indispensable elopements; and who, after conferring lasting happiness on the deserving, are rewarded with the hand of the vulgar lout called "the comic man." There were offers of which Mr. Daly did not avail himself. The agents of Mr. Montague wrote that at the expiration of the run of "Clancarty" at Wallack's he would be free to engage elsewhere. The well-known John T. Raymond (Colonel Sellers) applied for himself and wife.

There was no lack of plays. They came from Henry Bergh ("Peculiar People"), Davidge ("Our Circle"), Henry Morford ("Mothers-in-Law"), Edouard Cadol ("Grandmamma,"—through Coudert Brothers,—which was accepted), and H. J. Byron ("Our Boys,"—through T. H. French,—also accepted).

An extraordinary venture for that age (1875) was taking the whole Fifth Avenue Theatre Company to the Pacific coast. They arrived in San Francisco July 21, and found it "cold-hearted." As every regular theatre was occupied they had to play in a concert hall and fit their scenery to its platform. Augustin was soon in despair with Platt's Hall:

"I would as soon fasten my scenery to the ceiling of a parlor . . . I hired it for two nights, and then finding Maguire's Minstrel Hall unoccupied, I hired that at the rental of \$500 per week. To this the people have come in partial numbers. . . . California may be the land of milk and honey, but San Francisco as I have found it so far is the city of gall and vinegar."

He found illiberal criticisms and sneers in the press which he attributed to rivals on the ground.

The sensation for a tourist in San Francisco was to be escorted through Chinatown by the police, and he describes the experience :

"Within a block and a half of the very Wall Street of this City you walk into a maze of streets & alleys which swarm with another people and quiver with a new life & other motives. Strangely enough, the only Europeans you meet in this quarter appear to be simply sightseers like yourself. The few squares out of the very heart of the city which are given up to these Asiatics seem to be wholly surrendered to them; & no other stores, no other dwellings, no other announcements, no other business, pleasure, customs or manners are to be met with over a stretch of city which is but two blocks wide by about seven long.

I wandered over this strange city within a city last Sunday afternoon — and passing in an instant out of the quiet & repose of the Christian town I was plunged at once into a very hive of active busy bees, all crowd, all bustle, but noiseless & harmless. Every shop was open & the sidewalks & the buildings swarmed with Chinese in their native garb. I watched the gamblers buying in a lottery & I noted the eager opium drunkard purchasing his thimble-full of ecstasy & hurrying homeward with his treasure. Tailors were hard at work, none disdaining the 'Melican' sewing machine, & cobblers on the sidewalk patching up the high-soled shoes. The basements seemed given up to the barber fraternity, & in every other one I saw the natives getting their heads shaved. The butcher & baker shops were all full of custom too, & the little scraps of dirty raw & dirtier cooked meats that were displayed & bought & sold drove me at last by their odors to my own civilized atmosphere. At night, I took in the Chinese theatre, both before and behind the scenes, but of that — anon."

In the third week the manager still complained of the indifference of the press, which he ascribed either to partisanship or inability to appreciate the school of acting which he had brought from the East, while acknowledging that he had a sure (though small) circle of intelligent patrons which attended nearly every performance. Each production made an emphatic success with these audiences,

but elicited not even decent treatment from the papers. Yet Virginia City and Salt Lake City were warmly appreciative. The fact is that the discouraging result of the San Francisco trip must remain a mystery.

He and his company were taken down into the mines of Virginia City to pick up specimens of the *Bonanza* with their own hands. In Salt Lake City the public was enthusiastic :

“Salt Lake City, August 22/75.

. . . The people cried for more of us, and I'm sorry we could not stay. I called on Brigham (Young) yesterday and met General Sheridan and invited him to the theatre in the evening. Brigham has attended every performance, and when I saw him he said that the performance of ‘Saratoga’ was the first ‘live theatre’ he had seen for ten years. He is a shaky old man, and I guess hasn't got above ten years more ‘wickedness’ into him. The theatre is a very fine one, very much like the old Bowery in its best days. The town and houses remind me much of a Southern city — very dusty and dowdy, and a mountain spring gives a rivulet to each main street which runs perpetually in the place where gutters usually are. I attended the tabernacle to-day and heard Apostle Hyde discourse on the holiness of Mormonism — saw the wives and the elders, and a ‘sicker’ looking set I never beheld.”

CHAPTER XV

First engagement of the Vokes with Daly. "The Big Bonanza." The Mexican Juvenile Opera Troupe and infant prima donna. Company engaged by Daly for season of 1875-1876. Barrymore and Miss Jeffreys Lewis. Opening play enjoined by Wallack and "Saratoga" substituted. John Brougham's prologue. Oakey Hall appears for Wallack. Injunction dissolved. "Our Boys" produced — a great hit. Edwin Booth's engagement postponed. Booth's preparations. His idea of "light" parts. His first appearance since his theatre was closed. Gratifying reception. "Richard II" after fifty years. Receipts of performance. Miss Davenport plays *Pauline* and *Katherine*. Daly's observations. Re-entry of Miss Clara Morris in "The New Leah." Retires after one week. Stop-gaps. Psychology of audiences. Production of "Pique." It is given 238 times. Libels and a libel suit. Chief-Justice Daly cross-examined. George the Count Joannes anxious to testify. Visitors to the play. Miss Davenport's opportunity at last. Offenbach. Burning of Castle Garden. Anniversary of the "Melville Troupe." End of the long run of "Pique." Miss Georgiana Drew joins the company. Benefits for the chief performers. Also for the manager, who has an illumination and an accident. Sleighride and supper. The great Moody and Sankey revival. Herr Cline. Daly's only portrait. Daughter of James W. Lingard. A spectre of the past, Edward Eddy. Death of Charlotte Cushman, A. T. Stewart, and Barney Williams. Conflict of laws. Début of Mayor Hall as an actor, and the result. Miss Anna Dickinson. Bret Harte at work upon a play. A drama by Justice Barrett and Mrs. Barrett. Wallack accepts it. Produced seven years later and played for two weeks.

WHILE the company was in San Francisco, the bright and attractive troupe known as "The Vokes" began in August (1875) at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with the well-known "Belles of the Kitchen" and followed with "A Bunch of Berries." All the Vokes appeared — Frederick, Fawdon, Jessie, Victoria, and Rosina — the

latter then as afterwards aptly described as "full of fun, merriment and mischief." When they left, there was sufficient of the Daly Company on the spot to give a performance of "The Big Bonanza" with a wholly new cast — Owen Fawcett playing Lewis' part, Whiting Fisher's, Miss Jewett Miss Davenport's, and Mr. Maurice Barrymore Mr. Drew's. This was Barrymore's début, and Mr. Daly notes that he was "liked fairly." Then there was a "Mexican Juvenile Opera Troupe" of child vocalists under ten years of age. They gave "La Grande Duchesse" in marvellously entertaining style, the prima donna Nina Carmen y Moron being a finished actor of eight years, and the *Wanda*, Nina Guadalupe, aged six, carrying off most of the honors.

As given in the bills of the play, Daly's Company this season, 1875-1876, comprised :

Miss Clara Morris	Mr. James Lewis
" Fanny Davenport	" William Davidge
" Jeffreys Lewis	" Charles Fisher
" Sara Jewett	" D. H. Harkins
" Emily Rigl	" Frank Hardenbergh
" Alice Grey	" Maurice Barrymore
" Nellie Mortimer	" John Drew
" Sydney Cowell	" D. Whiting
" May Nuney	" G. F. DeVere
" Kate Holland	" George Parkes
" Florence Wood	" Charles Rockwell
" Stella Congdon	" B. T. Ringgold
" Fanny Francis	" Owen Fawcett
" Clara Jamieson	" F. Chapman
" Josephine Bonne	" Frank Bennett
" Mary Bowne	" F. De Veau
" A. Griffiths	" Geo. Gilbert
" Bijou Heron	" Beekman
Mrs. G. H. Gilbert	" Eytinge
Mr. John Brougham	" John Moore, Stage Manager

Such a force is unheard of in these days, when theatrical management is in the hands, not of a single person with one theatre, but of a commercial concern with a "chain of theatres," each of its "stands" being supplied in turn with a play and a company strictly limited to the requirements of that piece. With such thrifty management a play can be continued to comparatively small business for a long time without loss. It required full houses, however, to pay the expenses of companies like Wallack's, Daly's, and the Union Square, which had to be engaged for the season and to be adapted to every change of entertainment. Mr. Daly's range of plays, embracing the emotional, the melodramatic, Shakespeare, old comedy, and now German modern comedy, required more than an ordinary stock force. Clara Morris was to appear in a brief engagement, and she was to be announced as a member of the company. Maurice Barrymore was from London, as was Miss Jeffreys Lewis. Miss Lewis had appeared two years before at the Lyceum Theatre in a version of Hugo's great romance "Notre Dame." She was a beauty of the Spanish type, admirably fitted for *Esmeralda*, and was as pleasing in dramatic parts as her *petite* blond sister Catherine became in musical pieces four years later at Daly's.

The opening play was to be H. J. Byron's "Our Boys," but an injunction procured by Wallack restrained its production, and the old favorite "Saratoga" was revived on less than a week's notice,¹ with a capital prologue written and spoken by John Brougham, in which the above-mentioned law proceedings are referred to:

It strikes me now that something I should say
About the recent much disputed play;

¹ Sept. 13, 1875.

And so I would, but it is hard to tell
The facts. What with Michaelis and Michel,
The French in France and French here in New York,
With all the legal enigmatic work
Of affidavits and injunctions many
(I wonder if they're understood by any)
So warped and twisted, that, beyond a doubt,
The rights or wrongs no fellow can make out.
Old York and Lancaster once came to blows,
And the fierce conflict from two roses rose.
One Rose, through agents, and sub-agents, now
Arouses a right royal kind of row
By selling to two parties, nothing loath,
And in the sale, of course, including both.
The very smartest salesman you might get, or
Colonel Sellers, couldn't sell them better.
Why they don't pass a law such things to stop
And simplify the literary swap,
Leaving no loophole for chicane to use,
But plainly say what's what and which is whose, —
Nor fill with gall the managerial cup,
Is — a conundrum, and I give it up.
Meanwhile our chief, to all this adverse luck
Opposes his indomitable pluck,
Untiring industry and active brain,
With courage resolute, to yet maintain
The fight against all odds, and will prevail.
His lexicon "knows no such word as 'fail.'"

Before the week was out, the litigation was disposed of in favor of Mr. Daly. Mr. Wallack's side was presented by A. Oakey Hall, but the injunction which he had procured for Wallack was dissolved on the hearing by Justice Charles Donohue. The question was whether Mr. French, the agent of Mr. Byron, had authority to sell the play to Wallack in case the terms of a prior sale

to Daly had not been complied with to French's satisfaction. The case turned upon the wording of the written power held by the latter, and it was found to be limited actually to a sale to Daly, and that that sale had already been made admitted of no dispute. "Our Boys" being thus released, it was immediately produced at the Fifth Avenue.¹

Its success showed how undying is the interest attaching to the oldest themes of the drama. Two youths of widely different temperaments and ranks of society fall in love with charming girls who are not the wives picked out for them by their stern parents. As the youths firmly persist in choosing love with poverty in preference to riches without affection, the obstinate parents after a long struggle are forced to surrender. Such is the simple but eternal tale, and the whole world (excepting parents immediately interested) is found to be in sympathy with the impulses of the heart. Maurice Barrymore was cordially accepted in the rôle of the honest, obtuse, "pig-headed," and faithful *Talbot Champneys*, who disappoints his father *Sir Geoffrey* by offering himself to the penniless but clever *Mary Melrose*. As for the representative of that bewitching young lady, it was observed that there was "no one living who could play parts such as *Mary Melrose* like Fanny Davenport."² Harkins, as the spirited and progressive son of the millionaire retired buterman *Middlewick*, was the impassioned lover of the aristocratic and sentimental *Violet*, portrayed by Miss Jeffreys Lewis. The irate parents, Fisher and Lewis, representing antagonisms in the social order, found a common bond in their determination to disinherit their rebellious offspring.

Popular as well as critical favor was immediately ex-

¹ Sept. 18, 1875.

² *N. Y. Times.*

tended to the play, which was as brightly written as it was happily conceived. C. W. Carleton, the publisher, wrote of "a delightful couple of hours" spent in witnessing it. Oakey Hall said to me: "It was well worth fighting for, wasn't it?" It was so well worth it that when it was played in Cincinnati by a Daly company a further attempt was made to enjoin it, and Fiske was sent out to protect it, and succeeded. Two offshoots of the company went touring this season — one headed by Miss Jewett giving "The Big Bonanza," and the other later, led by James Lewis, playing "Our Boys."

Edwin Booth was to appear on October third to fill an engagement made in June, but Mr. Booth unfortunately met with an accident which delayed his appearance until the twenty-fifth. The accident occurred at Booth's summer home, Cos Cob, Connecticut, early in September. He was thrown from his carriage, his arm broken, and internal injuries sustained from which at first the gravest results were feared. Happily they were not realized, but he was confined to his house for nearly two months. The engagement with Daly was by letter, and it will be seen what Booth regarded as strenuous parts and light ones :

"Cos Cob, Conn., June 2d, 1875.

Augustin Daly, Esqr.

Dear Sir,

Mr. McVicker submitted to me your two propositions for an engagement of six weeks (beginning Octr. 4th) at your theatre, viz :

Six thousand dollars per week (seven performances) or : Half the gross receipts up to fifteen hundred dollars and two thirds of all over that amount. Either will satisfy me, and I leave to you the preference.

I would like to have your reply to this, (stating your choice

of the terms you offer) a list of the characters you wish me to perform and the names of the principal ladies & gentlemen you will furnish.

All necessary information regarding costumes & scenery for the plays you select I will be ready to give your artists at any time you may appoint.

I think it advisable to change the bill frequently — I am not loath to work ‘my hardest,’ but when I perform a ‘heavy’ part at the matinée I must have a light one for the evening or vice versa. The following are the characters which comprise my repertory. Those marked ‘light’ are good for matinées or Saturday nights.

Hamlet	
ShylockLight
Macbeth	
Othello	
IagoLight
Lear	
WolseyLight
Richard 2d	
Richard 3rd	
Benedick	
Bertuccio in The Fool’s Revenge	
Pescara in The Apostate (Light)	
Brutus }	
Cassius } Julius Cæsar (All light)	
Antony	
Brutus (Fall of Tarquin)	
Richelieu	
Claude MelnotteLight
Stranger & Petruchio (double bill)Light
Don CesarLight
Sir Giles Overreach	
Sir Edward Mortimer	

Several of these would give us trouble on your stage on account of ‘armies’ & ‘fiddlers’ — perhaps it would be better to omit

Richd 3d & Macbeth. Richard in the original would be a novelty, however; so I intend to do it — unless you prefer Colley Cibber.

An early reply with full particulars will greatly oblige

Yours truly

Edwin Booth."

On June 4 Mr. Daly replied, deciding to give Mr. Booth one-half the gross receipts of every performance up to \$1500 and two-thirds of all above \$1500; and suggesting the following programme:

1st week	Hamlet 5 nights & matinée. Merchant of Venice Saturday night.
2d week	Richelieu 5 nights & matinée. Stranger &c. Saturday night.
3rd week	Othello 5 nights & matinée. Iago Saturday night.
4th week	King Lear 5 nights & matinée. Apostate Saturday night.
5th week	Richard II 5 nights & matinée. Claude Melnotte Saturday night.
6th week	Macbeth 4 times. Brutus 2 times.

"Cedar Cliff, Cos Cob, Conn., Sept. 6th, 1875.

Augustin Daly Esqr.

Dear Sir,

I send herewith the prompt books of the plays selected for my engagement. The bearer, (Henry Fisher) is thoroughly familiar with all the sets, scenes, &c. &c. & can render great assistance to your stage manager should such service be required.

I would prefer to confer with you before the 'casts' are decided upon definitely — for there are several parts which *appear* to be of little consequence but which are indeed very important; such as the *Fool* in *Lear*, *Wilford* in *Iron Chest*,

François in Richelieu, are rendered ridiculous when performed by women, & I particularly desire them to be given to young men. The *Fool* should be a man who has both humor & pathos & be able to sing; otherwise the part is better omitted. I am told they have at the Walnut St. just the man for such a part. I do not know his name; last season there was a Mr. Howard there who *looked* and I am sure can act the character with effect.

I am still too feeble to use a pen & scrawl as best I can with a pencil. My recovery has been very rapid, & daily I gain more strength. I am however barely able to totter about without assistance. Next Monday will decide whether or no I shall be able to be 'on time.' I think there is no doubt of it, for when I begin to recuperate I do it in dead earnest. All pain is gone, and my principal difficulty lies in the stomach, where I received the blow which gave such a terrible shock to my system.

Hoping your new play may be so successful that should I unfortunately be unable to begin at the appointed time it will carry you safely over the 'gap,'

I am truly yours
Edwin Booth."

"Cedar Cliff, Cos Cob, Conn., Septr. 15th, 1875.

My dear Mr. Daly,

I hoped ere this to tell you there would be no doubt of my ability to begin my engagement at the appointed date, but tho' my recovery — up to a certain point — was rapid it now progresses very slowly; I am yet unable to endure any exertion beyond a gentle walk about the garden, nor can I rise from my bed without assistance. My broken arm is so stiff that I cannot move it, and every attempt I make to inflate my lungs causes great pain.

I fear I would break down after the first night if not during the first performance unless the opening is deferred for at least two weeks.

My surgeon, who till today has been more sanguine than myself, now thinks as I do and will write you on the subject.

It will be far better to lose the two weeks than by any failure of mine to ruin the whole engagement, and I sincerely hope — serious as the loss will be to me — that you will be secured by the successful run of your new play.

Concerning the casts you have sent me I hardly know what to say. I remember Mr. Hardenbergh more as a personator of comic than serious characters, and Brougham in sentiment seems queer. For the rest I know only Fisher, Harkins, Ringgold, Parkes & Davidge.

I wish I had — at our first interview — mentioned several actors who, I am sure, would give great strength to the cast of Shakesperian plays; I intended to do so, but as time slipped by so swiftly the subject dropped out of my memory.

The only changes I can now suggest are — 1st, *Florinda*; 2nd, *Joseph*. The former requires more power than *Lady Macbeth*, and I fear Miss Jewett is not strong enough to endure so great a strain; the 3rd & 4th acts demand as much strength as the 4th act of *Richelieu*, indeed the whole weight of the play is on her shoulders; *Pescara* is but a mere 'filler-in' compared with *Florinda* and *Hemeya*. I should say that Miss Lewis would be more suitable for this part, & Miss Jewett (if she sings) for *Ophelia*.

For *Joseph* Mr. Fisher would be nearer the mark than Mr. Davidge — if Fisher will give a surly bluntness, a sort of 'ragged edge' to the character; funny Josephs mar all the delicate touches, and some of the strongest points of *Richelieu*.

Gomez (in the *Apostate*) is a very important & strongly marked character; & if Mr. Hamilton (whom I do not know) is capable of performing it he can surely do *Huguet* well; I see that part is left blank.

If I knew your people I might select one for *François*; Ringgold once looked the character, but I have not seen him for some years; he certainly can act it well — if he is not too fat. *Orleans* is of less importance — your *Rosencrantz* or *Guildenstern* can carry that.

This is all I can suggest at present — of course if I were better acquainted with your company I might do better.

For the *Fool* I am at a stand ; a man like Pateman or Becket would just fit the part ; Walcot told me he had engaged such a comedian for the Walnut in Howard's place, who might be borrowed for a few nights.

Be assured that nothing less than positive inability to render justice to you, the public and myself could induce me to postpone my New York engagement for a day, but alas ! tho' the spirit be willing the flesh is weak, and I must submit.

Very truly yours
Edwin Booth."

With regard to the distribution of the parts about which Mr. Booth was solicitous, they were all filled to his satisfaction, though the *Fool* in "Lear" was given to a woman, Miss Cowell ; but *François* in "Richelieu" was given to the youthful John Drew, *Florinda* in "The Apostate" was intrusted to Miss Jeffreys Lewis, and Hardenbergh gave to *Joseph* in "Richelieu" all the ruggedness and crustiness required for due effect. Fisher's *père noble* style would have been wholly out of keeping with the part.

On October 25, 1875, the foremost actor of the American stage stood, pale and collected, clad in the mourning garb of *Hamlet*, to receive an extraordinary greeting from a crowded house. He inclined his head at the renewed expressions of sincere affection which were almost involuntarily repeated when the first musical accents fell from his lips. This greeting was not only extended to the favorite who had recovered from a dangerous accident, but was the first the public had been able to give him since the financial misfortune which lost him his splendid theatre. It was a doubly sympathetic and loving greeting.

The season had to be reduced from six weeks to four by reason of Booth's health. In those four weeks Mr. Daly produced ten plays for him: "Hamlet," "Othello," "Richard II," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Apostate," "The Stranger," "Richelieu," and "The Lady of Lyons." In three performances of "Othello" Booth played *Iago* to Harkins' *Moor*. Miss Davenport returned from her star engagement to appear at two matinées, playing *Pauline* to Booth's *Claude* at one, and *Mrs. Haller* and *Katherine* to his *Stranger* and *Petruchio* at the other. The young John Drew's share in these performances was *Guildenstern*, *François*, *Ludovico*, *Sir Pierce of Exton*, and *The King of France*. The principal ladies who supported Booth throughout were Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Miss Emily Rigl, Miss Sydney Cowell, Miss Alice Grey, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and the gentlemen were Harkins, Fisher, Barrymore, Davidge, and Hardenbergh.

One of the novel features of the engagement was the revival of "Richard II," for the first time in about half a century in New York; the full cast of the piece is therefore of interest: *Richard II*, Edwin Booth; *Duke of York* and *Duke of Lancaster*, uncles to the King, Frank Hardenbergh and Charles Fisher; *Henry Bolingbroke*, D. H. Harkins; *Duke of Aumerle*, M. Barrymore; *Duke of Norfolk*, B. T. Ringgold; *Earl of Surrey*, Mr. Buxton; *Earl of Salisbury*, George Parkes; *Earl of Berkely*, Mr. Johnson; *Lord Fitzwater*, Mr. Evans; *Bishop of Carlisle*, Mr. Benson; *Abbot of Westminster*, Mr. Hamilton; *Lord Marshall*, Mr. Chamberlain; *Earl of Northumberland*, Mr. Forrest; *Sir Pierce of Exton*, John Drew; *Lord Ross*, Mr. Nichols; *Lord Willoughby*, Mr. Emden; *Busby*, Mr. Allen; *Bagot*, Mr. Kane; *Green*, Mr. Illion; *Groom*, John Moore; *Keeper*, Mr. De Veau; *The Queen*,

Miss Emily Rigl; *Duchess of Gloster*, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; *Duchess of York*, Miss Alice Grey; *ladies attending on the Queen*, Misses Bowne and Wood.

The initial performance of "Richard II" was on November 12, 1875. Booth prepared the acting version. The four performances which were given satisfied the interest or curiosity of students of the drama and did not attract all the admirers of Booth.

It will be interesting to know the pecuniary results of this, one of the most important of Booth's engagements in New York: *Hamlet* was played nine times to an average of \$1855; *Iago* three times to an average of \$1696; *Richelieu* five times to an average of \$1675; *Shylock* once to \$1503; *Othello* once to \$1446; *King Lear* three times to an average of \$1436; *Pescara* twice to an average of \$1125; and *Richard II* four times to an average of \$731. The largest receipts of the engagement were at the two matinées in which Miss Davenport played with Mr. Booth—"The Lady of Lyons" drew \$2176 and "The Stranger" and "Katherine and Petruchio," \$2152. The gross receipts of all the performances, thirty in number, were \$47,909, or an average of \$1597. The prices were at the old rate of a dollar and a half for orchestra seats.

Mr. Daly was most lavish in the scenic mounting and costuming of the ten plays, for which complete tableaux had to be painted, wardrobes provided, and mechanical devices installed. These ate up all Daly's profits. His observation upon Booth's choice of plays was: "The cry is still for 'Hamlet,' yet Booth persists in varying his performances"; but afterwards, of "King Lear," he said: "One of Mr. Booth's most decided and immediate successes; enthusiasm unbounded." "The Apostate," he records, was "not suited to new-fashioned audiences,

and coldly received." He praises Harkins in *Othello* and *Edgar*, but says his *Iago* was "bad." Booth's frequent variations of programme are ascribed to Mrs. Booth's advice. The manager notes with regard to "The Merchant of Venice," "The hurried performances do no credit to the theatre."

Immediately after Mr. Booth's departure, Miss Clara Morris returned to Daly's stage. The play selected for her appearance was "Leah the Forsaken," but the lawyers representing Miss Kate Bateman objected that the use of that title infringed Miss Bateman's rights. To avoid the delay of more legal disputation, which seemed to hang upon the manager this season like the Cossacks upon the flanks of Napoleon's army in the Russian campaign, Mosenthal's powerful drama was called "The New Leah"; and the curtain rose upon the familiar scenes on the evening of November 22, 1875. Miss Morris began her season in apparently excellent health and fine form, and with every ambition to renew her great successes, but it was evident, from the size of the audience which greeted her and the small numbers that attended the subsequent presentations of the play, that the famous part of Miss Bateman was not, in Miss Morris' repertoire, to be an attraction. The opening night was respectable only — \$1096 — and the second night but \$453. The third rose to \$712. The fourth night happened to be Thanksgiving, and the holiday evening brought \$1975, but the fifth night fell again to \$491 and the Saturday matinée was \$630. On Saturday night Miss Morris was unable to appear (as also at the Thanksgiving matinée); and as she did not care to resume her part of *Anne Sylvester* in a revival of "Man and Wife," she terminated her engagement after the first week of "The New Leah," which she humorously described as "a brilliant failure."



AUGUSTIN DALY

The lack of public interest was a complete surprise in and out of the theatre. Daly was at work upon a new original play, but the abrupt closing of Miss Morris' season again left his stage unprovided for. The genial "Our Boys" had to be hurriedly put on again to keep the theatre open, but Miss Davenport was out of the cast (filling a star engagement), and for a fortnight Mr. Daly did what he recorded as the worst business in his management.

When receipts of theatrical entertainments fall, it is wonderful to observe the workings of a law which, as managers of theatres can affirm, has been as clearly established as any discovered by Newton or Kepler. Successes, of course, "play to the capacity of the house"; but why, when bad business sets in and the week opens to, say, four hundred odd, that figure should be maintained every day until the close of the week, as if the playgoers had some understanding to go each night in certain numbers; and why their mind-waves should communicate the intelligence that the next week is to begin, say, at three hundred and keep that up, is a psychological problem which yet awaits solution.

The new original play was "Pique," and until its production this Fifth Avenue season had required a sort of prestidigitatorial art to keep it going; but with "Pique" all was changed. After the impression made by the first night¹—which kept the audience willingly together until after midnight—the theatre and the play settled down to a run of 238 performances.

One incident in the drama was suggested by a passage in Miss Florence Marryatt's novel "Her Lord and Master." More than one playwright took advantage of the disclosure of this fact to profit by the success of "Pique"

¹ Dec. 14, 1875.

and put "something just as good" upon the market. There was a play which the composer artfully copyrighted under the title of "Piqued." Another person, a journalist, invented a tale calculated to injure the theatre and the manager. The story was that a poor authoress had left a play at Daly's and had heard nothing more of it until she recognized its incidents in "Pique"; and the fiction was eagerly seized upon and published in a weekly dramatic paper. A libel suit followed, and the jury rendered a verdict of over \$2500 in favor of Mr. Daly.

The subsequent history of this verdict may be set down here. The defendant was unable to pay the judgment, which hung over him for some years, during which he continued to show his ill will. At last, when he was in sore straits in a litigation with others, his adversaries sought Mr. Daly and endeavored to purchase the judgment and use it to club their enemy. To their proposition Mr. Daly simply returned a refusal. He had vindicated his reputation and was not looking for revenge. This so changed the feeling of his old foe that he published a complete retraction, repeated more than once, and was always afterwards Mr. Daly's firm supporter.

As the damage inflicted by a libel is to the reputation of the plaintiff, it is always open to the defendant to show that his adversary's character is so bad that it cannot be affected by anything that is said about him. This was attempted in the case in question, and two witnesses were found who, being called to the stand, kissed the Book and said that *they* were acquainted with Mr. Daly's reputation and that it was bad. One of these persons Mr. Daly had never heard of, and the other was the author of "Piqued." Our old friend Chief Justice Charles P. Daly happened to be holding Court at that time, and went over to the Superior Court where the libel

suit was tried, to support the character of the plaintiff. The defendant's counsel rose to cross-examine the venerable Chief Justice in order to show that, while he might be a very good judge of the character of members of the Bar, he was hardly an authority upon theatrical matters; but the first query, "I suppose, Judge Daly, you are not much acquainted with the stage and people connected with it?" met with the unexpected response, "On the contrary, I am very well acquainted with them"; and it speedily developed that the Chief Justice as an authority upon things theatrical was hardly surpassed by any dramatic historian of his time.

The ubiquitous George the Count Joannes was a spectator of the trial. He had no disinclination to figure in any important litigation of the period, either as witness, counsel, or bystander, and he inscribed the following epistle upon a sheet of legal cap:

"City of New York, April 14th/75.
No. 23 Chambers St. Room A.

To Augustin Daly Esq. Plaintiff.

I. My Dear Sir, I am happy to be of any service to you, in the above pending action. I repeat, as a matter of Law, in this suit,—that you have not to prove a *negative*; but Deft. has to prove the *affirmative*, — *that you did, &c.*

II. The Deft. yesterday introduced, as a witness, a Mr. Hallam — to testify to *that affirmative*, but he could not *name any person* who told him so. In rebuttal, — the *Chief Justice* was your witness, — as to yr good & honest character: — but, as I understood, he could not *name persons*: — but from general repute. — The ruling of the presiding Judge was agt. Mr. Hallam; & for the same reason, — may reach the other side.

III. If you subpoena *me* (& it is not too late) I can testify upon that very question: & *name persons* who told me as to your honesty, viz my own Daughter, the Countess Avonia; the late Judge Dowling, & the late Edwin Forrest Esqr.

1.—Lady Avonia from her business relations with you.
2.—Judge Dowling,—from general repute,
3.—Edwin Forrest Esq.—was very positive;—& in certain advice to me professionally, viz: He advised me to make a dramatic tour, & ‘farewell’—through the United States, (I have never been West &c) upon my leaving the States;—& suggested the manner to carry it through; and, that in 18 months, or two years,—that I would make a profit of \$100,000—& that he would guarantee it,—‘provided I had a skillful & honest manager.’ I named a person whom I knew to be skillful, but no further,—Mr. Forrest in his peculiar & brusque manner said ‘Bah! he is a chronic liar & a chronic thief!’ Mr. Forrest after a pause,—as if reflecting, suddenly said, ‘I will name the man for that dramatic enterprise;—& he is *Mr. Augustin Daly*,—gentlemanly; had dramatic knowledge; & is an honest man,—& one, in every respect, you will sympathize with.’

Now, this evidence is absolute; & not lessened by my speaking it; & will crush down a dozen ‘*Hallams*’—even of the *historian’s* family.

IV. I should be subpoenaed—to meet a question in that respect,—from Defendant’s Counsel, though I have a citizen’s right; and as *Amicus Curiae*;—& as Counsellor at Law, a duty to promote,—*in open Court*,—*public Justice*.

Of course, you will submit this to your Counsel in this case;—with the legal compliments of his *brother* ‘in law,’—

Yours truly. &c

George, The Count Joannes
Of the New York Supreme Court &c.”

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Olin, plaintiff’s counsel, did not consider it necessary to call the Count as a witness.

Among visitors to performances of “Pique” were General Prado, President-elect of Peru; Benson J. Lossing; Charles O’Conor; Don Pedro, Emperor of

Brazil; J. G. Fair, the Bonanza King, with whom Mr. Daly renewed his California acquaintance and whom he entertained in the green room after the performance; and lastly a certain well-known member of the detective force, who brought with him the supposed widow of the burglar who had kidnapped Charlie Ross, in the hope, as he said, that she might be so moved "sitting at the play" as to disclose the whereabouts of that infant.

In "Pique" it may be said that Miss Fanny Davenport began her career as a star. It was the first time after six years with Mr. Daly's company that she had a wholly leading part. She had been subordinated to Miss Ethel, Miss Morris, and Miss Dyas in turn. Her opportunity had come at last, and the estimate of her work by the press was so unanimously flattering and sincere that the young girl enjoyed her triumph to the full. It must have amused her, too, to have to report to her manager that Mr. Wallack invited her to call and have a chat with an eye to the next season; and it must have puzzled Wallack that such a brevet of distinction was not appreciated. A diverting incident due to her nervousness in the first performances of "Pique" adds to the traditions of the stage one more instance of laughable transpositions of text, like *Beauseant's* famous "It will be all over Sunset before Lyons"! *Mabel*, haughtily addressing her husband *Captain Standish*, and demanding a candle to light her to bed, uttered with great force the remarkable line: "If I must go alone, Captain Candle, give me a standish"! She was hardly able to finish the scene.

Some changes took place during the season. Little Miss Heron and grown-up Miss Jewett left the company, and next year were found at the Union Square. Mr. Daly once thought of bringing Offenbach to America. This was now effected by Grau, who hired Gilmore's

Garden (now the Madison Square) for monster concerts *à la Jullien*. Offenbach was to receive \$500 per night. He opened there on May 12, 1876, and closed on the 22d. He was next taken to Booth's for a week to play in conjunction with Aimée. On July 7 he made his last appearance in America. An old landmark, Castle Garden, was destroyed by fire on July 12. In the middle of the nineteenth century it was the favorite opera-house of New York, but since 1855 had been used as the emigrant dépôt. It should have been preserved permanently for summer entertainments, as it was the only institution of the kind, so located, in the world.

The earliest attempt of Augustin at public management has been duly set forth in these pages, and is recalled by an entry in his office-book opposite the date of April 6, 1876, as follows :

"Twenty years ago this day, A. D. 'perpetrated' his first scheme of management. Hired the old Brooklyn Museum and introduced the 'celebrated Melville Troupe of Juvenile comedians' to the public. 'Toodles,' 'Macbeth' (2d act), "Pillioddy.' A. D., J. F. D., Will Sefton, Fred. Massey the stars. Expenses \$76.00. Receipts \$11.25."

* * * * *

Miss Jeffreys Lewis having been sent on tour with "Pique," Miss Georgiana Drew, John's young sister, took her place on April 17, 1876, in the sympathetic part of *Mary Standish*. She also played *Clara Douglas* to Harbins' *Alfred Evelyn* at his benefit. These were the days of benefits. John Brougham selected "The Serious Family" for his, and revelled in his old part of *Captain Murphy Maguire*. Miss Davenport was the fascinating widow *Mrs. Delmaine*, Davidge *Sleek*, Barrymore *Torrens*, Miss Drew *Mrs. Torrens*, and Mrs. Gilbert *Lady Sowerby Creamly*. It was a delicious performance; but that was

not all, for glorious John also gave as afterpiece his own "Pocahontas," wielding the tomahawk of *Powhatan*, with Miss Sydney Cowell as *Pocahontas*, George Vining Bowers as *Smith*, Hardenbergh *Rolfe*, and Mrs. Gilbert *Wee-cha-ven-da*, with one of her inimitable *pas seuls*. This entertainment was repeated for Davidge's benefit on May 27.

At her benefit Miss Davenport played *Rosalind*, Lawrence Barrett volunteering as *Orlando*, F. L. Davenport as *Jaques*, and the tenor William Castle as *Amiens*. For Lewis' benefit, "Charity" was revived with Miss Davenport as *Ruth Tredgett*, and Lewis as *Fitzpartington*. For Mr. Fiske's benefit Miss Davenport played *Gilberte* in "Frou-Frou" for the first time in New York, and afterwards *Jenny Leatherlungs* in the wild farce "Jenny Lind at Last," one of Mrs. Matilda Wood's favorite parts. The entertainment concluded with Brougham and Davidge in "The Siamese Twins."

The last benefit of the season was the "author's festival" on June 23. Two of his great successes were given — "Divorce" at a matinée and "Pique" in the evening. Each had achieved its two hundredth performance. The theatre was illuminated, and a facsimile in silver of the regular reserved seat ticket was presented to each lady of the audience. It will not surprise anybody to learn that Mr. Daly took a hand in the illumination himself, with the result told in a letter to me:

"July 12th.

Dear Brother,

For the first day in nine I am able to write anything beyond signing a check. I got a sprinkling of melted resin from a torch on the night of the illumination and the joints of my right hand have been in a flaming state ever since. A vigorous application of linseed oil, lime water, carbolic salve, &c., how-

ever kept the fever down and I am better now. . . . This morning I am happy and free but in a healthy ‘blistered’ state.”

In February, 1876, during the run of “Pique,” the memorable revival meetings of Moody and Sankey began at the Hippodrome and lasted many weeks with immense attendance, which affected the business of many theatres.

Now and then I am reminded of my brother’s care for old actors, and I find that at this period he gave a place as doorkeeper to a venerable relic of bygone days — Herr Cline, the tight-rope dancer.

In the busiest part of the season I got my brother to sit for his portrait. It was painted by Thomas Jansen, a Norwegian artist, who was on a visit to America and had some well-known New Yorkers for sitters. It was difficult to keep Augustin in repose long enough to satisfy the painter. Every hour of his day was taken up by interviews with applicants for engagements, travelling managers, etc., and a mass of details most managers leave to subordinates. No aspirant for a place in his company was too humble to be personally received.

I find an almost spectral reminder at this time of old Bowery days. Edward Eddy, once the favorite of pit and gallery, now a rover in the tropics, and long a stranger to New York, wrote :

“623 Broadway, N. Y. Oct 29th, ’75.

A. Daly Esqr.:

Can I make an arrangement with you to act ‘Divorce’ in a few of the Eastern cities, not Boston of course. I will place it upon the stage in a superior manner with first class company, &c.

I desire to give the ‘Two Orphans’ a shake, as I am assured that your play can be played to as much or more money.

An early answer will oblige

Yours truly

Ed. Eddy.

P.S. I also desire to play ‘Divorce’ in the West Indies where I visit this fall.

E. E.”

Poor Eddy went to the West Indies and died in Kingston, Jamaica, less than two months after writing that letter. Shortly after his death his widow, Henrietta Irving, wrote to my brother that she was left quite helpless, and asked for an engagement.

The deaths of several celebrities occurred this season : Charlotte Cushman (February 18, 1876), A. T. Stewart (April 10), Barney Williams (April 25), and George Sand (June 18). Mr. Daly considered Miss Cushman “much overrated,” and Barney Williams as “the best of the old school stage Irishmen. He began the battle of life unaided and fought it well. He rose above his birth-rank, and preserved his new station honorably”; but, speaking of his funeral, he inveighs against “a sinful profusion of flowers. This flower-show at funerals is becoming scandalous.”

Shook & Palmer were able to maintain in New York an injunction against the performance of “Rose Michel,” and it may be interesting to know that when Mr. Daly tried to enjoin a piracy of “The Big Bonanza” in Massachusetts, he was met by a conflict of laws described in a letter from his counsel, Mr. Rives :

“The Yankees I fear will be too much for you. In the case of ‘Our American Cousin’ the Massachusetts Courts refused to interfere to protect Laura Keene. The New York & Massachusetts Court hold directly opposite views on the question.”

While on the subject of law and lawyers, this chronicle must include a singular event in the theatrical world. The manager of the Park Theatre had been for several weeks mysteriously hinting at a coming surprise which would prove unexampled in stage history. This turned out to be so; it was announced that Mr. A. Oakey Hall had resolved to embrace a theatrical career, had written a play called "The Crucible," and would enact the hero, *Wilmot Kierton*, a man wrongfully accused of crime, convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned, but ultimately proved to be innocent.

It did create a sensation, but a painful one, to witness the ex-mayor and ex-district attorney, once a leader of the Bar, who had so triumphantly passed through the ordeal of a public trial, condemn himself to prison garb on the mimic stage. The step was not excused by the display of any special gift for acting. He had a musical voice, but his gestures were those of an orator, not of an actor. No sentiment but curiosity could induce a visit to his performances. Those who felt the greatest interest in him would be likely to stay away. But it should be recorded that his ill-success did not affect the light-hearted hero of the event in the least. After his experiment had lasted three weeks he closed the theatre, and published a card announcing his return to the practice of the law after "a vacation." For years he continued to be—with now and then some exhibition of new eccentricity—a versatile writer for the press, filling journalistic posts with undiminished sagacity and industry.

At the outset of the season the bills of Daly's Theatre had announced the approaching début of Miss Anna Dickinson. She was to appear on February 7, 1876, but the success of "Pique" necessitated a postponement; and

no new date having been agreed upon, Miss Dickinson never appeared under Mr. Daly's management. Her début took place at the Eagle Theatre (afterwards the Standard), which stood on Sixth Avenue opposite Greeley Square, as *Anne Boleyn* in "A Crown of Thorns." Her reception by the press was not encouraging, and the season terminated abruptly. Her next appearance in New York (which was after a long retirement caused by illness) was in 1882 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, then managed by Haverly, when she attempted the part of *Hamlet*. This eccentric performance was withdrawn after a week and her old play "A Crown of Thorns" replaced it. This was her last appearance in New York. It is said she made a fortune as a lecturer, but it must have been lessened materially by her dramatic attempts. It is not probable that she was sufficiently docile to be willing at any period to submit to the guidance and training necessary to a stage career.

The manager's promises of new plays for this season included a comedy by Bret Harte:

"45 Fifth Avenue, Friday A.M.

My dear Mr Daly

Thank you for the suggestion. I owe Mrs. Harte a promise to take her to see Hamlet, and have accepted your kind invitation for Saturday, for her.

Then we can sit in the back of the box, between the acts, and discuss the *other* play — wh. Shakespeare ought to have written but wh. as he did not, I may possibly undertake; or, I can slip out and talk with you in your office.

Let me know if this is satisfactory.

Very truly yours
Bret Harte."

The Daly programmes also announced a drama "by a distinguished member of the judiciary." This was the

late Justice Barrett, whose attempt at dramatic writing (in collaboration, it should be understood, with his talented wife, Gertrude Fairfield, daughter of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, poet and littérateur), deserves more than a passing notice. In his early days, even while on the Bench, Barrett had been fond of private theatricals, and had appeared as an amateur actor on public occasions. The drama we speak of was written in 1875, and called "Restored to Society," a title changed afterwards to "The Watchword." Upon reading the manuscript, the manager found that after sympathy for the unhappy hero and heroine had been fully aroused, they were left by the dénouement more miserable than ever. He suggested to the Judge that the fate of a play with its audience depended upon a reasonably happy solution of its problems — to which the Judge replied that his object had been to dismiss the audience not in a happy, but in a thoughtful mood, and that upon consultation with his wife they had agreed to stand or fall with the play as it was. It was then submitted by the authors to Wallack, and accepted, but was not produced until after seven years, under another title, — "An American Wife." This was on December 18, 1883. It ran for two weeks.

CHAPTER XVI

E. A. Sothern at Daly's. "Dundreary" and "Garrick" open the eighth season, 1876-1877. Sothern's care for details. Linda Dietz reengaged. Arrival of Charles Coghlan to be new leading man. His début as *Alfred Evelyn*. Miss Davenport on tour. "Life" produced for the Centennial crowds. Amy Fawsitt. Brief appearance. Death. Return of Miss Davenport. "As You Like It." "The School for Scandal." The Brooklyn Theatre fire. Blow to theatrical business. "The American" produced. "Lemons," a merry success. Mrs. Gilbert's great part. Coghlan's benefit. His *Hamlet* breaks down. Harkins gives up the Ghost in this revival. Discharged. His previous dissatisfaction and reprisals. "Blue Glass" not a success. "The Princess Royal." Bronson Howard's misery with melodrama. Engagement of Adelaide Neilson. Several benefits. Last work of the season, "Vesta," from Parodi's "Rome Vaincue." Miss Davenport's *Posthumia*. End of the manager's hardest year up to this time.

SOME appreciable instant of time is "supposed to elapse" between theatrical seasons as well as between sessions of Congress, but the eighth season of the Daly management began on the next working day after the close of the seventh. It served to reintroduce E. A. Sothern, after a long absence from America. He opened in *Lord Dundreary* and what was left of Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," after room had been made in it for his lordship's increased proportions. Sothern came as a star, to be supported, as Booth had been, by a company engaged by Daly. Miss Linda Dietz, once an ingénue in the old Fifth Avenue days, was reengaged to assist Sothern, at his request. He overlooked nothing. Thus

he could advise "protecting the house"—*i.e.* papering, or crowding with invited guests so as to present an appearance of prosperity; and he must be announced as plain "Sothorn":

"I wd. suggest your protecting the house for the 1st 2 or 3 nights—so as to open well—but all this I leave to you. Have you enough wood-cuts? Drop me a line to Continental, Phil.

Yrs. always
Sothorn.

Mind I'm announced as

Sothorn

not E. A. Sothorn."

And he occasionally wrote his own advertisements, and particulars for small bills. *Dundreary* ran nearly a month, and *David Garrick* filled out the rest of his six weeks' engagement.

"Dear Daly,

I see you announce 'Garrick' for 28th, so if there's reasonably good booking we shall have to produce it. Under these circumstances don't you think you'd better put a special notice in ads. saying something to this effect—

Last 6 nights of Dundreary

in consequence of the universally expressed desire for Mr. Sothorn's appearance in his original characters in *Garrick & Home*. Garrick Mon. 28 August. Home Mon. 4 Sept. We can easily put *Dundreary* back on the bill the last week if we find *Home* doesn't draw extra well."

There was no need to produce "Home," and it was not given.

He and my brother fraternized enthusiastically, and his time with Daly was passed so pleasantly that the

star proposed another engagement for the following season :

“ . . . I expect a telegram every day from Australia. If I don’t go there wd. it suit you to let me open on Monday, April 2d, 1877, in a new play, the very best I’ve ever had written — we wd. run the piece thro’ the summer — if business warranted it . . . only 8 parts in the piece & all admirable. 3 acts, & very easily put on the stage.

Possibly you may ‘simply ignore’ the idea!

Yrs. always

E. A. Sothern

I never spent a jollier day than yesterday — in spite of that screwed-up sailor!”

Sothern, like Jefferson, was forced by public insistence to spend most of his time on a single rôle, although there were almost infinite possibilities in his art — as the transition from the vapid *Dundreary* to the gifted and polished *Garrick* abundantly testified.

To strengthen the company where it had sometimes been found weak, that is, with regard to a masculine actor who possessed the authority of Wallack, the charm of Montague or Rignold, or the force of Thorne, Daly brought over one of the latest favorites of London, Charles Coghlan. He was the superior of all those named, in youthful appearance, manners, and taste, and was presented on September 12, 1876, as *Alfred Evelyn* in Bulwer’s “Money.”

Miss Mary Wells was engaged this season for certain lines of robust “old women” and eccentric rôles, an instance of the manager’s attention to the nicest shading of his dramatic pictures. His company consisted not only of those named, but of the entire forces supporting Miss Davenport, now travelling with “Pique.”

The success of Coghlan was immediate, and "Money" was kept on until September 27, when "Life" was brought out with éclat. This was an adaptation of the French farce "Le Procés Veauradieux." Coghlan and James Lewis had the chief parts; Mdlle. Sohlke led a resplendent ballet in the spectacle; and the chief female character was intrusted to Miss Amy Fawsitt, who had played *Lady Teazle* four hundred nights and *Lady Gay Spanker* two hundred nights in London. Her unexpected and complete physical collapse almost immediately compelled her to withdraw from the play and to resign from the company. Mr. Daly advised her immediate return to England, and placed the money for her passage in her hands. She continued to remain in the city, however, until her death, which occurred in the following December. When she gave up her part in "Life," it was assumed by Miss Drew.

Sothorn just now wrote one of his characteristic letters to Daly :

"I learn yr. new piece is a 'great go'—so it's quite on the cards you can do as well without me—& possibly better. I *must* answer London's engagement offers at once. I prefer staying in America at present & I prefer playing with you. If you *don't* want me that ends the argument—& if you *do* want me what terms do you propose? I will produce 3 new pieces if required. House Monday \$1974, Tuesday \$2008. The biggest Bus. ever known in Phil.

Yrs.
S.

I only get clear halves here—but I'm so d—d good natured that I don't growl. What an easy-tempered ass I am."

"Life" was played to crowds for nearly two months, when it was withdrawn to put on "As You Like It" with Miss Davenport as *Rosalind* (her first appearance

this season) supported by Coghlan as *Orlando*. Her *Rosalind* showed a sportive and assertive rather than an arch and mischievous spirit. Coghlan was a romantic *Orlando*.

One of Coghlan's great hits in London was *Charles Surface*, a miracle of elegance, dress, and distinction; and a most elaborate revival of "The School for Scandal," long in preparation, with Harkins as *Joseph*, Lewis as *Sir Benjamin*, Davidge as *Moses*, Hardenbergh as *Crabtree*, Fisher as *Sir Peter*, Brougham as *Oliver*, William Castle as *Bumper*, Miss Drew as *Maria*, Mrs. Gilbert as *Mrs. Candour*, Miss Wells as *Lady Sneerwell*, Coghlan as *Charles*, and Miss Davenport as *Lady Teazle*, was presented to a brilliant audience on December 4, 1876.

As the audience emerged from the first representation, it heard the newsboys crying extras with news of the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre; but not until the next day was the extent of that awful catastrophe known. This theatre had been hired by Shook & Palmer of the Union Square as an outlet for the numerous attractions they were continually acquiring, and had been opened with a revival of "Frou-Frou" and the momentary return to the stage of Miss Agnes Ethel. On the night of the fire, the theatre was occupied by "The Two Orphans" company, of which Miss Kate Claxton as the blind *Louise* was the leading attraction. She escaped from the burning building through the parquette with the aid of the audience. It was singular that the experience of her grandfather in a similar disaster, the burning of the Richmond Theatre in Virginia, had turned him from the stage to the pulpit. The Brooklyn fire, like most fires in theatres while a performance is in progress, began on the stage, which was lighted by gas. All the persons behind the scenes escaped, and so did the occu-

pants of the lower part of the house; but the exit from the upper circle was blocked at the first turning of the stairs by the crowding and falling of human beings, and the mass of people in that tier were absolutely imprisoned. When the police saw no one coming down the stairs they assumed that the house was empty, and closed the doors without ascending to make sure that no one was left behind. The result was the loss of over three hundred lives.

This calamity practically ruined the business of all the theatres in the country for that season. The houses fell off at least one-half. The patrons who braved the perils now supposed to lurk in every playhouse were reminded of their danger by reading in the programmes how they might escape in case of alarm; and for many months there was an active demand at the box office, not for seats near the stage but near the street. Notwithstanding the gorgeous performance of Sheridan's immortal work, what had been up to that time a brilliant season at the Fifth Avenue was suddenly extinguished.

Daly had a strong drama in Dumas' "L'Etrangère," which contained a great part for Coghlan. Adapted by Mr. Daly and called "The American," it was produced on December 20, 1876. In spite of capital playing—Coghlan as the *Duke* displaying all the high polish as well as the "reserve power" for which he had been credited repeatedly abroad, the Dumas play won no sympathy from American audiences. The next play, "Lemons," was one of those bright things from the German, which Daly and Daly's company could deal with to perfection. It was produced on January 15, 1877, with all the company and particularly Mrs. Gilbert in the cast. I say particularly, because she had the burden

of the play as a match-making, managing, and dominating "feminist," and carried it off brilliantly. "Lemons" filled the house for eight weeks.

Coghlan had (according to stipulation) a benefit, on which occasion he essayed *Hamlet*. It was, curiously enough, apparent that he had no strength to carry the part through. He absolutely "went to pieces" before the close of the third act. His culmination was practically reached in the second act, after the impassioned soliloquy: "Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" Coghlan rushed up to the throne and fell to stabbing the empty chair, as if to glut his vengeance in this shadowy fashion. The excess of this business seemed to exhaust him, and the remainder of the play was accomplished with indubitable signs of weariness. At his request he had been excused from playing at the matinée, so as to husband his strength:

My dear Daly

"365 Lex Ave, Sunday, March 4.

On reflection I think it would be the height of absurdity for me to attempt to play Hamlet twice in one day after a run of lighter business. I am convinced that you would wish me to do myself justice, and I don't think I can unless I reserve myself for the night and do not play in the day at all. I must beg of you therefore not to put me down for any matinée performance on Saturday, and if you think it right to make any alteration in your terms I, of course shall be happy to agree.

Sincerely yours

Charles F. Coghlan."

Miss Davenport played *Ophelia*, Davidge *Polonius*, Lewis *The First Gravedigger*, and Fisher *The Ghost*, after it had been declined (I think) by Harkins. It was for this or some such breach of contract that Harkins was now discharged from the company. His salary was \$200 per

week, and he had not played since his appearance as *Joseph Surface*. After the arrival of Coghlan it was difficult to suit him with parts in any play in which they were to act together. Upon his discharge he promptly sued for damages. In this place it may be interesting to note that Harkins, three years before, when Louis James got the part of *Yorick*, became so angered that he proposed to take a lease of the old Fifth Avenue Theatre (which Mr. Eno considered rebuilding) and running it in opposition to Daly. This was entirely proper, but when he proposed to do so while remaining in Daly's company, the manager raised his eyebrows. Harkins even claimed the right to recruit his new enterprise from other employees of Daly. It will hardly be credited, but the first recruit that offered was Louis James! This shows that the bond of fellowship is stronger than the obligations of loyalty. The manager is the common enemy.

To follow "Lemons," another farce from the German, "Blue Glass," was presented with Coghlan and Drew in the leading rôles. It happened just then that a delusion was prevalent concerning the therapeutic value of sun rays transmitted through the medium of blue glass, and this was seized upon to give a title to the play and to the supposed industrial stock in which the dramatis personæ were dabbling. The play was unsuccessful, although entertaining. Coghlan and Drew had congenial parts, and Miss Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Rigl, Miss Cowell, Brougham, Lewis, Fisher, and Hardenbergh lent their vivacity and buoyancy to the general effect, but without avail. Mr. Daly dragged it off, indignant at the waste of nights of toil, days of energetic preparation, wealth of scenery and professional ability. The resources of a well-equipped theatre enabled him to replace "Blue Glass" with a revival of importance — "The

Lady of Lyons." For this production Mr. Daly, for the first time, I believe, borrowed from a brother manager to fill out a cast. Wallack lent him Madame Ponisi for the *Widow Melnotte*.

A new play, brought out March 31, 1877, was "The Princess Royal" from the French "L'Officier de Fortune." The story was the love of the romantic Princess Amalie of Prussia for the adventurous Baron Trenck, whose memoirs were once a household book. One of the mechanical surprises of this play had been appropriated by Boucicault for his "Shaughraun," but a vast amount of original work was put in by Daly to assist its dramatic rather than its theatrical effects. The amount of scenery was stupendous and taxed the whole dimensions of the stage. All the company was required for the long list of characters, and J. B. Studley, a melodramatic performer of the old school, was specially engaged for *Korner*, *Captain of the Guard*. Coghlan was a dashing *Frederick Trenck*, and Miss Davenport a sumptuous *Princess*. In the original literary work upon this play my brother persuaded Bronson Howard, much against his will, to take a hand; but the gentle Howard's attempt at lurid melodrama proved "too 'orrible," and he was, greatly to his comfort, released. The "Princess Royal" was played five weeks at the Fifth Avenue and was then removed to the Grand Opera House, where it continued to flourish during the engagement, at the Fifth Avenue, of one of the most cherished daughters of the stage.

Adelaide Neilson's range of characters was limited for a star, as Jenny Lind's repertoire was limited for a prima donna; but there were actually no bounds to her control of her audiences, who hung upon her words and followed her motions with rapture. In recalling at this time the apparent sources of her charm, it seems to me

that everything she did appeared to be unconscious, and that her voice did not penetrate — it enveloped. The opening night was May 7, 1877; the play “Twelfth Night”; Miss Rigl *Olivia*, Sydney Cowell *Maria*, Davidge *Sir Toby*, Fisher *Malvolio*, Drew *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*, and Hardenbergh *The Clown*. On May 14 “Cymbeline” was revived for the first time in many years, with the exquisite star in the part of *Imogen*. Studley was *Iachimo*, Collier *Cymbeline*, Haworth *Guiderius*, and Drew *Cloten*. The customary matinée had to be omitted in the “Cymbeline” week, on account of a brief note received by the manager:

“Friday.

Please come down & see me for a minute as soon as possible.
I *cannot* play *Imogen* tonight & I want to see you to settle
what we had better do. In haste

Yours

L. A. Neilson.”

She managed to get through with that Friday night’s work, but had to rest all day Saturday. The next and closing week was largely occupied with “Romeo and Juliet,” Fisher playing *Mercutio*, Hardenbergh *Friar Lawrence*, and Crisp *Tybalt*. In these three revivals, Eben Plympton (specially engaged) enacted in turn *Sebastian*, *Posthumus*, and *Romeo*. The closing nights were taken up with benefits. On May 26 Miss Neilson’s occurred, and she played *Pauline* to Coghlan’s *Claude*, and *Juliet* to Rignold’s *Romeo* in the balcony scene. The night after, for Miss Davenport’s benefit, she played *Julia* to Coghlan’s *Clifford* in “The Hunchback,” while Miss Davenport and Plympton were *Helen* and *Modus*, C. W. Couldock volunteering for *Master Walter*.

Mrs. Gilbert’s fête took place on May 10 at a matinée

when, with other attractions, a company of society amateurs (Messrs. George Dusenberry, Henry Cushing, and J. H. Magee, Mrs. W. J. Torrey and Miss Ella R. Brady) appeared in the comedietta "The Area Belle"; and Robert Heller gave one of the best of his comic monologues, "The Boarding School Miss and her Piano Practice." At Mr. Fiske's benefit Miss Neilson, Miss Davenport, Rignold, and Sol Smith Russell were the volunteers, besides the whole company in the current play.

To Miss Neilson playgoers are indebted for the opportunity of seeing a Shakespearian play which, without an artist of her popularity, managers hesitate to present — "Measure for Measure" (1880). Had her strength been greater and her life been spared, she might have been in more than one way a benefactor to the modern theatre. In 1880 she died, in her thirty-fourth year. Romantic stories are told of her origin — of her rise through incredible hardships and her preservation through unthinkable experiences until, at twenty-four years of age (1870), she made her first decided impression on the stage. The most appreciative account of her life, as well as of her acting, is given by Mr. William Winter in his "Shadows of the Stage." As it cannot be uninteresting either as part of the history of the stage or of this favorite actress to know the business side of her engagement, it should be stated that she received forty-five per cent of the gross receipts of her performances.

The last production of this season was Mr. Daly's "Vesta," a version in English of Parodi's "Rome Vaincue," on May 28, 1877.

In *Posthumia*, the blind old crone, grandmother of the vestal *Opimia*, Miss Davenport made such an artistic transformation as had been admired in more than one of her notable rôles. The vestal was Miss Jeffreys Lewis.

The strong lines of the play were delivered by Frederick Warde, who was specially engaged for *Lentulus*, by Fisher as the senator *Fabius*, by Collier as the *Pontiff*, and Studley in the effective part of *Vestaepor*, a Gallic slave. It was strong testimony to the respect in which my brother held his art, his theatre, and his public, that he brought out such a novelty at this time instead of being content (as one paper expressed it) "to patchwork the fag-end of his season with some old and worn attraction." Perhaps it is unreasonable to find fault with the want of public appreciation of that trait, but it seems hard to record that the public took no interest in this powerful drama. Perhaps there was again, as in the case of "Yorick," the need of some famous name to assure the playgoers that a new tragedy would be adequately presented. Miss Davenport had not the reputation of Ristori, and "Vesta," after one short week, was added to the list of plays which possess every merit but the power to fill the house.

On June 2 the season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre closed and rounded out a year of such work as, I think, no manager ever did before. Not only was every production — by stars as well as by the regular company — prepared, staged, and rehearsed by him, not only was every one of the innumerable details of the theatre personally superintended, but he presented six new plays, all worked over by his own pen. It was so far his hardest year.

CHAPTER XVII

End of Daly's proprietorship of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Ninth season, 1877-1878, abruptly ended with "The Dark City." Before that, preparations with new plays. W. D. Howells' comedietta. Efforts by Paul Fuller, Mrs. Rohlfs, Cornelius Matthews, Joseph I. C. Clarke, and Bronson Howard. Production of "Ah Sin" by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Distinguished house to greet it. Twain's witty response to his call. Harte's dry letter. Twain invents new business. Piece a dead loss. Edward F. Rice's burlesque "Evangeline" a success. Minor rôle essayed by Henry E. Dixey. Coghlan's desertion. A. M. Palmer approaches other members of the company. Death of E. L. Davenport; of George L. Fox, — "Humpty Dumpty"; of Matilda Heron. Bijou's indenture. Production of "The Dark City." Its failure. Rent of theatre demanded with threats of eviction. Instant surrender of theatre by Daly. The last straw. The fortunes he had made and where they had gone. The newspapers. War on ticket speculators. Wallack's custom. Kindness of dealers. Appreciation of authors. Bronson Howard's letter. The company assembled. Mrs. Gilbert goes to Palmer's. Her letter. Jefferson's engagement with Mr. Daly. Disappointment. A tour with Jefferson. More disappointment. Hard times. Sale of J. W. Wallack's Long Branch lots cheap. Death of Charles F. Briggs; of Seymour; of old Mr. Worrell; of Tom Placide. Last performances of Fanny Davenport in the Daly Company. Account of her subsequent career. Account of the Fifth Avenue Theatre after 1878. Its various managements as a star theatre. Daly's letters from the South. Observations on Southern cities emerging from the havoc of war and reconstruction. Efforts to get a theatre. Extension by his creditors. Sails for Europe.

THE requirements of the past season had prevented Augustin from staging Mr. W. D. Howells' first play, which had been announced as early as August, 1876:

"A new comedietta, 'The Parlor Car,' which has been accepted by Mr. Daly, is to be published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, the author preferring to have the piece criticised in advance."

It will be recalled that it was at Mark Twain's suggestion that Mr. Daly proposed to the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* an excursion into the dramatic field, with the result now told in these letters :

Editorial office of The Atlantic Monthly.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.
April 24, 1876.

My dear Sir

You have doubtless forgotten a very kind invitation you gave me something more than a year since to send you anything I might write in the way of a play; and it's with no purpose of trying to create a sense of obligation in you that I recall a fact so gratifying to myself.

Here is a little comedy which I have pleased myself in writing. It was meant to be printed in *The Atlantic*, (and so the stage direction, for the reader's intelligence, was made very full); but I read it to an actor the other day, and he said it would *play*; I myself had fancied that a drawing-room car on the stage would be a pretty novelty, and that some amusing effects could be produced by an imitation of the motion of a train, and the collision.

However, here is the thing. I feel so diffident about it, that I have scarcely the courage to ask you to read it. But if you will do so, I shall be very glad.

If by any chance it should please you, and you should feel like bringing it out on some off-night when nobody will be there, pray tell me whether it will hurt or help it, for your purpose, to be published in *The Atlantic*.

Yours truly
W. D. Howells.

Editorial office of The Atlantic Monthly.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.
May 9, 1876.

My dear Mr. Daly

I am very much gratified that you like my little farce, though your kindness makes me feel its slightness all the more keenly.

If you think it will play, it is at your disposal; I could not imagine a better fortune for it than you suggest; and if it fails, I shall have the satisfaction — melancholy but entirely definite — of knowing that it was my fault. I suppose that even if my Parlor Car meets with an accident it need not telescope any future dramatic attempt of mine? I confide in your judgment and experience; and I am going to send you some half dozen pages more of this size, supplying some further shades of character in the lady's case, and heightening the effect of the catastrophe.

I expect to pass through New York on my way home from Philadelphia about the 28th, when I will make an effort to see you.

Very truly yours
W. D. Howells.

P.S. I went last night with Clemens to see poor Miss Dickinson make her début. It was sorrowfully bad, the acting, and the heaps of cut flowers for the funeral only made the gloom heavier."

While "The Parlor Car" was waiting to be attached to the first available train, the author was employing his spare hours in a dramatic work of more dignity: a comedy in four acts which was also to be submitted to the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was completed in due time and read, but, not at all to the author's disappointment (for he said he had little hopes of its "theatricality"), it was found wanting.

Among the manuscripts received about this time were: one from the distinguished lawyer Mr. Paul Fuller, a play in four acts called "Peasant and Noble"; Miss Anna Katherine Green's first effort in the theatrical field; "Witchcraft," by a veteran playwright, Cornelius Matthews, who had been composing United States historical dramas for nearly half a century; and an American play by the amiable journalist, Joseph I. C.

Clarke. Bronson Howard ventured into a new field and forwarded from Detroit "The Tramp," which he had just finished.

A joint work of Bret Harte and Mark Twain saw the light at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on July 31, 1877, when "Ah Sin" was produced after much preliminary advertising. We remember a literary partnership attempted by Bret Harte and Boucicault. It had come to naught, and Harte finished his play without the aid of an expert in theatrical construction. It was produced at the Union Square Theatre in 1876 under the title of "Two Men of Sandy Bar," and failed. The press belabored it, and the amiable author immediately apologized. Stuart Robson took the chief part, and perhaps his unnatural enunciation—which was not only not Western, but not anything known to civilization—killed it. Robson's utterance was only fitted for the rankest burlesque. After that experience Harte and Mark Twain labored together, and the result was "Ah Sin."

There was a distinguished gathering on the first night, Sothern, Boucicault and Brougham and all the literary lights in town being in the house. The authors were loudly called for, and Twain appeared, Harte being then in Washington. A speech being of course demanded, Twain, who was dressed quite appropriately for the season in a suit of white linen, responded with his usual gravity. Some of the papers next day thought the speech better than the play. Here it is:

"This is a very remarkable play. I don't know as you noticed it as it went along; but it is. The construction of this play and the development of the story are the result of great research, and erudition and genius, and invention—and plagiarism. When the authors wrote it they thought they would put in a great lot of catastrophes and murders and such

things, because they always enliven an evening so; but we wanted to have some disaster that wasn't hackneyed, and after a good deal of thought we hit upon the breaking down of a stage-coach. The worst of getting a good original idea like that is the temptation to overdo it; and in fact when the play was all done we found that we had got the stage-coach breaking down seven times in the first act. It was to come right along here every seven minutes or so, and spill all the passengers over on the musicians. Well, you see, that wouldn't do; it made it monotonous for the musicians; and it was too stagey; and we had to modify it; and there isn't anything left of the original plan now except one breakdown of the coach, and one carriage break-down, and one pair of runaway horses. Maybe we might have spared even some of these; but you see we had the horses, and we didn't like to waste them.

I wish to say also that this play is didactic rather than anything else. It is intended rather for instruction than amusement. The Chinaman is getting to be a pretty frequent figure in the United States, and is going to be a great political problem, and we thought it well for you to see him on the stage before you and to deal with that problem. Then for the instruction of the young we have introduced a game of poker. There are few things that are so unpardonably neglected in our country as poker. The upper class know very little about it. Now and then you find Ambassadors who have a sort of general knowledge of the game, but the ignorance of the people at large is fearful. Why, I have known clergymen, good men, kind-hearted, liberal, sincere and all that, who did not know the meaning of a 'flush'; it is enough to make one ashamed of one's species. When our play was finished, we found it was so long, and so broad, and so deep — in places — that it would have taken a week to play it. I thought that was all right; we could put 'To be continued' on the curtain, and run it straight along. But the manager said no; it would get us into trouble with the general public, and into trouble with the general government, because the Constitution forbids the infliction of cruel or unusual punishment; so he cut out, and cut

out, and the more he cut out the better the play got. I never saw a play that was so much improved by being cut down; and I believe it would have been one of the very best plays in the world if his strength had held out so that he could cut out the whole of it."

The play showed such signs of weakness that Twain, after he went away and thought it over, devised new business for the Chinaman at the end of one of the acts, telegraphed it to Parsloe (Ah Sin) and sent a copy to the manager:

"Instead of blowing water, seize your brazier and blow a cloud of ashes. The men after sprawling and butting into each other will have their eyes full of ashes and in their blind fury will proceed to snatch each other by the throat — a natural thing for such ruffians to do; whereupon you smiling down upon them a moment, may sweetly say 'Me gottee gagement me no can waitee' or words to that effect and be sliding out as the curtain strikes the floor. Please try this tonight and telegraph me the result. The present ending would be full of points and a fine success in San Francisco where it would be understood, but we must manage to improve on it here. Be sure and try the above suggestion tonight unless you think of something stronger.

S. L. Clemens."

But this did not save the play. The receipts gradually dwindled week by week for five weeks, with considerable loss to Daly.

In the excitement of the first night the anxious Bret Harte, away in Washington, was forgotten; and the oversight drew from him a reasonable remonstrance:

"... There is, I believe, somewhere up in Hartford an agent and lawyer of Mr. Clemens, who is at some time to furnish accounts &c. — to me possibly — but he doesn't, he says, know anything about the play since it was played in Wash-

ton. I don't want any accounts from you or Parsloe, only a simple expression of your opinion as to whether the play was or was not successful, and as one of its authors, this does not seem to me to be an inconsistent request or calculated to wound anybody's — say Parsloe's — sensitive nature. It is the mere courtesy of business.

Send me a line.

Yours truly,
Bret Harte.

A. Daly Esq.
5th Ave. Theatre."

Before the production of "Ah Sin," Edward F. Rice's burlesque "Evangeline" was brought out. "Evangeline" was quite a success. Miss Eliza Weathersby was in it with Nat C. Goodwin, George S. Knight (made up to resemble Major General B. F. Butler, late of New Orleans), Harry Hunter, and many others. The programme announced as a special feature that Messrs. R. Golden and H. E. Dixey, as *The Two Deserters*, would execute the "Heifer Dance." This novelty was accomplished, and left so deep an impression as to give rise in after years to the legend that Mr. Dixey's début on the stage was in the character of Hind Legs. Passing over the inaccuracy as to the legs (he was to the fore), the fact is that the first appearance of this excellent comedian was in his early boyhood in Boston, and that he played many parts before he frolicked in "Evangeline."

The plans for the new season included an engagement of Joseph Jefferson, who was expected early in October from England after an absence of two years, and who was to play eight weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for seven hundred dollars each performance. Before the season opened dissatisfaction manifested itself in the company. Coghlan was not pleased with the numerous changes of bill, or with his new parts. Lewis also began

to complain. Both gentlemen, and Miss Sydney Cowell, appear to have been invited to a chat with Mr. Palmer of the Union Square. Coghlan was the only one that Palmer succeeded in getting; but he was a severe loss to Daly.

At the beginning of the season, the death of E. L. Davenport seriously affected his daughter, who hurried to his bedside. Daly's tribute to Davenport was: "The ripest student, the ablest actor, the honestest man of the stage in his generation."

In this year also died poor *Humpty Dumpty*, George L. Fox, who broke down completely soon after his fiasco at the Broadway, and Matilda Heron, yet a young woman. In looking over old papers I found the writing by which Mrs. Stoepel committed her little daughter Bijou to Mr. Daly for the part of *Adrienne* in "*Monsieur Alphonse*" (1874):

"Having the utmost confidence in Mr. Daly's moral care of my child I hereby contract my daughter Bijou Heron, who is under age, to the professional supervision of Augustin Daly Esqr. manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, for the purpose of perfecting by experience and practice the histrionic talents which she inherits from me; & for the purpose of intensifying my instructions in the art of acting; & for availing herself of the advantages of Mr. Daly's Theatre; but I understand that this does not carry the custody of my daughter when not acting."

And the renewal contract next year is subscribed:

"In full confidence in Mr. Daly, as authorized by well-tried experience of his faithful care of my daughter Bijou Heron, I herewith subscribe my name, fully endorsing the above.

Matilda Heron."

"The Dark City" was the title given to the new play which the manager prepared for the opening of his sea-

son, and an enormous amount of time and trouble was spent upon it. It was a decided departure from the "society dramas" which had for years been seen on the Fifth Avenue stage. Miss Dyas was to create the part of the wronged orphan *Sybil Chase* and Miss Rigl that of the spoiled beauty *Rula*. The scenery, like that of "Under the Gaslight," exhibited localities familiar to explorers of Old New York.

The new play, in spite of the intelligence and labor spent upon it, was an immediate failure. It had no public in that theatre. It was not below the taste of its patrons any more than Parodi's tragedy was above it; both were out of sympathy with the Fifth Avenue audiences, that was all. How the new piece might have been received in the days when Augustin's sensational dramas crowded his early theatres can only be conjectured; the one thing material was that it failed him just when he needed a success, and a great success, to float him over the shallows. His responsibilities were enormous; and when the first instalment of rent for September was due, and he was unable to pay it, it was clamored for with threats of ejectment. This demand to a man of sensitive spirit, who had been for nearly five years — during the worst financial panic the country had ever known — working so indomitably in the face of defections, desertions, and violent competition, roused in him a fierce and resentful spirit. When the threat of ejectment was uttered, he instantly offered to surrender the theatre. The surprised lessors could only accept. They had been discontented. One complaint on their part was Daly's unsociability and unapproachability — characteristics which seem to awaken in persons who have never even met their supposed possessors, a sense of personal resentment. Then there was gossip, utterly baseless, that he

had made several fortunes and squandered them. The fact is that he lived in a modest style, kept no horses, no yacht, no country house. His sole luxury was a library, the accumulation of ten years, which when sold brought only \$8000, and which he had already pledged to pay his theatre expenses. What became of the fortunes he had made may be gathered from these pages — over a thousand dollars lost in the Grand Opera House, fifteen thousand spent in fitting up anew the Twenty-fourth Street house, thirty thousand lost by the fire, thirty-five thousand for remodelling 728 Broadway, over forty thousand for furnishing the house in twenty-eighth Street, in addition to the losses of five seasons.

To understand how Mr. Daly could bring himself to sacrifice in a moment his past and perhaps his future, and resign the position which had been the goal of his ambition, we have to consider how little calculation or self-interest sways a man of his nature, smarting under a sense of unworthy treatment. This was the second time his landlords had threatened him with ejectment. The first time was when he was pushed to the wall by the injunctions against his performance, obtained two years before by Wallack. The present threat was the last straw laid upon the back of an overburdened man.

When arrangements for the surrender of the theatre were in progress, the lessors experienced some regret for the turn affairs had taken, but it was too late; the news had got abroad. The lease and arrears of rent were cancelled in consideration of the lessee leaving half his scenery and all his furnishings and equipments, including the seats in the theatre. As his own comment on this event I find a single line in his hand: "Negotiations concluded. \$45,000 for \$8,300, and peace and rest."

The affair startled the newspapers. The journals

recalled Daly's exploits, the favorites of the stage he had helped to develop, the companies with which he had spanned the continent, the list of successful plays he had written, the disasters he had overcome. All but one voiced regret at his retirement; that one, to the general amazement, observed that it was surprising so little sympathy was expressed for him in the theatrical profession!

It was hard to say whom he could possibly have injured in his career, except perhaps the ticket speculators. He did manifest towards them hardness of heart. He originated in the very first year of management in the little twenty-fourth Street house a plan to circumvent them. It had been a crying shame at Wallack's that when a successful play created a demand, the house was practically sold out at once to a speculator whose agents retailed the tickets in the lobby day and night at an advance. It had been done at other theatres. It was a business-like way of taking advantage of an excessive demand and a limited supply, and practically doubling the receipts of the house.

As to sympathy in the profession, it was manifested in letters from actors in his company and out of it, and from managers in other cities; and it is especially worthy of note that the business houses with which he dealt refrained from troubling him during this stress. One of them wrote him immediately upon receiving back an invoice of goods they had just sent:

"We simply offer you our humble helping hand, *i.e.*, if you want to resume business in this City in your professional pursuit, we will furnish to your order for the next twelve months to come such goods as we keep in our establishment which you may need in your business if you want to avail yourself thereof."

I have found many letters testifying to his personal and business courtesy and generosity. Bronson Howard, in a letter to Florence (May 14, 1877), in relation to a play to be written for the latter and produced at the Fifth Avenue, bears this testimony :

"I think you had better talk to Daly and so have a three-cornered talk on the subject. He is crammed full of good ideas. You may depend on this in reference to Daly — if he sees a better chance for a popular success in the suggestion I make than in the ideas now in his own head he will not let any desire to do his own piece weigh an ounce in making his decision. This is one of his strongest peculiarities. I can assure you of this from my personal experience. He offered me his title of *Divorce* long before he used it himself. Read him any suggestions for the play and write to me. . . ."

Augustin inscribed in his box-office book under the head of *9th Season, 7th week, 47th performance*:

"The end of the first book! To night A. D. retires from the theatre he built up."

* * * * *

The company was called to the green-room on Monday, September 10, (1877), and informed that Mr. Daly would withdraw from the theatre when the curtain fell on Saturday night; that he proposed to carry on his season by a tour to various cities, and that he would take with him everybody who was willing to come. Miss Dyas asked to be permitted to retire. Miss Davenport, who was starring, was not concerned in the immediate situation. Lewis was very discontented, and before the week was out Mr. Daly begged him to better himself elsewhere. Fisher was too old to travel. Some members of the company had already received offers from other managers, and among them was Mrs. Gilbert, who was sought at

once by Palmer. She remained with Mr. Daly until the last night, and by that time he had learned that she had accepted an engagement at the Union Square. We can conjecture what his countenance told her from the letter she wrote when she went home:

Dear Governor

"Saturday Night.

My heart is very full and sore. I grieve more than you know when I have done anything that angers or even displeases you. I have almost unconsciously clung to you for sympathy and comfort in my loneliness, and to feel now that I have been misjudged hurts me. I have no business to trouble you with all this, but I feel that I must ease my heart some way before I go to bed.

I admit I should have seen you before I answered Mr. Palmer's letter, but even so I don't see what excuse I could have made for refusing. He would be sure to think it came from you, and that would be very undesirable.

Very sincerely
Grandma."

Keeping up his spirits, the still youthful manager departed with his faithful few; and a message to me in cheerful vein gives some of his experiences:

Dear Brother,

"Baltimore, Oct. 7th, 1877.

In Paterson, & face to face with \$167 worth of people. The rain drowned out or washed out the orchestra I had engaged, and none turned up for the performance:— so at the eleventh (or seventh) hour I had a piano brought in, and had Sydney Cowell to play it between the acts. Sydney had by some lucky chance met some of the ladies of the Company that day in New York, & had come over to Paterson with them, on a lark. She came to scoff— & remained to play. Thus did I grind good out of evil. Amen!— Saturday evening I produced *Divorce* in Wilmington . . . the house was filled— and I think I begin to see daylight from this indication."

He came back to open Booth's Theatre for Jefferson's engagement. Jefferson assented to the transfer on condition that he got more money; cabling:

"Will consent on condition of receiving clear half after eighteen hundred in addition to the seven hundred."

This was acceded to, and Jefferson began on October 29, 1877, with "Rip Van Winkle." It was, as I have said, his first appearance after an absence of two years, and he anticipated very large business, as is indicated by his providing for the event of the nightly receipts exceeding \$1800. As it turned out, they averaged only \$1274 per night for his four weeks, or twenty-four performances. He received \$700 each time he played — more than his manager got. He was probably not fully conscious of the low level to which theatrical business as well as all other business had settled down in the United States. Reference has not been made to one cause of it — the extensive and violent railroad strike which paralyzed the country in the summer of 1877. Riots accompanied the strike in the West and South, and were apprehended in New York, where anarchist meetings were held in the squares. Mob demonstrations were, however, checked by prompt military precautions, the various regiments of the National Guard being openly drilled at night on the streets in front of their armories to exhibit their preparedness for trouble.

Mr. Daly was of course not alone among theatrical managers to suffer from this culmination of the long financial distress. Most of them resorted to the expedient of "papering" their houses (Sothern would have called it "protecting"); but Augustin, like the firm old business man his father-in-law Duff, disliked to hoodwink the public. It was reported that the overwhelming

crowds at one large theatre represented \$2000 and yet the actual receipts were only \$400. The manager of another large theatre, one of the finest in the city and in the country, invented the ingenious scheme of attracting the populace by reducing the price of admission to twenty-five cents, and when he got the crowd in, charging them twenty-five cents more for a seat. Wallack, while his own theatre was open, played at the Grand Opera House at cheap prices. As an indication of the ebb in realty values at this period, it is enough to say that the fine country estate of J. W. Wallack at Long Branch, being put up at auction in separate lots (August, 1877), brought only \$80 to \$95 per city lot. Even Augustin could afford to bid for four of them at that price, and then the rest were withdrawn. Real estate investments, by the way, have ever been favorites with theatrical folk — the ambition of those wandering tribes being the acquisition of a home. Adelaide Neilson this year parted with some holdings of hers — four lots on the northeast corner of Broadway and eighty-first Street.

Augustin's early friend, Charles Frederic Briggs, died this year (June 21, 1877), and I find this memorandum concerning him :

"C. F. B. was the first editor who gave me any encouragement to persevere at the outset of my literary career. I offered him my first contribution when he was editor of the *Courier* — 1859 — and it was accepted, and step by step he advanced me. His kindness was maintained to the end and in *The Independent* he has uttered some of his cheeriest words of me."

There was published about this time an account of Sardou's lean and hungry youth. When his "Pattes de Mouche" was accepted by Dejazet, he confided to a friend that it was his last chance, and said, "If I fail, I

shall sail for the United States to-morrow and try my luck at journalism"!

Seymour of the *Times*, an esteemed associate of the old days when Augustin was dramatic reviewer, died in May. Of this excellent musical and dramatic critic, his friend significantly writes "A gentleman." The decease of old Mr. Worrell, once a famous circus clown, recalled his ambitious parental effort to set his three daughters on the road to fortune when he leased the old New York Theatre; and the unhappy ending of Thomas Placide, "poor stem of a fine old stock," awoke memories of the Burton days. Placide ended a romantic history by disregarding the "canon 'gainst self-slaughter." He had retired from the stage about 1867.

To return to the season at Booth's: Disappointed with the result of it, Mr. Jefferson refused to remain there longer than four weeks, but agreed to try his fortune in other cities upon a tour with Augustin as manager. They opened in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the morning of their arrival he and Augustin visited the grave of the elder Jefferson. In the evening a house of only \$608 (of which Joseph got one-half) greeted the famous *Rip Van Winkle*, who must have thought that he was still asleep and having a bad dream. The idea of the tour was soon abandoned, and Augustin set out with his company upon his own account.

The season at Booth's, so abruptly terminated, was filled out by Miss Davenport, whom Mr. Daly brought in for "As You Like It" and "The School for Scandal" during the holidays. After that she went with the Daly company on its tour of four months. This was her last appearance under his management. Afterwards she engaged a company of her own. The following year she played at the Union Square Theatre in Will's drama-

tization of "The Vicar of Wakefield," called "Olivia," and impersonated the lovely and wronged heroine with touching sympathy and effect. For twenty years afterwards she continued to be a prominent figure on the American stage. Her last appearance in New York was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in February, 1898, in "La Tosca," and her regretted death occurred in the September following, in her forty-eighth year. She was twice married, both times to actors: in 1879 to E. F. Price and in 1888 to Melvin McDowell.

It may not be out of place here to give an account of the Fifth Avenue Theatre after Mr. Daly left it. To the general surprise, it was opened by Messrs. Fiske and Harkins. It was doubtless an exaggerated idea of the value of their property, and a notion that only mismanagement on Mr. Daly's part had prevented the theatre being crowded to the doors whenever they were opened, that induced the lessors' peremptoriness, and it must have been illuminating to them to find that the only bidders for the place were the late lessee's former business manager and a former member of his company. The new managers set out to reverse the Daly policy and to conduct the place strictly as a star theatre. Unencumbered by an expensive company, they kept it going for the remainder of that season, introducing (for the first time) Mary Anderson and Madame Modjeska, and miscellaneous entertainments including English opera and pantomime. A second season, though it repeated the Anderson and Modjeska engagements, supplemented by one of Booth and one of Jefferson, lost money so rapidly that it ended disastrously in January, 1879, with a strike for salaries behind the scenes, the familiar proceedings to dispossess the tenants for non-payment of rent, and, in addition, a bitter litigation between the

partners. Mr. Fiske then withdrew and Mr. Harkins took another partner, but after further unavailing effort he also relinquished his hold.

After several brief experiments by different managers the theatre was taken in 1880 by Haverly, a speculator in negro-minstrelsy. He was replaced in 1882 by John Stetson, who spent on theatres the money made with a sensational newspaper. He was succeeded in 1888 by Eugene Tompkins of Boston, and in 1890 by Harry Miner, an impresario from the Bowery and Eighth Avenue. On January 2, 1891, the theatre was destroyed by fire — eighteen years, almost to a day, after its beautiful predecessor, the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, met with the same fate. When each fire occurred, Miss Davenport was playing — the last time, as a star; and on this occasion she lost the scenery and costumes of her “Cleopatra.” Fortunately this fire, like the other, occurred after a performance. Daly never reentered the building as a manager after he left it in 1877. Sixteen months after its destruction in 1891, it was rebuilt and relet to Miner and resumed its career as an industrial enterprise. In the fall of 1898 Mr. Daly’s musical company with “The Runaway Girl” was transferred to it from Daly’s Theatre and continued there its remarkably successful career. Of late years the theatre has been devoted to vaudeville and other light amusements.

The chronicle of Augustin’s tour of 1877–1878 is contained in letters from Syracuse, Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, and Nashville. Their interest consists in the observations they contain upon the cities of the old South as they emerged from the desolation of war and reconstruction.

"Richmond, Jan. 29, '78.

Here I am at the Portal of the sunny south. My waking sight of ole Virginny from the car window yesterday morning fell upon puddly lands, broken fences, lonely-looking frame houses and sleepy-looking darkies driving depressed-looking teams. An hour later we rattled into Richmond — whose neglected outskirts gave little promise of the livelier condition within. I have had two walks over the city, and one thing impresses me first of all & in contrast to our trim and sightly prospects north and west — & that is the carelessness of appearance, & slovenliness of outside all the public buildings have here. The R. R. Station is a shed built years since beside an unkept road, into whose muddy depths the passenger sinks, to his own disquiet & the delight of the multitude of bootblacks who hover about the scene like hyenas waiting their prey. Everything presents a lively bustling air, however, and I liken the city to one awakening from a long sleep.

I haven't seen a *single* darkey since I got in. They all appear to be married & have large families or lots of relations. They swarm, & come & go in swarms. I have been run down for passes by the sprightly mulatto chambermaids & the dusky office boys & the native maroon table attendants — but in each & every instance they wanted 'em for three or four: for their 'bressed little chillern' or 'de ole woman & de chile' or 'my gal, boss, & her mudder' or 'me & my brudder' and sich like. There is a 'Nigger Heaven' (as the third tier is called in Troy) here, & as 'tis very capacious I have been liberal with my pencilled passes, & I expect to be sung in Hymns at 'de Tabby Nuckle' next 'Sabbath.'"

"Raleigh, N. C. Feb'y. 1st, 1878.

My foot is on my native heath, my name's — As You Like It. But alas, I must be dead to all emotion. I neither thrilled nor throbbed. To be sure *once* I did think I felt a sort of elevating and ennobling emotion, and I was beginning to think better of myself — but I had hardly got my Pride & Patriot-

ism well kindled when the brutal conductor informed me I was still some miles from the border line, & I wilted at once.

To-night we are in Raleigh — a city without a paved street, & yet an extensive & important-looking place. At any rate its citizens have turned out to-night *en masse*, headed by the Governor (not that Governor of North Carolina who made the historical remark to the Governor of South Carolina) but Governor Vance, to whom I was introduced & whom I escorted to a box amid the enthusiastic approbation of the entire audience. Everybody seems to know I'm a native — & they welcome me as a brother. I have been presented already (here five hours only) to eighty-seven colonels and a hundred and forty-nine majors. The Judiciary have been backward — the Attorney General is the nearest approach to the wool-sack I've met.

Yesterday — (or rather last night) — I was in Norfolk, & after the play I took a ramble by myself over our old walks. . . . A spot I lingered near longest was the old ground where the circus used to pitch its tents, — the back stairs of the theatre land upon the identical field; there and near Scott's old school house; and the little tobacco shop (replaced by a much grander one) where you invested Santa Claus's money that fatal Christmas in your first & *last* plug of Virginia Honey-Comb.”¹

“Savannah, Feb. 12, '78.

I have heard Savannah called the Garden City of the South — but to me it looks like a city of decay. There is not a sign of newness about the place from the river bank to the limits. Everything looks as though it stood just where it grew with the town — unaltered; unimproved; undestroyed; and simply enduring with Time the storms of the years and the seasons' changes. The sidewalks are paved — but the drives are unstoned. At every other square the streets are blocked by a little park — of crosswalks & grass plots and a mound of shrubs or a fountain. The houses are mostly low & squat as

¹ I was six years old on that occasion.

though designed to meet the shock of earthquakes. The Theatre is the oddest old building you ever saw; built seventy years ago upon the English model; and it remains almost unchanged. The Parquette is called the Pit — & the balcony the dress circle. The seats are plain straight benches with a little tuft for a seat — & a narrow strip of uncovered wood for a back. Remnants of the old-style English boxes still exist on the second tier — but the ‘Gentry’ no longer resort to them & they are mostly occupied by the manly ‘sect.’ The proscenium is very old & odd too and has an opening each side for the stars to answer calls without disturbing the curtain.

I believe ’tis the oldest theatre in America now, since the Holiday Street house in Baltimore was burned. And its very dinginess is suggestive. Kean & Booth & Macready & Fanny Kemble & Charles Kemble and Ellen Tree and the elder Mathews and all the lights of Art so long sunken in their sockets flashed forth from these creaky boards their brightest fires — & warmed two generations past into enthusiasm.

I cannot fall in love exactly with Savannah, spite of its memories & its warm welcome; mostly, I think, because it seems to lack the elements of life. It is clouded — and shrouded. There is a moss which hangs upon every tree in & out of it, obscuring the foliage, & covering it like a heavy grey cobweb. You will see whole Avenues of handsome trees engloomed with this moss — which in the early sunrise is said to look beautiful, sprinkled with dew & reflecting the rays of the rising sun in a million diamond drops; but something of this web-like moss seems to over-spread the city — and give it a cemetery look.

I liked Charleston better. Out of New York I’ve seen no city so handsome; none so wakeful and full of life & spirit . . . Some of the finest mansions of the country are standing here almost in the very heart of the town; and round The Battery — a Park very much like our own Battery — is a street shaped like a crescent & lined with a succession of grand old-fashioned mansions; with triple-tiered terraces; roomy

yards & gardens — where orange trees abound; and fenced in by massive brick walls & old-fashioned gateways, with their tinselled iron ornaments."

"New Orleans, February 19th, '78.

I think I wrote you last from Savannah; the city upon whose rising head some almighty power seems to have placed its hand years ago, and said to it: stand still. My next jump was to Macon — along the line of Sherman's march: it was a dreary sort of day through a dreary sort of country returning again to its cotton prosperity. We stopped for dinner at an imposing-looking wooden mansion reached by some fifty steps (more or less) where I struck the first novelty of Southern menu — syrup pie! a mixture of meal & molasses baked tart style in a crust. One bite was sufficient! The taste haunts me at times since with spectral horrors. Our train this same day stopped at a wood station to wood up, just as Robinson's Circus was letting out. It was one of the strangest of sights. Scarcely half a dozen houses in sight — yet a thousand residents of the surrounding country gathered here in wagons, on mule back, and in ox teams. I seemed to be recognized on the platform by some of 'the boys' — for they made a dash for me, & I was speedily introduced to 'Old John Robinson's bulliest son,' & to 'Our Jester,' and the 'celebrated summer-set rider,' & many others too numerous to mention but equally rough & dirty, & equally 'proud to shake hands with me.' They were all happy; only gave day performances, to save gas; & were unanimous in denouncing the license laws of Georgia. At the next town I got the enclosed letter from one of the boys — which I think you will smile over. . . .

Well, St. James & St. Giles parted — after quite a fraternization of the two companies — (Tommy Jefferson & the Jester of the Arena even shedding tears on shaking hands) and we got on to Macon. . . .

After Macon I spent a few hours in Atlanta, which I saw (unfavorably) in a shower. But it looks large & lively. The Theatre is long, low & churchlike with square galleries — like

most of these country theatres; but it promised to be fairly full. After Atlanta came Montgomery. Years ago I think I called the town of Cairo, Ill., the hole of creation; it being the dirtiest city I had ever laid eyes on. But Cairo is a parlor compared to Montgomery, Ala. And why the place should be kept so filthy I cannot understand. The streets are broad & handsome (though unpaved), the houses are substantial, of brick & stone, & are really very finely built. . . . But hotels, theatres, & stores are absolutely filthy. The scrub brush has not polluted their grimy floors or sides for years. Whitewash is unknown and paint is prohibited. Even the broom & duster appear to be scarcely-known articles of civilization. Pigs without number & of every size are as plentiful in the streets as dogs & cats are in New York — & I have seen the frolicksome calf indulging its appetite by its parent's side in the public gutter — which by the way was grass-grown, sunny & dusty. Cows wander about the streets loosely. A fountain of green stagnant water fills the public square, round which the negro marketwomen gathered the day I was there — to the number of 2 or 3 score, — giving the only gay & festal look to the city I could see. . . . The Shaughraun was played here last week & was a dire failure — the wake scene being rotten-egged three nights in succession, — till it was cut out.

(The Enclosure:)

Brown's Hotel, Macon, Ga., Feb. 10th 1878.

Sir

I am A young man 20 years of Age. I have been travelling With old John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie. I play B. flat Cornet in the Band and now I would like to leave this show and travel with your Company to take Charge of Property and play B. flat Cornet in your Orchestra, and that will save you the trouble of hiring A Cornet player in every town you go to and I will work for the Moderate Salary of 10 Dollars A Week and Expenses. I want to get with A Hall Show the Worst way please Write and let me know if you can give me A Snap or not. I understand the Business as I have traveled

with other theatre Companys and I can furnish you Recommends as I am Strictly temperate and would be A good Dresser if you will want me please Answer Immediately and Direct to Davisboro georgia as that is where we will be on the 16th of this Month and I see that you are Billed to be here on the 14th so please Write or telegraph."

" St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, Feb. 24, '78.

New Orleans is a disappointing city. . . . I have read in one of the local sheets however that 'though peace & quiet have come to the city — never was business so dull — want so prevalent — nor suffering so universal.' Still the papers are sad liars. For instance I read every day letters from New Orleans in the New York Herald — how 'excitement is at fever heat about the Returning Board trials,' how 'the scenes of a year ago are revived' & how 'the political situation looks grave'! When the fact is, there is not half as much fuss, talk or fever about the courts, hotels or street corners — where you generally look for 'excitement' — as there is in a New York country village. The Returning Board has not demanded any passes to see Pique — and no one threatened us with the vengeance of the White League unless we issued complimentaries to the city officials. The negro is not rampant — nor in any way offensively prominent. He is quite as deferential as the Hortiest Sutherner! could desire. I was standing beside a white brother yesterday, & he hailed an ebony swell in a stove-pipe who was passing with a familiar 'Hello Jim' — & Hello Jim replied with 'He, he, how — yeh?' and I was informed that Jim was a senator. He seemed to wear his honors easily. 'Policy' rules the day here, I fear, rather than Politics. I've taken three nibbles myself, but got bitten, & so I've reformed. They have daily drawings & monthly drawings — & the little blue tickets hang in alluring hundreds on strings in every cigar store window. You can buy one number for twenty-five cents, or two numbers for fifty cents or four for a dollar: & run a chance of getting \$1,000. The entire Fifth Avenue Company laid in a stock of numbers one morning and

went about the streets for several hours swelled with anticipated possession until about four o'clock, when the wheel was turned, and they all glided back to their several cots collapsed and misanthropic comedians.

Between soda water at five cents a glass & Lottery Tickets at a quarter a number — the happy & open-mouthed visitor in New Orleans relieves his person of much dollars. Every alternate shop upon the festive streets of this city has a soda fountain; I never saw so many. I wonder how the city escapes a grand human explosion. . . . Yesterday I started out on a search. I began at the north & explored east & west & went due south — throughout the New City and the old — in the American quarter & among the French colony — but in vain I looked: nowhere could I find — a Basement or a Cellar! New Orleans is absolutely without such a luxury.

One thing about this city you would admire, I think; & that is the way in which it hedges in its courts with quiet. While the judicial officers are sitting they stretch chains across the crossings which guard the approaches to the Court buildings; & put up iron signs on which are inscribed:

Halt!! The Court is open.

The City is quite gay just now — on the eve of Mardi-Gras. Every train brings fresh arrivals from the rural districts and from the northern cities — & the hotels & boarding houses are filling up. The streets are lively with processions & bands. Next week we are to have a torchlight turnout of the Mystic Knights of Mornus, and this being one of the big events of the season we have to close the theatre as no one will pay a dollar to go inside. N. O. is not behind its Northern rivals in preferring the Free Show to the Pay Performance. . . .

I wrote to Mary the other day about my books, &c. — But it has occurred to me perhaps I could sell off all my pictures, bronzes and superfluous furniture & save my books. I fear if I have to sacrifice those printed treasures this time I'll never have ambition to buy another book again or build another home.”

. Having completed his season and fulfilled his contracts with his company, the manager returned to New York to consider obtaining a new theatre. Mr. Eno, proprietor of the site on which the first Fifth Avenue stood, and who remembered the early successes of Daly there, made him the following propositions: To let the new hall as it stood for \$10,000 per annum for ten years, the lessee to convert it into a theatre at a cost ranging from \$40,000 to \$70,000, or the lessor to build the theatre and lease it for \$15,000 per annum, or the lessor and tenant to share such cost, in which case the rent would be \$12,000. Fortunately Augustin did not close with any of these propositions, which, however, were not illiberal; but his judgment then was that the property was too small for the general purposes of theatrical business, and the proposed term of ten years too brief for an investment. Meanwhile, preparations were on foot for whatever theatre might be acquired. Augustin wrote to Bronson Howard to attach him to the enterprise, and proposed an engagement to Miss Ethel. The replies were encouraging.

One preliminary essential to resuming business was to obtain an extension from the creditors who were left outstanding when the Twenty-eighth Street house was closed. In this project he was assisted by his counsel, Mr. Richard M. Henry, and they set out together on one of the hottest days of the season. With the strain of his anxieties, he was prostrated completely by heat and exhaustion, but he was able to write that he found "the creditors generally very nice."

One site for a theatre he always favored; it was that which eventually became Daly's Theatre, but the expense of fitting it for his purpose and the still uncertain theatrical business made him pause; and he resolved to use the time of waiting in a visit — his first — abroad:

"I feel that it would be wholly impossible for me to remain in New York — *idle* — for a year, or even for a month if I had no prospect of work at the end of it; and so I have made up my mind to make a trip over the sea; — perhaps *there* I may find a market, which is closed to me here. At all events I can but try. The effort will keep me busy, and if I fail I have become so used to disappointments now, that one more will not hurt me worse than idleness here without any effort or any hope at all. . . .

I got nearly all my creditors to sign the extension — & I shall feel better to leave the matter that way. In 2 years some change must occur. It cannot be for the worse — for that is impossible; unless it be Death steps in — and I believe firmly that in some way or other I shall rise above all my worries and anxieties & debts, within that time."

On the 28th of August, 1877, Augustin sailed on the *Italy* for London. His brother-in-law James Duff was to have been his companion, but at the last moment business compelled him to stay over for another steamer, and we regretfully saw my brother depart alone.



FOURTH PERIOD: 1877-1879



CHAPTER XVIII

First impression of London in the seventies. Concert at Covent Garden. Gaiety Theatre, and Terry as *Jeames Yellowplush*. Sunday. London indifference. The Adelphi Theatre. Alhambra Music Hall and Prince of Wales Theatre. Temple Garden. The Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. First view of Irving. Haymarket Theatre and H. J. Byron. Introduction to the editors of the *Era* and the *Figaro*. Lodgings in Jermyn street. Folly theatre. The Crystal Palace. The Abbey. Mrs. John Wood. Her characteristic letters. Visit to Finchley Burgess, the great minstrel. Lionel Brough. Farjeon and his wife Margaret Jefferson. Visit to Mrs. Wood. Arthur Cecil of the Prince of Wales and Terry of the Gaiety. Drury Lane and the "Winter's Tale." English audiences contrasted with American. Canterbury Music Hall. Nelly Powers' Irish song. Bartoletti. Grecian Theatre, and George Conquest in one of his "thrillers." Glimpse of Beaconsfield. Greenwich, but no whitebait. Richmond, and maids of honor. Rochester and Edwin Drood's crypt. Gadshill. "The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled." Dinner at the Garrick Club. Cordiality of old actors and new journalists. George Conquest a "Gaslight" pirate, now leading a better life. Remarkable runs of plays. First night verdict never considered final. Invitation to the Labouchères. Dinner at the Savage club. Manager of Drury Lane. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" running at five theatres. Opposition not harmful in London, each theatre having its own public. "Negro" dialect on the English stage. Pope's villa at Twickenham. Henrietta Hodson. Strawberry Hill. Visit to the Queen's Laundry. Failure of the bank of Glasgow. Wilkie Collins. Bijou Heron at school in Paris. Irving gets the Lyceum Theatre. The Olympic, Coleman and Neville. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainments. Corney Grain charming. Nothing suitable for America except "Pinafore." Theory of a successful theatre. Slowness in preparing plays in London. Warmth and constancy of English audiences. A visit to the criminal courts. Observations on the mode of trials.

"London, September 12, '78.

I trod the dust of the Mighty City — (Good name for a play that!) for the first time on Tuesday, coming upon it from the Fenchurch St. Station of the Overground R. R. If Wall St. Ferry were a R. R. depot it would give you an idea of what part of the city I saw first. The day was lovely — so far the augury was good. . . . The sail up the Thames from its mouth was most interesting. Gravesend gives you the first radical change of town scenery, and the difference between the odd old houses there and those of our own dear land is most decided. The river is the most wriggle'y stream I ever saw. One of the spots which recalled my old 5th Ave. days was Tilbury Fort. I thought I saw the two beefeaters asleep in front of it — & almost heard Matthews directing the rehearsal of *The Critic*. . . . So far I have turned my saunterings into the city proper — have seen a London fire, a London fog, and a London rain — all of them quite like our own. I have also seen a London Beadle — a Parochial Beadle, coat, staff, cocked hat & all. I nearly capsized at the sight, — I thought it was Davidge at first. Have found that this city is also blessed with an unfinished court house, which is called the Palace of Justice, and in which all the Courts of Law are to be moved when it is finished; it has been as long building (and is not half up) — and has cost nearly as much money as the late Mr. Tweed's little affair. I am doing a deal of walking to keep my spirits up — for spite of the busy & novel scenes about me I am terribly lonely. I have spent an evening at Covent Garden Theatre listening to a concert, and one at the Gaiety Theatre. . . . I have seen no one yet who would make any great hit in N. Y. Terry the comedian at the Gaiety is good, but he is too popular here for his own good, for he does not act earnestly. I saw him in a very clever adaptation of Thackeray's 'Jeames Yellow-Plush,' which though appreciated here would hardly make a hit in New York."

"‘Morleys,’ London — Sunday, Sept. 15, ’78.

I have a dull overclouded day for my first Sunday in London. I went to the oratory at Brompton this morning. . . . Sunday is quite as quiet here as it is in N. Y., and I fancy from the advertising columns that much *excursioning* is done. Indeed so far I get but this impression of difference between the two cities (beyond the question of size, of course) — in New York there is a friendlier spirit between man & man even in the streets, which extends itself at times too much into a disposition to know each other’s business; while here there is such an utter indifference to everybody else in the faces & the walks of everybody as they plod on their way, that one is not surprised to find it extend even to the cabbies, who never look at you unless you hail them, and who under no circumstances whatever solicit you to ride.

The Theatres, so far as I have seen them here, are much better than they have been reported. I do not find them dirty or dingy inside — though the *entrances* are queer in some instances. But the Adelphi, the old time house of melodrama, where ‘Leah’ had its 300 night run, is every bit as clean, as roomy & as convenient as Wallack’s, while the Gaiety is (I think) more elegant than any house we have. I shall not see the real London favorites for a month or more, as the season does not begin till October. I went to the Alhambra (the Niblo’s Garden I should class it of London) — & saw a very poor comic opera & Ballet spectacle called Fatinitza and the Golden Wreath. It had been running a hundred nights or more, & the scenery & dresses, though they bore the signs of taste & elegance, were much worn. It was the last night of the piece, and I saw the Prince of Wales in one of the boxes, — a row of dark little rooms extending round the entire first circle. He looks fat and lazy. There is one thing I admire about the theatres here; they know how to charge; in most of them the orchestra stalls are 10/- (\$2.50) and the dress circle 6/- or 5/- (\$1.50 & \$1.25). If you go to book your seat in advance they charge 1/ (25 cts.) extra. I want to see a London First

Night. The opportunity offers Monday coming. Byron makes his first appearance and produces a new play,—at the Haymarket. So I wanted to secure a stall, and I went to the box office of the theatre, and came out again with my stall, but minus \$2.75. I know I shall relish that performance: it has been as expensive as early fruit.

In one of my strolls I passed through a low archway that looked like a carriage entrance to one of the houses on the strand: I found myself in a large court, and beyond one or two narrow passages, some trees: a Church was on the left, a round old stone Church: everything was as quiet as death in here, although the windows of the buildings on either hand denoted occupancy; the change from the din and clatter of the street outside was instantaneous; the few people you met in the place seemed to wear list slippers or go on tip-toe, so noiselessly did they tread. It was well they did — for the flagging one trod underfoot was composed of graveyard tablets, some of brown stone, some white, all stained with age & the seasons' change, and most of the inscriptions worn away. The dead they represent actually lie beneath the passages of this court; — and off in one corner by itself on a stone more prominent than all the others, & railed off from the rest, I read this inscription: ‘Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.’ It was so unexpected that I was startled for an instant. I could not have been more so had the creator of Dr. Primrose stood before me in his own person. I learned that this was the Old Temple grounds, and within a hundred yards further on (outside the Temple limits) I came upon The Old Mitre Tavern site; it is quite modern now; but ‘the scent of the rose hangs round it still.’”

“ Liverpool, September 18, '78.

I went last night to see Irving — who is playing at the Alexandra Theatre here: a roomy and convenient but very dingy (almost dirty) place. I could only get a seat on a back bench, or chair, in the 1st balcony — for crowded houses are the rule whenever the great I. appears. The play was Louis XI. — a most repulsive character, as you know, for an actor to

grapple with; and I fear the great I. did not impress me with his treatment of it. In his frenzy — for it appears to be a frenzy with him, — to be realistic or NATURAL — he descends to the farceur's tricks. The peculiarity of his voice, which we have heard so often referred to, consists of sudden and unexpected and sometimes absurd rises and falls — and I can only compare it to a man speaking half of a long sentence while drawing *in* his breath and letting the other half fly out while he expels the breath. One of his stage tricks is very effective but quite unworthy a great artist. He is fond, whenever the scene permits, of shutting down every light — leaving the stage in utter darkness, lit only by the solitary lamp or dull fire which may be in the room; while he has directed from the prompt place or the flies a closely focused calcium — which shines only and solely upon *his* face and head; so that you can only see a lot of spectral figures without expression moving about the scene — and one ghostly lighted face shining out of the darkness; an expressive face to be sure — but after all the entirety of the drama disappears and a conjuror-like exhibition of a sphinx-head wonder takes its place. The enthusiasm was not great — and perhaps this is not one of the great I.'s best parts. I shall not give you an opinion about him till I see him again. So far I've only described him so you may see him as I did.

Monday evening: before leaving London I attended the 'first night' of Byron's new comedy of 'Conscience Money.' *First Act:* three men in love with one woman, — honorable party; sentimental villain; small boy of 18. Honorable man succeeds in getting her; small boy of 18 faints; villain says: 'I will bide me time!' And in the midst of Honorable Man's joy his elder brother supposed to be dead turns up; not to claim the estate, but to draw 'conscience money' (why so called hard to say) from his younger brother. Elder B. very dirty, & can't reveal himself because is under suspicion of murder years ago in Colonies. Honorable Man's agony because he cannot reveal true state of his condition to lovely bride. *Second Act:* Honorable Man taken to gambling & staying from home to conceal his Agony from wife; wife at mercy of villain — who

poisons her mind with suggestions of another woman: Friend of Honorable Man exposes villain; villain exposes to wife & entire company the true state of Honorable Man's finances, the existence of his elder brother, &c. &c. Hon. Man kicks villain out and goes into lodgings with wife. *Third Act:* Hon. Man turns author, small boy of 18 turns up as good friend and reveals news that elder brother is not guilty of murder, but the villain is; brother enters; all happy; & all go back to Fine House. Curtain! Of course like all of Byron's plays the dialogue is witty; and it was very warmly received by the audience. The Theatre was 'The Haymarket,' a good sized place of the old-fashioned kind, with about the finest hearing qualities I have yet found in the London theatres. I met some N. Y. acquaintances between the acts; was introduced to the proprietors of *The Era* & *The Figaro* & received warm invitations to call on them; & am to be put up at the Savage Club."

"London, 41 Jermyn Street.
Sunday, Sept. 22, '78.

Jim arrived quite safe on Thursday.

Friday we gave to lodging-hunting here — and yesterday to moving; so that from this spot I date my London lodging experiences to you. Jermyn St. is but a few minutes' stroll from St. James' Park; it leads out of The Haymarket; and is between Piccadilly & Pall Mall, which run parallel with it. It is a 'Lodgings' street, however, and rather quiet. I have the whole of the first or ground floor; a large sitting room & bedroom — the latter being supplied with two beds. The apartments are as cosy as though I had furnished them myself. The walls are absolutely reeking with 'objects of virtue & bigotry' and the 'bric and brats' that encumber the floor give the whole such an air of taste and smell from the antique that when I woke up this morning I really thought I was in a corner of 'Sypher's late Marley's' in New York. In sober earnest, however, the place does wear a homelike air, which is not only for that reason preferable to the bare walls and empty corners of hotel life, but the price is nearer my purse; for we give but £2-2s. a week for the

rooms and 4/ a day for breakfast — the only meal we will take here, as my exploring soul yearns to investigate the dining places of this birthplace of Roast Beef & ‘Plum both.’

I went last night to the Folly Theatre: a regular little Japanese glove box. It is about $\frac{1}{2}$ the size of the old 5th Ave. theatre; holds about 250 in the whole lower floor and 140 or less in the dress circle. The family circle is so low upon the D. C. that a tall man in the latter touches the ceiling with his hat. It is very uniquely decorated à la Japanese; has old china & odds & ends hung on the lobby walls & the passages, and is situated in the heart of the busy city. It was full, of course. First nights here always are — they have not lost their interest even after several years of poor plays, and the audience was quite an elegant one. The plays were poor; the first was an adaptation of ‘La Venue,’ which you read once — and for which I paid the French authors \$600. It is a most attenuated trifle — but being well played passed off well. The burlesque of the evening in which Lydia Thompson played was the emptiest of empty things. . . . The stars of the night were simply ‘local’ favorites and not artists. Lionel Brough, the comedian of whom I have been hearing everybody talk for years, was simply a sort of Hardenbergh — only a trifle lighter on his legs, though a trifle more stolid of face.

I called on Friday at the *Era* office — as per invitation, & saw the proprietor & editor. . . .

. . . The deserted streets, the shut shops, the awful quiet which reigns over everything and everybody on the ‘holy Sabbath’ have smothered in me whatever hilarity may have lurked in my bosom. If these two Sundays in London are samples of all the others I shall hereafter depart out of this blessed town every Saturday night, & devote myself to sightseeing in the suburbs till Monday comes to revivify the town. It is a fact that everything is funereal here from midnight Saturday till six p.m. Sunday — when the restaurants open, the taverns throw wide their doors, lights are lit, the crowd emerges from its hiding places, & life begins again.”

"41 Jermyn St., London.

Thursday, Sept. 26, '78.

I have taken some lovely rambles — going one day to Hampton Court: where I thought of the romance you once began in one of our boyish newspapers by that title; and one day I went to Westminster Abbey; and another day to Sydenham to the crystal palace. Do you think if we put up a crystal palace at Riverdale or Yonkers the public of our noble country would make hourly pilgrimages to see it? And make it, long after its 'World's Fair' attractions had disappeared, a profitable concern? No indeed. The Palace is as large I should think as both the Philadelphia Exhibition buildings in one; it is simply a Bowery or Sixth Avenue sort of bazaar now; with stands full of cheap goods to attract the country eye. There are two theatres inside of it, each as large as the Grand Opera House; & a concert room quite as big as Steinway Hall. We saw the 'Stranger' bloodlessly murdered in one; and The Hanlons perform in the other; besides a cheap circus out on the grounds. There was also an annual fruit & vegetable show going on in which I saw grapes & peaches and potatoes that put the giant fruit of California to the blush. John Turniptops and Molley Barleycorns were everywhere about — & the view of the English countryman on his tour was as good a sight as any I saw.

The visit to Westminster was one of those excursions to one's grandfather's grave which it takes two or three weeks to get over. We got in at Afternoon Service time; and the voices of the recitant and of the boy choir sounded through that immense space like the sighs of children in a wilderness. I'm not going to make a guide book of my letter, & so I shall not tell you of all that struck me; except this, that in the chapel devoted to the royal family I noticed away in a corner a diamond-shaped tablet which noted the spot where Charles the Second lay — while above him framed in the wall was a magnificent memorial full of emblematic designs & a full length figure of General Monk. Indeed the finest monuments in the Abbey are not those of the kings and queens of the world —

but of those who ruled in the empire of War, of Science & of Literature.

I shall tell you of Hampton Court another day.

My acquaintance here is beginning to enlarge. I have letters and invitations from Mrs. Wood, Wyndham, and Ledger of the *Era* — & have had calls from Farjeon and Matthison (who used to be in my Company at the original theatre) & who is an author here of some note. All are most cordial, & Wyndham, on whom I called, thinks I ought to stay over here."

Mrs. John Wood, favorite of the English as well as of the American theatres, was heartily glad to meet her former manager and the author of the congenial part *Peachblossom* in "Under the Gaslight," wherein she had often disported. She appropriated the name for her correspondence when she did not use that of the muse which the American critics once bestowed upon her. Being at the seaside when he reached London, she telephoned from Doon House, Westgate, as soon as news of his arrival reached her, and wrote next day in her own familiar way :

"Sept. 24th, Westgate.

My dear Person

Nothing shall prevent my seeing you. I am in an uninhabited Island. Would you like to come here & be taken to Ramsgate, &c.? You leave Victoria Station by Chatham & Dover line at 10:48, arriving here at one o'clock, — two hours, — where you would behold your Peachblossom on the plank. If you don't like this I'll leave here on Thursday and be at Gordon Square by one — where you should have been received *en régale* had I been in town. I leave here for good Oct 8th, and on your return from Paris I place my house at your disposal.

Now my dear fellow, one line or a telegram to say you come here, or I will come to you, and there we are. I am busy here just now with a wary Farmer & a piece of land & tomorrow have some appoint's to keep or I would come. Now hurry up & be here by one tomorrow Wednesday to Your Peachblossom."

"Doon House.

My dear Man

If you should happily arrive by the *one* train & I am not on the plank, the intelligent guard will look out for a long, tall, thin gentleman & hand him this & describe the position of my mansion, of which abode you will please take instant possession, and in about half an hour after if my dogs leave anything of you you will behold some one you may remember.

Yours until we meet and long after,
M. Wood."

" No. Ten Adelphi Terrace, London : Sept. 30, '78.

No wonder Garrick lived on this Terrace. I wonder he ever died here — but I believe he did *not* end his days in the house near by which is marked with a slab in honor of his residence.

I think the place will be better than medicine to me. I've felt my spirits rise up to the nineties since I've moved in. I'm in the midst of all the Theatre Clubs : the Savage : the Junior Garrick : & the Green Room : in all of which I have been made an honorary member.

Farjeon thinks it's a splendid place for me. I accepted his invitation yesterday for a visit to Finchley, where he is stopping at the country place of Mr. Burgess — the head of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels ; Mr. B. is not a corkist himself, he is simply the manager — who has been so successful in his management that he has not closed his minstrel show (except on Sundays) for fourteen years. He and his wife gave me a hearty English welcome, & I was introduced there to Lionel Brough & his family, who also came to spend the day. Farjeon & Maggie seem to be almost at home there, and all combined to make the day most cheery for me. Brough is one of the best of the London comedians, & quite a popular man among the professionals. He was fifty per cent above the American comedian in every social way. We took a stroll during the day, out into the English fields, through thin green lanes, and among the old oaks & odd old houses. . . . Finchley is but 25 minutes by rail from London, & yet it is a rural Paradise where

everything is peace & calm, and not a murmur or a sign of the mighty city is heard or seen. Mr. & Mrs. Farjeon wanted to be remembered to you most particularly.

I think I told you in my last of a visit I made to see Mrs. Wood: I found her in a Lodge down at *Westgate on Sea* about two miles from Margate; a select & sedate watering place. She is to give me a little party at which I shall meet Frank Marshall & Burnand ('Happy Thoughts') & we think they will work with me to give Lemons & Bonanza *a show*. But even this is *hereafter*; I must wait for their return to town. 'Wait — wait!' is the only advice I hear on any side.

I have found little or nothing worth noting except the exquisite acting of an eccentric artist at the Prince of Wales Theatre, named Cecil (Arthur Cecil) — I have never seen his equal, nor any one to approach him for effective natural acting, on any stage. He and Terry of the Gaiety, — whom I've seen a second time, & whom I find to be a most admirable actor, equally good in burlesque, in singing & in pure comedy, — stand above all of their class.

On Saturday I attended the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, — Winter's Tale was given. It is situated in a dirty narrow byway, is dingy & low looking outside. But within — all is different. Spacious rotunda & gallery; broad vestibules; roomy corridors; grand staircases, all stone or marble, and the auditorium extensive in its accommodations. The house was crowded. The applause generous. Indeed I find the English audiences much more easily pleased, & really more good natured than our own; at least they will endure a poor performance to the end with a gracefulness which our people never show — for they get up & go out if a thing is dull. Winter's Tale was not dull, but it is wearisome at times; and neither the acting nor the spectacle of Saturday night aroused much enthusiasm. The Autolycus was the worst I ever saw. Old Ring or Whiting would have been better.

Full houses are the rule here. Byron's new piece has failed & is to be withdrawn, but even that draws fairly. Everything is doing well here — & while the contrary is the story from New

York I think I'm wise in being here idle instead of there growing grey & haggard. . . .

The theatres I've taken in since I last wrote you, are the Canterbury Music Hall over on the Surrey side, & the Grecian Theatre, away up to the northern limit of London. The Music Hall is a very showy but gaudy place; quite as large as the Academy of Music; where I heard a lot of very worn voices singing anything but taking music; except one young woman named Nelly Power who had a very much worn face, but sang exceedingly well & gave a bit of Irish vocalism that would have sent Tony Pastor's audiences wild. I saw our old friend Bartoletti here, and her corsage was lower than ever — & her skirts if anything shorter. The Grecian is a melodramatic temple devoted to the gods who pay 8 cts. to go to the gallery — 25 cents to the balcony — 12 cents to the Pit and 38 cts. to the stalls. I indulged in the luxury of the stalls — and saw an entirely new and original drama entitled 'Sentenced to Death or Paid in his Own Coin!' It is by Mr. Conquest. Mr. Conquest is the manager of the theatre; he is also the proprietor; he is also his own leading actor and comedian. He played on this occasion a villainous old file named 'Hoyley Snayle,' who is comic for two acts with the refrain 'I likes to do good when I can'; then becomes melodramatic in the third act & attempts a murder and puts the crime on another; then emerges into the tragic at the end of the play, and after having a struggle on a church roof with the unjustly accused man, makes a gymnastic leap (at which the gods nearly shook the theatre with delight), and finally dies confessing his guilt, to slow music, and (of course) uttering his almost forgotten refrain, — I—a—likes—a—a—to do—a—ugh—a—good when I — (dies & curtain). He was a good actor of his school — or for any theatre; and indeed the whole company was much better than I hoped to see. Between the plays — there are always two plays equally important at the Grecian — (It was the 'Octroon' that followed on this occasion, but I did not wait to see it) — the audience or all of it that cares to do so adjourns from the theatre & goes into a large open space or

courtyard, the immense center of which is boarded over for dancing; the place is lit with colored lamps almost innumerable; the band is in a showy balcony by themselves; there are shooting alleys; & promenade walks; bars; refreshment rooms; coffee counters — and all that the humblest heart could crave; including accommodating ladies, ready to waltz or to join you at the bar or the lunch table. The scene was very animating I can assure you: and probably the most novel one I've come across since I've been in London!"

"Adelphi Terrace, London : October 6 '78.

I saw Beaky the other day going to the cabinet meeting in Downing Street. Disraeli looks very old; I've no doubt he *is* old; but he is bent; yellow; and weak. I simply saw him as he stepped from his carriage (quite a plain 'Transfer Company' looking affair) into the official residence of Salisbury; but the sight was a good one — and the little crowd that had assembled there to see him crowded round as though he was the big elephant of the show. It reminded me of a New York crowd watching at a hotel door to see some illustrious stranger, only this was a most respectable-looking well dressed crowd — of ladies & gentlemen. They lifted their hats & waved their handkerchiefs as he passed from carriage to house — but did not cheer.

I have had altogether a busy and delightful week of rambling from Regent's Park to the Isle of Dogs, and I've absorbed the sights of the Thames from Greenwich to Richmond. I went to Greenwich for Whitebait, but found the season was over. Not even my national appeal to the landlord of the Crown & Sceptre that I had come all the way from America to try his Whitebait could procure me even a midget. I had heard that they served them up in 21 different styles at Greenwich, and got up a most gorgeous sort of appetite so as to take in the entire 21 styles — and had to take boiled cod.

I fared somewhat better at Richmond: I had gone up in the train to Kew; had roamed round the squatly little village, and rambled through the old Park and palace walks. I was

hunting for the Star and Garter Inn on Richmond Hill, famous for its Maids of Honor, but my antiquarian soul was smothered in disgust on finding that the original hostelry had been burnt down & in its place had risen one of the finest modern hotels in the country about London. I turned from *that* at once & sought a less pretending Inn over the door of which a sign informed all passers-by that his royal highness the Prince of Wales had honored it with his custom. . . . I took my first taste of them there; and paid for them in the unkindest five hours of dyspepsia I've had since I arrived in England. It was a very old Maid of Honor who served me, and as they were cheap, (a penny each) I ordered half a dozen & ate them all. I want no more. — Do you require to be told that they are an indigestible but fascinating pastry: with a drop of lemon and cocoanut custard in the center?

One day of the week I went to Rochester and Gadshill. Rambled through the ancient castle ruins, with its walls twenty feet thick in places — now the home of a thousand tame pigeons — and groped with the sexton of the old Cathedral Church through the crypt where Edwin Drood was spirited away — and then along rural English lanes I sought the home of Dickens, the hill where Falstaff and Prince Henry larked, and where one can almost fancy Shakespere himself rambled; and satisfied my thirsty throat at the old inn nearby full of Dickens mementos — and where the author of David Copperfield rested himself many a time on his way home."

" Monday, Oct 7th.

My evenings have been all occupied with the plays, but none of them worth a letter. Three failures since I have been here; Byron's comedy at the Haymarket, Farnie's burlesque at the Folly; and a piece at the Gaiety called 'The Lady of Lyons Married & Settled.' Claude is henpecked & in love with Pauline's laundress. Beauséant reveals Claude's perfidy to Pauline, and P. follows C & the washerwoman to his mother's old cottage, where the stuff is stopped by the green curtain coming down.

I was invited to a dinner at the Junior Garrick Club Saturday evening & introduced to quite a number of the old actors & new journalists. Their reception was most cordial, and health & success was drunk to me. I think some good results will grow out of the meetings there — for already I have any number of invitations to examine some of the principal theatres behind the curtain; & everything that brings me nearer the footlights will bring me I believe nearer the public. I was carried off from the dinner by George Conquest, who is one of the richest managers & best actors in England — I wrote you about his theatre. He took me all over it on Saturday — prefacing his kindness by suggesting that he owed me some attention in return for being one of the English robbers who had despoiled me of my railroad scene, and one of the hundreds who had played my *Gaslight*. . . .”

“Adelphi Terrace, Oct. 10th, 1878.

I feel that I have a delicate path to tread among the authors and managers of London; and they are all doing more or less well. It is not here as with us; a play with us is made or damned the first night; in London a first night's failure can be built up by patience & perseverance to run a year; which is better for the actor, the author & the manager than our unfair ‘no redemption policy.’ Still, two produced here — & well received on the opening night — are condemned & withdrawn. One is the burlesque at the Folly, produced by Lydia Thompson, & the other is Byron's comedy at the Haymarket. Clarke is playing the Rivals & will produce in a few weeks *Les Fourchambaults*, which Albery has written up, & in which Mrs. Wood will probably play the principal female part. At Drury Lane Phelps the tragedian is to follow with Winter's Tale till Christmas, & then they give the Pantomime. At the Adelphi the Celebrated Case is running to fair houses. At the Criterion Pink Dominoes has passed its 500th night & they look for 250 more. Our Boys was played the 1200th time Saturday last & is booked for the 2000th. ‘Pinafore,’ a clever (satirical) opera comique will probably be played for 3 months longer at the Comique, &c. &c. &c.

A dozen plays are ready at each of the dozen successful theatres when their present 'runs' are out — and a dozen native authors stand ready with *more* if these give out.

Wilkie Collins is not in town — but I have written him & I suppose shall hear from him in time: Mrs. Wood promises me an introduction to Charles Reade — though Reade will be of no service to me, as he is stage-struck about his own plays just now.

I have an invitation through Mrs. Wood from Labouchère, a theatrical and literary power here, to visit him at his villa (formerly Alexander Pope's) at Twickenham. I am to go Sunday. Something may lead from this. He is the lessee of one of the *closed* theatres here: The Queen's; the other (the St. James) is owned by Lord Newry — to whom I am also shortly to be introduced — when he gets back from shooting. They are both good theatres — but are considered bad property — perhaps badly managed. Farjeon thinks the Queen's worth *trying*. It is in a fair locality I think — On *Long Acre*, just facing Covent Garden theatre, within one square of Drury Lane, only two or three blocks from the Lyceum. I think I should like to give the London Public a taste of my quality from that standpoint."

" 10 Adelphi Terrace, London, Monday, Oct. 14.

Old (English) Probabilities has been prognosticating a storm for this tight little island for a week past, but young Actualities has fought it off — and today and yesterday have been as like our lovely Indian summer as a pair of twins. Most people here say I must have brought the stock of American weather which they have been enjoying ever since my arrival, over in my valise — and let it loose as soon as I got in sight of land. At least so they said at the Savage Club the other day (Saturday) where I was invited to their inaugural dinner of the season. I met the manager of Drury Lane there and have been invited to a sociable dinner some day this week, and afterwards am to be introduced to the stage of Old Drury. I need not tell you we mingled our tears together over remi-

niscences of Shakesperian failure and 'loss' — for his revival of the 'Winter's Tale' is not making him any money. Indeed as I get at the under facts here I find that only the immense sixpenny theatres of the south and east end of London, or the very small comedy theatres — where the stalls are 10/- and the dress circle 8/- and 7/- are really footing up anything on the profit side. I went to the 'Standard' after the dinner Saturday — nearly a two mile drive, at the east end, and found it to be one of the finest theatres in the metropolis. It is fully as large a place as our Academy; has four tiers and an acre of space called the pit. They were playing an English adaptation of the French version of the American Uncle Tom, in which Eva is restored to life and Tom does not die. The inventive Frenchman has also created a mate for Topsy in the character of a fancy darkey named Julius — and the two dance breakdowns together, and sing comic duets and talk comic trash in a mixture of Cockney Irish and Scotch, which the innocent (or rather guilty) actors imagine is a good imitation of the genuine canebrake lingo. Five of the London theatres are playing 'Uncle Tom' now, but no one place is hurting the other. When I remarked to the manager of the Princess' Theatre the other evening that the opposition must affect him he said that there was no such thing as opposition in London; that each place had its own special attendance; and it seems so.

Yesterday I spent the day and night at the villa of Mr. Henry Labouchère at Twickenham; where I was 'right royally' welcomed and entertained by Mr. L and his wife — (formerly Henrietta Hodson, a comedy lady here). Mrs. Wood also came down during the day; and what with boating on the Thames, strolling through the grounds, dining, supping and talking, I think I spent one of my most enjoyable days in England, thus far. Labouchère is the editor of *Truth*, & part owner of the *Daily News*, the daily paper Dickens started. He is lessee of The Queen's Theatre, which like the 5th Avenue has had its successes & its failures — & is now closed. And he is a thorough man of the world. He was full and free in

his information upon every topic most interesting to me, and I think the day most profitably as well as pleasantly spent which I gave to Twickenham. . . . His wife & Mrs. Wood suggested that The Olympic is the place I ought to be 'in' . . . Lord Londesborough, with whom he is intimate, I believe . . . is at the back of the Olympic management. I ought to tell you that the villa is built on the grounds once owned by Pope, and is erected on the very site of Pope's villa. The place was cut up into residential and garden lots many years ago, & this especial portion contains the only remaining relic of the Past — the queer little grotto & arched passage built under the roadway, & which he used to pass through in going from his house to the river which washes the grassy bank ten yards from its entrance. This morning before breakfast & before any of the rest were up I strolled out into the lanes & shaded roads as far as Teddington & Kingston, passing Horace Walpole's magnificent home & park on Strawberry Hill, and coming back along the path by the Thames. But I shall not extend my rhapsodies. What I've written must make you wish to be with me as I — a hundred times every week — do say to myself 'Oh! if Joe were only here!' I wonder if you would tire of the long walks I take. My legs never seem to give out — and I know I shall soon be as familiar with every London locality and many of these memorable suburban spots as the oldest inhabitant.

Before I was suffered to return to town yesterday Mrs. Wood & Mrs. Labouchère took me to see *The Queen's Laundry*. . . . If I had but the pen of a Willis or a Gath what a spicy letter I could have sent 'from our special correspondent' about this royal laundry and the items I picked up there. Damask table cloths worked by hand worth 125 guineas each, and linen sheets finer and softer than gossamer muslin, and pillow coverings in use since 1800 & yet almost as good as new, are but a poor 'showing' of what I stored away in 'me 'ed' for future use. . . .

Business here (I mean commercial houses) have been having a shaky time for a fortnight, ever since the Glasgow Bank

failed for its little £8,000,000 (forty million dollars). I tell you I could see the *blue* in the faces of the anxious and hurrying crowds down Lombard and Broad and Threadneedle Streets; and the very columns of the Royal Exchange shook with the shivers which its members had for a few days."

"Adelphi Terrace, Oct. 18, '78.

I had a pleasant call from Robert Stoepel yesterday and we dined together. He has just left Bijou in Paris at a convent school. . . . Mrs. Bateman gave up the Lyceum Theatre, & Irving has taken it. He is to open it in December with Shaksperian revival, & with a 'star' company. They say he has wealthy backers. Bateman spent his profits . . . & left very little when he died.

The weather is changing here: Fog all day yesterday — & colder breezes today. It is still pleasant for walking, however, and I don't give up my prowlings into the byways & highways for a little thing like fog or cold. . . .

I told you, I believe, that I called on Wilkie Collins, but the interview was short though pleasant. He is not in town for 'good' yet, & when he returns we are to dine & have a long chat. There was just a hint that *we* might do a play together."

"Adelphi Terrace, Monday, Oct. 21, '78.

The London fogs are on their way. We have had two days of them since I wrote you — and queer sorts of days they were: the streets and houses filled with a smoky kind of mist — through which once in a while (say for two or three minutes — two or three times a day) the sun broke, and when it did sent down a drizzle of rain. There is no doubt about the depressing effect of fog, and London fog especially; and yet they say I haven't seen the choicest quality of that article yet; I believe they set in about November, — come in with Guy Fawkes and the Lord Mayor's Day!

Had I seen Stoepel when I wrote you last? I expect to meet several of the London authors with him during the present

week, and Irving especially when he comes to town. Stoepel took me Saturday night to see Coleman, the manager of the Olympic (who represents Lord Londesborough, the real lessee), and I was received most warmly and taken back on the stage to meet Neville, the stage manager & star of the theatre. My reception was extremely cordial, & I spent an hour with Neville in his room — which is most charmingly fitted up. We talked of both countries. . . . He is to take me to the *great Garrick Club*, *the club founded by Garrick, & the favorite of Dickens & Thackeray.* Neville acted very well on Saturday. . . . He will scarcely make a furor with us however in such parts as the *cripple* in *The Two Orphans*. He is more than an actor, though, he is a most excellent artist, & several of his water-color sketches adorn his walls. The theatre was crowded; but crowded theatres here don't mean what they do with us — for the circles are shallow, & there is so much pit & gallery in *all* of them; here for instance was a theatre quite as large as the Union Square, & though full Saturday I was told it footed up only £130, not \$700 — Drury Lane I believe holds but £400 — (not \$2000).

Yesterday I took one of my longest walks . . . Stoepel and I footed it together; we went out to Hampstead Heath — the old footpad ground, you know, a lovely country of hill and dale, quite as dangerous now I should think as ever it was by *night*, for there are long stretches of pathway on the hilltop & the hillside unlighted by a single glimmer, and in fog and darkness the road agents ought to have an easy shop there. We came across a gentleman accompanied by two link boys with lighted torches to guide him through the mist & the night — for seven o'clock found us just on our turn homwards, taking the road through Highgate — where we passed Whittington's *stone*.

I saw a charming entertainment here on Saturday; it is given by five or six people in a little hall — and is called Mr. & Mrs. German Reed's *At Home*. Two plays are performed, and between them a monologue by a gentleman named Mr. Corney Grain — who also takes the principal parts in the main piece of the programme. The performance is comedy and

music mixed. The dialogue charming (it is principally by Burnand, who wrote Happy Thoughts) and the songs and duets very catchy. The chief art & the chief charm is in the ability of the actors to play two or more parts in the same piece; thus in the opening play, which is called 'Doubleday's Will', there are seven characters and only four actors. Grain is the best of the lot. He'd be a furor in New York. He is handsome, easy & has a splendid voice. He plays an old man or a young one with equal ease & totally distinct. He would be worth his weight in gold if I got the little theatre back again."

" 10 Adelphi Terrace, Sunday, Oct. 22, '78.

Your news of the New York Theatres is certainly not exhilarating. Business is considered bad here, but then expenses vary here from £45 to £75 per night for the regular season, so that a \$400 house leaves a profit. Drury Lane is less profitable. It is the Booth's Theatre of London; only big things will go there. The Haymarket is another fine property—but it is mismanaged. Besides, they take about a lifetime to prepare a new piece here. 'Fourchambault,' which was to have been ready a week ago, will not be finished till this day week.

There is no one thing being done here which would make any impression in N. Y. The operetta of Pinafore is not big enough for an all night programme, & that is the only piece that would make a go. I think it would be a greater success than Evangeline.

I believe thoroughly in the comedy vaudeville style of entertainment; occasionally varied with the old comedy or the modern emotional pieces such as the Gaiety Theatre, the Haymarket, or even the vaudeville give here. But above all the theatre ought to be a little gem of a place. Not an inch larger than the old 5th Ave., & even ten feet ought to be spared from the auditorium of *that* for an elegant drawing-room sort of lobby. Some of the vestibules of the theatres here are parlors. Nothing that I ever did equalled them—so you see luxury pays. For these luxurious places are the ones which are crowded nightly."

"Adelphi Terrace, London, Oct. 29th.

I am led to expect (through Stoepel) a willing and certainly a valuable collaborateur in Wills, who wrote Olivia, Charles 1st, Jane Shore, &c. — & to him I shall suggest Yorick, as exactly suited to Irving, with whom Wills is on intimate terms. Wills however is yet in Paris — on his holiday.

There is this one golden thing to say of the English public which goes to theatres: It may take a long time to make your way to their liking, but once get it & it never deserts you — not even in old age.

Sometimes I think it would pay in the end to make up my mind to risk a year of waiting & watching for *my chance* here, for I feel if I once get it I will get a hold soon after.

I have made one or two visits to the Courts (The Criminal Courts) this week; and saw three trials at Old Bailey & two at Westminster Police Court. At the Old Bailey I saw Lord Justice Brett try two serious causes, and in the new Court saw Mr. Justice Hawkins try a sort of robbery case — in which the defence was conspiracy. All the Court rooms were about the size of your "Chambers" — and nothing like so ornamental. A long close railing on one side running the whole length of the wall marks the Judges' platform, with a long cushioned bench behind it on which they sit. On this platform are six or eight small desks; behind each desk is a cushion to protect the judicial back from the cold wall. The prisoners' box faces the judges' stand on the opposite side of the room — the jury is on the right of the judges in a box; & the reporters & special visitors on the left, also in a box. There is a gallery over the prisoners' box for the public at large. In the court where Lord Brett presided the sword of justice is fixed in an upright position against the wall; and on the bench in front of *it* one of the sheriffs of the City always sits in robes & gold chain — with full court suit underneath; but no wig. The judges of course are wigged — but they do not always remember their dignity, for I saw the Lord Justice tip his wig over his eye as he scratched the back of one ear with his pen. The trials proceed much

the same as with us — only I heard more noisy wrangling between counsel, which was unheeded by the judge, than in our own Courts. Douglas Straight, Digby Seymour and Montague Williams were three of the ablest barristers whom I heard. The first is as pure a light comedian as ever walked the stage. He was engaged in defence of a boy of 17 or 18 who was on trial for the murder of a sweep. The sweep was proven to have been a stalwart, drunken quarrelsome fellow & to have attacked the lad first; the main point of the defence was to ask the jury to decide whether they thought from the evidence that the death of the sweep was caused by a fall or a blow. Straight trod very dangerous ground certainly when he rattled off his argument in light terms; but he succeeded certainly in getting his suggestions endorsed by the judge in his charge to the jury — & the boy was acquitted. One charming feature of the judiciary here — so far as I have been witness — is the most *thorough* review of the *law* first, the *case* next, the *evidence* next — & the counsel's argument last; and the juryman who cannot read his verdict as plain as A.B.C. after any of the charges I have heard so far is a 'Hass'!"

After the first pleasant visit to Pope's Villa came an invitation to luncheon there, and afterwards at Mrs. Wood's :

"Pope's Villa, Twickenham.

My dear old friend

11 : 15 from Waterloo Station, W. Road by the above train, loop line, will bring you to your Lost Hostess and Peachblossom at five minutes to twelve. A fly, price one shilling, in five minutes will land you at this blissful abode. Next train is after one — too late for lunch.

Yours muchly

Matilda

"Thalia."

"Oct 17,

23 Gordon Square, W. C.

My dear Man

I have arrived in town for the season; will you come tomorrow, Friday, to luncheon at half past one. Mrs. Labouchère will be here, and then you can say if you will be disengaged for luncheon on Sunday two o'clock with Mrs. Major Rolls, Helen Barry. If you can't come tomorrow send me word so I can write to Helen, and come to me in the evening.

As ever yours

Matilda

"Thalia."

CHAPTER XIX

Authors' fees to beginners beggarly. Dinner with Olive Logan. The Lord Mayor's show: Guy Fawkes' Day. Comments upon American theatrical prospects. Rumors about Daly and the Surrey or Sadler's Wells theatre have to be contradicted. Charles Reade contrasted with Wilkie Collins. Palgrave Simpson. Authors and profits. Cellar life in London. The Italians of Saffron Hill and the "Thieves' Kitchen." Ballad concerts and Sims Reeves (inaudible). Santley and Mrs. Sterling. Wills, painter and playwright. Thanksgiving dinner. English cook's unfortunate attempt at pumpkin pie. "Lemons" accepted by Wyndham for the Criterion. Robert Emmet's career the theme of a play for Irving. A haughty playwright. Cabbies. Christmas not merry in London streets. Hosts of unemployed. Dinner with Mrs. Wood. A Christmas toast. Boxing Day. New pantomimes. An English audience. Drury Lane. How "Pinafore" was brought to New York. The New Year in London. Agnes Ethel. An opening in London. Supper at the Green Room Club with Henry Irving in the chair. His courtesy. Gooch of the Princess. Trip to Paris with Stoepel. The Channel passage. "Revue" at the Eldorado café. "L'Assommoir." Masked ball at Frascati's. Hélène Stoepel. A visit to Rome. Story to read a comedy. Back in London. Unexpected failure of Chatterton at Drury Lane. Disappointment. Daly turns his thoughts homeward. Proposal to Henry Irving for a visit to America with Miss Ellen Terry. About five years too soon. Irving dares too much in *Claude Melnotte*. Sale of the first Daly library.

" November 4th.

10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

Until you make your way here the prices paid authors is beggarly. 40/- or \$10 is I believe considered handsome remuneration. I will not be able to ride in a gilded coach on any such royalty as that! However, no one *ever* grows rich or great suddenly in this country: everything reaches its

height by natural steps, and by doing so finds a firmer position has been secured in the end.

I was introduced to Captain Shaw the Chief of the Scotland Yard force one day, and I expect to make a visit with him some evening to the cellar haunts of the Great City. This Shaw is the 'Inspector Shaw' with whom Dickens used to make his rounds. I am *surprising* the oldest Londoners in fact by the thoroughness or rather the extensiveness of my investigations here."

"Sunday, Nov. 10, '78.

10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W. C.

I met Olive Logan a few days since & we have had a dinner or two together combined with several chats. She thinks I am getting on faster than any American ever did before — even to have been received by the managers, and talked with them. . . .

Yesterday being Lord Mayor's Day & the Prince of Wales' birthday was big with festivities indoors & out. The procession of all the old Lord Mayors, & the new one, was a mild affair, but the streets were jammed with people to see it. The banners of the various guilds, and the very theatrical-looking cinderella-like gold coach in which the new Lord Mayor rode were the only 'pretty' things in the show. I invited Mrs. Wood & her daughter, . . . a clever and pretty child, and Labouchère & his wife & Stoepel to see the sight from my window, which is one of the best in London to see such things from. We had a very jolly afternoon; Stoepel played lots of music; little Florence & Mrs. Labouchère made up & performed impromptu charades, & it was almost dark when they went away. In the evening I sauntered through the streets, which were brilliantly illuminated with all sorts of designs in gas work — and mingled with a thoroughly English crowd for some hours. Such *Fun!* Along Regent St. & the Haymarket the crowds were densest; at every dozen steps urchins were selling at a penny each an article they called 'Ladies' Tormentors': a small zinc tube filled with water which spurted at a pressure

of the finger from a small hole in the top! Such Fun! These were bought by the hundred by the bands of fast young fellows who howled & hounded the unfortunates of the other sex along the sidewalks — squirting the fluid from these tormentors into their ears or eyes or down their necks. Such Fun! Then if this liberty was resented by any of the women or their companions they were surrounded by the band, tusselled, hugged, and jeered at to the amusement of fifty or a hundred more who immediately gathered round. Such Fun! Many a poor girl whom honest work or necessitous duty forced into the streets, I saw run screaming across the streets from an attack, to the amusement of the mob. Such Fun! From nine till twelve these scenes went on, and I don't know how much longer,— but I retired from the mob at midnight quite satisfied that none of us know at home what a mob really is.

The worst 'boy' in London, I should judge, after my experiences in the streets & in the Courts so far, is the idle hulking brute of forty, who, after enjoying a malignity of pleasure which nothing but his debased nature and his years combined could invent — comes into court and says 'It was only for a bit of a lark, yer know, yer honor!' So far I have been entirely charmed with the judicial treatment of criminals here. Mercy never seemed so just, nor justice so penetrating as in the temperate decisions which I have heard from the London judges in the Police Courts and at Old Bailey. But mercy does seem misplaced when it lets a devil off with a 5/- fine who 'out of a lark' might have set fire to dwellings & destroyed life. The 'Guys' of the day-time were very amusing. Mostly they were stuffed figures with faces representing either the Pope or Shere Ali, or Guy himself — & were escorted round the streets by bands of little boys, who beat drums, sang a verse to attract attention, & then went round to collect pennies for their show. In the evening they make a bonfire of their guys & of all stray barrels or boards they can seize. In one instance the crowd of urchins, too poor to stuff a figure, had persuaded one of their own number to be their guy, & they had smeared

his face & put a paper hat on his head, mounted him on a chair & paraded him through their quarter, which was up Seven Dials way."

"Monday, Nov. 11, '78. 10 Adelphi Terrace,
Strand, W.C.

Your news of the hard season rather sets me up in my own conceit of judgment as to how things were going to turn out in theatricals this year.

Had I felt any great confidence I should never have given up the Broadway. But I am sure no money can be made, & no improvement will be noticeable in the American theatres till after January 1st.

I believe that devilish rumor about the Surrey or Sadlers Wells which was originated in New York has shut me out of the confidence of some of the managers here. I could not account for some peculiarities I met with in one or two quarters until within this day or two I learned that the rumor had been extensively copied in England & was generally believed; principally because Mrs. Bateman has not been in London for a month or six weeks & no denial was given.

I have written tonight to the *Era*, & by Saturday I shall have the thing exploded in the clubs & theaters.

The scoundrels did not do me harm enough with their lies when I was at home, but must follow me here. For of course my design was to become acquainted & make friends with all the managers here — & if they supposed I was about to enter the field in rivalry they would none of them be nice to me. . . .

I met Charles Reade at the theatre one night last week. I attended with Mrs. Wood & we called on him in his box between the acts. The play was very trashy and he was very soreheaded & so he was not cordial. I think too he must have been chafing just then under the lash of that letter wh. you send me from the *Post*. At any rate I consider him a very surly old gentleman, or perhaps if I call him an old maid it will be more like, for he left the box for home shortly after I entered, on the plea that he wanted his cup of tea, & was going

home for it. . . . His bearing was decidedly a contrast to dear gentle Wilkie Collins'."

"Friday, Nov. 22, '78.

10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

Truly did you prophecy, my dear brother, when you said that 'Good luck would come as cometh the brick pile on the head of him that passeth by.'

There is just a chance also that not one brick alone — but many — may fall. I had a call from Wyndham yesterday evening on the subject of *Divorce*. His offer is not a very good one, but still it may lead to better. I had a very cosy chat with Palgrave Simpson on Tuesday last, when I called on him at Kensington. He wrote 'Second Love,' you may remember, a charming comedy acted some years ago by Laura Keene, and was part author of 'All for Her' — which Wallack played. He is 71 years old and looks no more than fifty. From him I learn that Byron only gets £3 a night for 'Our Boys' — and that £4 a night is looked upon as big pay. Andrew Halliday who wrote Amy Robsart & lots of successes for Drury Lane only got the pay I'm to receive. The profit here is in the long runs you get out of your plays — and the number of plays you may have running at once. Besides, a failure of one play doesn't kill an author here; the people give him trial after trial in the most generous expectation that he may redeem himself. To return to Wyndham: . . . He offers £2 per night for *Divorce* and we are hem, hemming, on the terms.

Last evening I had a most interesting exploration of the cellar life of London with Inspector Howe from Scotland Yard. I went among the Italians in Saffron Hill and Leather Lane and among the small thieves' lodgings in Fulford's Rents. The former were the most miserable and the most filthy; crowded & foul; a colony of organ grinders and penny ice-cream vendors; and the latter the oddest & most dramatic. The thieves' kitchen in Fulford's Rents (a narrow cul-de-sac leading off Oxford Street) is a scene fit for a play — and if I do *Flash of Lightning* here that will be my location for the Jacob Ladder scene.

The night before I went to St. James Hall to hear one of the English ballad concerts — most fashionably attended — and had the pleasure of *seeing* Sims Reeves; I heard Santley, Madame Antoinetta Sterling (who was the great favorite & success of the evening) Madame Lemmens Sherrington, & other favorites; but we could do very little more than see Sims Reeves, though he did make a pretence of singing. The pianist played ‘My Pretty Jane’ & ‘Come into the Garding, Maud,’ and the well-preserved old chap moved his lips in unison with the notes — but though I sat on the fourth row only, my ears drank in no sound but melodious whispers.”

“Adelphi Terrace, Sunday, Dec. 7.

Since I wrote you last I’ve had an interview with Wills, who wrote *Olivia* & *Charles 1st*, & some other good plays. He is painter as well as writer. Equally good in either line. I want to get him to do *Yorick* with me for Irving — & he is very ready I think to do it. We are to dine (1st step in all grades of English diplomacy) in a week to go over the matter in detail.

Last night I attended the first night of Albery & Hatton’s new drama at the Princess Theatre. It is called ‘No. 20; or the Bastile of Calvados.’ It is an absurd piece. There was much laughter at the serious points and none whatever at the comic speeches.

Thursday was Thanksgiving day with you, wasn’t it? I tried to get up a little one here with the help of Olive Logan, Stoepel & one or two others, but as I had laid great stress on the ‘Punkin’ Pie of the feast, & the cook hadn’t quite got all the points of that dish, I had my pumpkin served up in chunks, stewed in a meat-pie pan without eggs or sweetening — and my feast was a failure. We drank to you all at home. . . .”

“Sunday, Dec. 8, ’78.

10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

‘Lemons’ after all will be my opening play here. It is to be produced on the 28th of December — at the Criterion

Theatre; where 'The Pink Dominos' is now running and nearing its 530th performance; where '*Procès Veauradieux*' was played nearly 200 times, and where 'Saratoga' had a long run under the title of 'Brighton.' Wyndham is the manager & he is to play Jack Penryn. The piece goes into rehearsal Wednesday; I have been busy the last four days going over it to take out certain Americanisms & make some alterations (slight) which Wyndham suggested. Wyndham first offered £200 for it outright; but I have got him to allow me £1 a night every time it is played in or out of London. In the long run — if the piece has any success at all — this will be most satisfactory. Perhaps the purity of the play may be its greatest drawback — for its predecessors have been all 'off color.' And then again in the present outcry here about the immoral French drama, & the Lord Chancello'r's refusal to grant licenses, & also out of its simple contrast to the looser plays, 'Lemons' may strike popular fancy."

"Monday, Decr. 16.

At last I have had a taste of 'London Fog' — and such a fog! The air seems filled with a thick immovable mass like the smoke of a locomotive. You can but dimly see the houses across the street, and nothing a square away is visible — scarcely even the gas lamps, which have been lighted ever since ten o'clock in the morning. The vapor was so dense at noon that it seemed almost like a rainfall. The house seemed unendurable — and when I went into the streets they were scarcely navigable. The cabbies lit their lamps, street vendors produced their blazing torches, many passengers carried lanterns & the sight altogether was truly novel. It will seem as though we had a night thirty-six hours long.

Yesterday I was taken by Mrs. Wood for a call on Frank Marshall. I had a very pleasant afternoon. . . . He spoke of collaboration, and by and by we may work together. He seems to be an eccentric party however — a moth collector in his odd moments, and dramatist by fits & starts. He is at work now on a play for Irving — on the subject of Robert

Emmet; but managers & authors both are queer fish in this country. The *Criterion* for instance is a specimen. They have played Pink Dominos for 560 nights; and when it comes time to change . . . no play ready. Henderson wanted to try 'Lemons,' & I rehearsed it two days — then found it was badly cast, & would be a certain failure — so I withdrew it (without any quarrel of course!) and this has funked them, so they close the theatre on Saturday night."

"Christmas Eve.

I move today or tomorrow from this delightful but rather too expensive place — to No. 9 Vere Street, near Oxford & near Cavendish Square. Round the corner in Holles Street is the house in which Byron was born — & only a little way off is Wilkie Collins' house & Trollope's. I think the place is more home-like & is to cost me $3\frac{1}{2}$ guineas a week — *i.e.* about \$17.50 for lodging, food, fire & light.

Sunday I had Wills the dramatist to dine with me off a pair of my oysters & a few dozen of duck. The party included Stoepel & Olive Logan & was much fun. Willis *retaliates* & invites me to dine with him at the Garrick next week."

"Christmas, 1878. London.

I was introduced to Gilbert . . . at Drury Lane last night during the Pantomime rehearsal. . . . He is undoubtedly the super-strained essence of conceit now going upon stilts. However, I can spare his acquaintance. I believe he contemplates a visit to N.Y. in March if his 'Gretchen' is a success here. . . .

I could not get a cab to take me to Chatterton's house (some 3 miles off) today where I was to dine — for it was slippery & snowy & they would not go any great distance. You have no idea in fact of the sauciness & independence of the cab-men here on the least show of bad weather, of fog, or at night. They won't stop for you or come at your call unless your appearance suits them — & when one reads column after column in the papers here of the starving thousands patrolling the streets of the interior towns, when 40,000 paupers are fed daily at the

almshouses & 50,000 more at the soup kitchens, I gaze in speechless wonder at the indifference of the London hansom drivers to a 50 cent fare.

No one would know England as the home of King Xmas if he judged it from the sights of London. I fear indeed that the day as a day of jubilee is a myth of the story tellers & the picture papers. At least the London streets were never so deserted even on Sunday as they are this day. Occasionally a few cracked voices droning out a Christmas carol & sounding through the otherwise empty roads recalled the *waits* of which I've read — and a little band of urchins tooting broken horns made the morning *noisy* — but it was far from a lively noise in either case. Not a shop is opened — not a shutter down. Many of the theatres have been closed since Saturday last. All of them are shut today & tonight. Not even a concert is given. In fact if Christmas is kept in London at all it is kept with bolted doors. I have walked through a hundred streets — this night — and not a sound of laughter could I hear through the tight-shut shutters — so if it is kept jollily it must be in jolly little whispers. I suppose the festival is best known as a festival in country parts — but sad country parts are they this Christmas; where hunger and misery make anything but lively figures for a Sir Roger de Coverly — and gaunt starvation would rather gnaw the berries of the mistletoe than waste the bush for arboring Christmas lovers. They tell me — those who know — and the papers are full of the story too, that England has not known such distress for forty years. The Vokes tell me they were playing in Bolton recently & the gangs of unemployed men & women who prowled the streets were becoming a terror. No carriage escaped pelting, and people who could afford it were even afraid to ride in a hired hack.

I spent a couple of hours with Mrs. Wood, & had a taste of her plum pudding; & then made a call on Stoepel; & the rest of my Xmas I have spent here. The theatres do not re-open till tomorrow evening (Boxing Day). Last night I made myself a little eggnogg and drank poor old Uncle's toast to the absent hearts."

"9 Vere Street.

Sunday, Dec. 29, '78.

For the past three evenings I have been renewing my 'childish' days — and going to the pantomime, at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Alhambra -- but by all odds the most magnificent and novel was at Covent Garden. It is as interesting and much more novel than anything seen in Humpty Dumpty — always excepting Fox! Alas! they have no such man here; their very cleverest man is only a sort of circus clown who prides himself much more on his ability to do 'stunts' than on his comic powers.

I told you how dull on the outside Christmas Day was here! But I ought to say lest I forget it that the day after Christmas, which is called Boxing Day, London (at least) uncovers itself. The shops are still closed, but the streets are full again; matinées are given at most of the theatres; & in the evening all the new pantomimes burst forth upon jammed houses. The weather, which had been cold & snowy, began to thaw that day — & has kept on, till today 'tis as mild as one of our early spring mornings. So nothing kept the people home Boxing Night — and it was a spectacle of itself to see the masses of humanity that poured into every place of amusement in London on that occasion. At 'the Lane' (as they call 'Old Drury' here) every tier was like an over-yeasted dough overflowing its pan on every side. Whenever the orchestra struck up a familiar music-hall air the boys took it up & yelled out the chorus; while the boxes, crowded with such sights of pretty children, took everything in, both off the stage & on it, with the most intently serious visages, and the old folks furnished all the broad grins of the evening."

The sudden departure of Mr. James Duff in the early part of December for home, and his reticence concerning the reason for it, were caused by a momentous project which he disclosed to no one until he arrived in New York and broached it to his father. This was nothing less than

the production in America of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was accomplished in the following January (1879) at the Standard Theatre, with success. The names of Gilbert and Sullivan thereafter became household words on the Western Continent.

"Jan. 2d. '79.

New Year day is no festival here. I tried to recall our New York mode of keeping it by making some calls. . . . I got a letter yesterday from Agnes Ethel asking me if there was any opening for her in London. Here's . . . one discontented with her lot! She as well as others evidently thinks I have accomplished *something* even to have the ears of a manager; but you who know all as well as I do must feel that his ears are nothing without his heart."

"1879, Thursday, Jan. 16.

104 Regent St.

I attended a late supper at the 'Green Room Club' — a sort of off-shoot of the Garrick — presided over by a live Duke (who sends game up from his covers for the table) and of which all the nobby actors from Irving down are members. I told you, I believe, they elected me an honorary member lately. Well, last evening Irving took the chair in the absence of the Duke. Suppers begin at 11:30 P.M. after all theatres are out, so you can imagine what an attendance they can show. Everybody in the theatre world & many of the literary, of the day, were on hand. Young Charles Dickens (he's 40 years old now) and Captain Burton the great African explorer were on Irving's right & left. I had a humble seat on the left, quite near the foot; but I remembered the biblical consolation of how the last shall be first; & as soon as the tables were cleared and the liveliness of the night began Irving sent a messenger to me to ask me to occupy a seat beside him; introduced himself when I came near; and with Dickens on his R and me on his left the rest of the evening was spent. He is very charming and gave a couple of recitations in exquisite table style. By that I mean they were *untheatrical* — which so many of these after-

supper declamations are not apt to be. He took my address & is to make a call & have me come & see him. We parted at 4:30 this morning.

Seated beside me in the earlier part of the evening was Gooch the manager of the Princess' Theatre; who told me that some scoundrel here had offered him a play wh. he had read & in which he saw evidences of a crib from Pique; he had told the party that if it was so he would prefer to do my piece — and in the course of our talk he gave me evidence of this piece being absolutely a stolen copy of my drama. He therefore asked me to send him my play, & I think it is most likely I will be able to do some business with him about it."

"Paris, Maison Bonfoy, Boulevard Montmartre,

Jan. 24, '79.

Here I am in the city of cities — after the beastliest journey I ever made. I left London before the sun was up this morning and reached Paris at seven this evening; and two hours of this time were passed on the Channel; but such a two hours! Nothing that has been written of that 'crossing' gives any idea of the experience. It is the most devilish passage in the world I believe. The two weeks I spent crossing the Atlantic seemed but two minutes in comparison. . . . You will never precisely realize what sea sickness really is, my dear brother, until you take the trip from Dover to Calais.

So you can imagine my inward 'feelinks.' The sea was high and I was drenched. The weather was arctic and I was frozen. Among fifty passengers who made the voyage with me but two retained the smiling visage of the beginning to the end. They were a couple of spry young lovers with cast iron stomachs and feathery consciences. They sat in safety amidships; spooned & forgot the sea; were happy and thought the journey all too short, while the rest of us . . . !

Stoepel who was with me said death had never seemed so sweet or so preferable to him before.

At length we landed. The earth was covered with snow — but never was it so welcome.

I was too miserable to look about me much at Calais; but the sight of my first gendarme somehow or other recalled my youthful spirits — for I thought of Robert Macaire and Humor Hall and Bill Sefton and you, and our early histrionics.

This hotel . . . is in the very heart of the Boulevard, only a few squares from all the theatres & the Grand Opera. Dinner over we took a stroll along the Boulevard to the Rue de l'Opéra where the electric light has replaced gas — and passed all the theatres of the City now open, securing seats at the Ambigu for tomorrow to see 'L'Assommoir.' It was too late to go to any play, but we strolled into 'L'Eldorado,' one of the famous café chantants — where I saw a *Revue*: so clever, though indescribable, as to furnish me with some good ideas for comic business for future use. It is an immense theatre of five tiers, shaped like an octagon — the stage being one of the eight sides. No admission is charged — but the refreshments are priced most exorbitantly; we paid 50 cents for a cup of coffee."

"Paris, Boulevard Montmartre, Jan. 26, '79.

Yesterday was spent in sight seeing; today in play seeing. Only think of it — Sunday is the great matinée day in Paris; every theatre gives one; and every place is crowded. I saw 'L'Assommoir' at the Ambigu; 'Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant' at the Porte St. Martin; and 'Le Grand Cassimer' at the Varieties. L'Assommoir is a disgusting piece: One prolonged sigh from first to last over the miseries of the poor; with a dialogue culled from the lowest slang, and tritest claptrap. It gave me no points that I could use; & the only novelty was in the *lavoir* scene where two wash-women (the heroine & her rival) throw pails full of warm water (actually) over each other & stand dripping before the audience. The play at the Porte St. Martin is very good but very long; it lasted five hours. I think it will be a success in America if well done — & I believe Tompkins of Boston has bought it.

Neither the acting nor the scenery so far has *enthused* me. I think *we* have some quite as good at home. . . .

I took in a masked ball last night at Frascati's and saw the can-can on its native floor. A beastlier exhibition cannot be shown anywhere. Argyle Rooms in London was a sort of paradise to that place.

I reserve for other evenings the Français and the Grand Opera and the Gymnase. Business first & pleasure after. My first visits were made to those places which I thought might be suggestive for the work in hand; now I shall go to store up for my future management.

Today Stoepel brought Bijou from the Convent to see me...."

"Rome, Hotel Costauzi, Jan. 31, '79.

Will you believe your eyes when you see the postmark on this letter? Will you believe your senses when you open it & read that your wandering brother is in the Eternal City? After two pressing invitations from our old friend Agnes Ethel (Tracy) which I debated long as to accepting, I finally succumbed to the hearty pressure of Mr. Tracy — who sent me the 'round' ticket with a special note that a room was ready warmed for me — and I left Paris Monday, & after 44 hours of most interesting travel through the south of France, by the Alps & through Turin, Bologna & Florence I reached Rome on Wednesday. In all my life I never received so hearty a welcome; and in all my life I have never been made to feel so entirely at home in a stranger's house as these two kind people have made me here. I have been here now two days — and they have been unceasing in their kindnesses. They have almost tired themselves out in showing me the treasures of the City — & I believe I have seen more of this famous City than any one else ever saw before in two months. I shall not begin tonight to write you of its wonders; nor its mysteries — I am too excited to begin even to catalogue them all — but I shall tell you of everything hereafter. I have tonight been on my usual round of the slums — & such slums! Not London nor Paris can surpass them in smell, in squalor nor in interest. The theatres by day & night have been my study — & the

Churches, from St. Peter's to St. Clements & the Capucin Monastery! — The studios have been thrown open to me, & two receptions by Randolph Rogers & Charles Coleman have been prepared for me. Tomorrow Story is to read me a comedy in his studio — & Monday I leave for London again, where I shall resume work on the play — strengthened & freshened by this dreamy visit which I could not accept for any other season, as my hosts go to Naples the day I leave here."

"Thursday, Feb. 6, 104 Regent St.

The annexed ¶ in this morning's paper will shock you as much as it stuns me for a moment:

'General sympathy will be expressed for Mr. F. B. Chatterton in his new misfortune. It is no secret that the present Drury Lane pantomime was not a financial success, and that the source of profit which has for many years past sufficed to support the losses at Drury Lane during the rest of the year had thus been cut off. Mr. Chatterton proposed to his artists that they should accept half salaries during the rest of the season. These terms were, out of respect and esteem for their old manager, accepted by a majority of the company, but the Vokes Family declined them. As the pantomime could not be performed without the Vokes Family, the house was closed on Tuesday. What will be the ultimate fate of the theatre is at present doubtful; but that Mr. Chatterton will soon again be on his legs, and in the direction of a place of amusement less unfortunate than Drury Lane has been, is considered certain by those who have observed the energy and courage Mr. Chatterton has displayed through life.'

"Saturday, Feb. 8.

Chatterton has just left me. His intention is to put himself into bankruptcy, but he has a prospect in regard to my play which may yet get it before the public at Drury Lane. He is to have an interview with the Committee of Drury Lane (it is owned by a board) in a few days — & he will see if they will run the theatre for him or allow it to be run for him — pending

bankruptcy proceedings; if so he will arrange for the production *there* of the piece on Easter Monday.

If not:—If the theatre is to be closed against him — he proposes that we *share* the expenses of a company to cast it between us; that we offer play & company at either the Adelphi or the Princess' Theatre for 50 per cent of the receipts on condition of the manager giving it a proper get up & advertising; & share the *profits*.”

“ 104 Regent St., Feb'y 18, '79.

At every theatre they are doing a play which is more or less musical — and I am convinced that the coming success with us will be a genuine musical comedy: something less extravagant than Round the Clock, but really a true comedy interspersed with songs, duets, and *choruses*: I shall spend the rest of my time here trying to engage about three clever & pretty women & as many men who can sing & act; and we must open in New York next season with this. I got your letters of the 12th & 19th — with the advice about coming home. I have thought seriously of doing so myself, for the prospects here are most uncertain; everybody being so damnably afraid to touch a new play, or a new author, or a *novelty* of any sort. This is the universal feeling over here — & I'm sure the country will perish of dry rot some day or other.”

“ 104 Regent St., March 14, '79.

I shall sail either in the Baltic on the 18th or in the Britannic on the 27th. I feel decidedly bitter at the thought of having spent so much time fruitlessly; and giving rise to so many hopes which have no result — but I trust that the months I have apparently lost here will not be altogether without some recompense hereafter. . . .

I resolved as far as the new play was concerned not to risk a cent, or spend a farthing of our money on any theatre or manager here. If *they* did not feel safe in going in for the risk — I felt it would be folly for me to trifle away more time or money in urging it.

So I am coming home. Poor as I went. Quite as discouraged. Unless Eno is very free and liberal in his *propositions* I don't think I will *urge him*; nor will I think of any other theatre for the present.

I will probably have the strings in my hand of two or three valuable engagements for a company if Fate is favorable to my resumption of management — and if that is really to be accomplished it will even be easy enough for me now to return here in *July* to secure anything specially needed.

I would not take another new theatre for ten thousand dollars free gift. You know I overcame my old prejudice & 'got into' the 28th St. house — with the result wh. I always said befell the first manager of every new theatre. He is only a catspaw which monkey Time uses to pull the hot nuts out for some favorite."

To sum up Augustin's experience with English theatrical affairs: Mr. Gooch of the Princess Theatre talked with him about "Under the Gaslight" for Easter; Mr. John S. Clarke of the Haymarket asked for "Lemons" to read; Gooch afterwards sent for "A Flash of Lightning." Nothing was eventually accepted. Finally Chatterton offered an opening at Drury Lane for a local melodrama, arranged the terms, three guineas a night, and approved episodes from "A Dark City," "A Flash of Lightning," and "Under the Gaslight," with new London scenes and characters arranged so as to make a new play. Meanwhile, Henderson of the Folly Theatre read "Lemons" and "The Big Bonanza" and accepted "Lemons" for The Criterion Theatre managed by Wyndham. Daly put it in rehearsal there, but after two attempts found the cast inadequate and the performers indifferent, and withdrew it. The Olympic Theatre sent for "Pique," but did not like the story.

Chatterton began the scenery for the new piece at old

Drury — Beanly was the artist — and arranged for Charles Lamb Kenney, son of the author of a famous old farce, "Paul Pry," to introduce Daly to the fraternity of dramatic critics (his acquaintance so far had been with managers), and the author began his explorations of the picturesque side of London for material.

While this was going on, Mr. Gooch sent for "Pique," and Mr. Toole asked for "Lemons" and "Bonanza." Suddenly Chatterton failed and had to surrender Drury Lane, as we have seen, and that closed the only prospect of an opening in London.

The misfortune of Chatterton must have recalled to Augustin his own similar trouble in New York. There were some differences, however. Chatterton went through bankruptcy, and his friends got up a benefit for him. A committee for the latter purpose was organized and met in Drury Lane Theatre with Arthur Sterling as chairman. Augustin was placed on the committee.

The want of appreciation which "Pique" met with from the London managers was a distinct surprise. When Miss Davenport was in England the previous summer, Mapleson wrote to her from Her Majesty's Theatre :

"Dear Miss D,
 Welcome to England.

I have told my man to send you a nice box for Wednesday.

Why can't we do 'Pique' at Her Majesty's? A most brilliant chance if *well* mounted as it was done at the 5th Avenue, & a fortune to be made.

Ever yours
J. H. Mapleson.

They don't know how to mount a piece over here."

When news of Chatterton's trouble reached Rome, Mrs. Tracy wrote immediately :

My dear Mr. Daly

"Rome, Feb. 14th, 1879.

Your letter telling of Chatterton's failure found Mr. & Mrs. Vedder and a gentleman friend at dinner with us. I asked to be excused while I read it — and when I told them the bad news I wish you could have heard all our exclamations of regret at what cannot fail to be a great disappointment to you. I can't tell you how much we both wish you could have known about it and remained with us a few weeks. It is too bad that you have lost this chance in London, but perhaps another and a better one may turn up for you — and after all it may be far better under the present circumstances that you did not produce your play at Drury Lane. Let us hope it is for the best. No doubt something is waiting for you at home — where everybody is sure to welcome you! With regard to me — we are just at this moment trying to decide what is wisest for us to do! Stay in Europe or return to America. If I go home Frank has no objection in the world to my acting — but I don't like to urge him to return on my account or to gratify my ambition possibly at the expense of his health. When I know how he has decided I will let you know, then if you care to let me appear under your management I shall only be too glad to do so. I am sure we shall not disagree on the subject of terms. . . . Harkins offered to play me after two hundred dollars a night and give me one full benefit. If we should be able to arrange what would you like me to do? I have nothing except 'Agnes.' Would you like to do some of your own pieces? I shall be in Paris in the spring and if there should be anything new suitable for me will be on the look out. . . .

Mr. Tracy sends warmest and enthusiastic regards — and I am always sincerely

Yours

Agnes E. Tracy."

Augustin mentions his plans for engagements to be made in London in anticipation of an opening in New York; he sought Miss Neilson with that object. Miss Neilson did not play under his management when he was

reëstablished in New York. In fact her history after this time was a brief one. Her last appearance in America was in July, 1880, and the next month she died in Paris.

Henry Paulton, one of the prime favorites of the English comic stage, was another acquisition Augustin had in mind, but Paulton desired to be introduced as a star on the first visit, for, as he wrote, "I don't want to waste America."

Among the earliest, if not the first, of the proposals to Henry Irving for a tour of the United States was one from Mr. Daly made at this time (March 14, 1879) before he left London. He offered Irving a three months' engagement and half of the gross receipts, guaranteeing \$500 for each performance, Irving to play 5 nights and a matinée each week. If Miss Ellen Terry could be induced to accompany him, she would receive \$500 per week for seven performances, and select her own distinct play for Saturday nights. The company was to be furnished by Mr. Daly and to include a leading English actor to support both Irving and Miss Terry. But it was not for five years—or until 1883—that Irving thought the time propitious for the American experiment, and then he brought his own company and scenery. His début at the Star Theatre (formerly Wallack's) at Thirteenth Street and Broadway will be recalled by many playgoers. It met with the success which my brother anticipated at the early date of which we have been speaking. Everything Irving did in his first days was accepted, and he dared everything. He announced "The Lady of Lyons" at the Lyceum in 1879—Mrs. Wood wrote of it:

"Irving is simply ludicrous as Claude. Terry looks too lovely—but it is not Pauline."

While Augustin was abroad trying to acquire an opening, his library was disposed of at home. It was sold at public auction, at Leavitt's in Clinton Hall, Astor Place (the site of the old Opera House), commencing Monday, October 14, 1878. Curiously enough our old schoolmate John H. V. Arnold sold his library at auction in the same year. His collection contained a great number of theatrical biographies, but was especially notable for its volumes of celebrated and criminal trials, perhaps the most complete in the country. Arnold told me he had to dispose of his books because they took up too much room. If I remember rightly, his catalogue comprised over three thousand lots. I think that, like many other "collectors," having enjoyed the pleasure of accumulating, he longed for the excitement of "dispersing."

The sale of the Daly books continued for five nights, and was reported by Miss Jeannette Gilder and other representatives of the press, day by day, in a very competent and appreciative manner. There were 1037 titles, besides eighty which belonged to Bouton, the bookseller, who catalogued the sale. The total for the 1037 reached \$9969.63, which, after deductions for auction expenses, netted something under \$8500. The auctioneers and Bouton thought the sale very successful, although Bouton conceded that the books did not bring as much as Mr. Daly had paid for them at private sale — largely to Bouton himself. The collection comprised many works extra illustrated by former owners as well as by Daly. Most were of the kind dear to lovers of the theatre.

The most-talked-of item in the catalogue was Mr. Daly's copy of Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, extended to forty-four volumes by the insertion of 3700 plates. There were also Peter Cunningham's "Nell Gwynne"; letters of the comedian J. P. Harley, addressed to George

Daniell, containing matter of interest in the drama generally; the "Attic Miscellany"; and Brough and Cruikshank's "Falstaff," extra illustrated. The volume most cherished by Daly was his own illustrated copy of the "Holland Memorial," — a sketch of the life of George Holland, the veteran comedian, with dramatic reminiscences and anecdotes, Morrell, 1871, Royal 4to, of which only fifty copies were printed. It was extended to two thick volumes, imperial quarto, with upwards of two hundred plates of celebrated actors and actresses, Holland's contemporaries, many original drawings (one by Tom Worth, of Holland, as Dickens' *Fat Boy* in "Pickwick," and another of Holland as *Paul Pry*), together with the original manuscript account of the "Holland Fund." There were Chambers' "Book of Days," extended to twelve volumes (one for each month), an absolutely unique collection, labelled "Human Longevity"; obituaries of many singular persons of both sexes; a collection of fifty years from old newspapers, gazettes, magazines, and scarce books, bound up in five volumes, imp. 8vo., and dated London 1825-75.

Bouton tried to protect some of the "extra illustrated" books relating to the stage by putting an "upset price" upon them and causing them to be bought in for account of Mr. Daly; but all of them, except the Records of the New York Stage, were subsequently worked off in other sales, public or private. Little was left of the proceeds of the sale after repaying Bouton his advances, made to keep the theatre going in its last season.

CHAPTER XX

Return from England. At work upon "L'Assommoir." Engagement of Ada Rehan. Frank W. Sanger. Mrs. Harry Watkins. A fine production of "L'Assommoir," but no public for the prohibition drama. Looking for a theatre; the present site of Daly's is selected. Efforts to bring Irving to America fruitless. Efforts to take Booth to London now fail. Correspondence. Account of Booth's early visit to England. Mrs. Sykes writes about the Terry sisters. An echo of the days of the Melville Troupe. Harry Seymour settled with at last. Making over an old theatre into a new one. How to bring the auditorium down one story. Daly's gift for reconstruction. Charles Fechter disapproves unavailingly. The company engaged. Beginning of a world-famous organization. Their modest salaries, particularly Miss Rehan's and Drew's. Fisher acquiesces. Parkes is horrified, LeClercq resigned, Davidge completely subdued. Georgiana Drew (Mrs. Barrymore). Otis Skinner. Catherine Lewis unknown. Mr. Daly's terms the ruling rates. Miss May Fielding recommended by Miss Ethel. Full list of the company and salaries. Expenses of the new establishment. Youth, talent, ambition, and trust. What Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis (now with Abbey) say.

DALY returned from England considerably poorer than when he went there, except for the knowledge of warm English hospitality and the useful experience of the London theatres and managers. He brought back with him the play "L'Assommoir," which he had seen in Paris and disliked; but Charles Warner had made a great hit in London in the delirium tremens scene as described by Zola, and Mr. John Duff remitted two hundred pounds to bring the play over. He advised Daly to produce it at the Olympic Theatre. Of this venture, in a now out-of-the-way playhouse, whose popularity had departed, it would be unnecessary to record more than its failure,

except that the engagements for the production brought to Mr. Daly's notice the young girl who was later to become a queen of comedy. Mr. Gardner, manager of Mrs. John Drew's Philadelphia theatre, was employed to collect a suitable company for "L'Assommoir," and among his other recommendations came this one:

"New York, April 11, 1879.

My dear Mr. Daly,

Miss Ada Rehan who will play with Miss Davenport at the Grand next week is a tall beautiful girl and splendid actress. I would advise you to see her by all means."

Miss Rehan was playing *Mary Standish* to Miss Fanny Davenport's *Mabel Renfrew* in Daly's "Pique," and showed intelligence and adaptability, aided by a "velvet voice," as Mr. Depew in after years described it. She was engaged for the small part of *Virginia* and afterwards given *Clemence* in the brief run of "L'Assommoir."

The version produced at the Olympic was the French dramatization of Zola's novel done over into English by Mrs. Olive Logan Sykes, who, in fact, negotiated the purchase with the play-broker Mayer.

Among the other actors engaged for "L'Assommoir" were the young Frank W. Sanger, afterwards to become a noted theatrical and operatic manager, Harry Meredith, Frank Drew, and Mrs. Harry Watkins, formerly Mrs. Charles Howard, and earlier, Rosina Shaw, one of three talented sisters, favorites in concert and in drama since 1839. She had been a leading lady for years in England as well as in America, and now, nearing her sixtieth year, proved her vivacity by assuming an urchin part.

With every aid from a competent company, adequate equipment and experienced stage direction, "L'Assommoir"

— as the play was called — failed to receive the favor bestowed upon it in London. The New York public was not to be attracted by such moral dramas as “The Drunkard” and “The Bottle,” which had for many years disputed with “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” the favor of rural audiences. The lack of interest was perceived on the first night. After three weeks the play was withdrawn. This was a greater disappointment to Mr. Duff than to Mr. Daly, who had had little faith in melodramas “of low life after the failure of “The Dark City.” With undiminished confidence in his son-in-law, Mr. Duff now encouraged the renewal of his efforts for a permanent footing, and it was found that the Broadway Theatre (near Thirtieth Street) was in the market.

A moment may be spared to recall a further effort to bring Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry to America. Mrs. Olive Logan Sykes, on Daly’s behalf, enlisted Mr. McHenry, the banker, and Sir Henry Wikoff in this attempt, and had several interviews with Irving, who told her of splendid offers of the same kind from Max Strakosch, Wallack, and Boucicault. She gathered that only Wallack’s had so far been considered; but Irving told her that he liked Mr. Daly and thought him a sincere man. In the course of this talk he broached the scheme of having Edwin Booth play in the Lyceum in London, while he (Irving) played in America, and stated that Booth had written him a long letter about it. He said he admired Booth’s acting and was sure he could please “if his pieces were properly done.” He purposed that Miss Terry should remain in London to support Booth, and that her sisters Marion and Florence should come to America with him. In Mrs. Sykes’ opinion, Mr. Daly’s offer to deposit \$10,000 as security for the tour influenced Mr. Irving, who, as she expressed it, meant to deal with

Mr. Daly "fair and square" as to sharing terms, so that Mr. Daly should not bear all the risk.

Upon receipt of this information, Daly wrote at once to Booth, proposing the season at the Lyceum, and received the following:

"68 Madison Ave.
June 4th, 1879.

Augn. Daly Esqr.

Dear Sir

Mr. Irving is fully acquainted with my views on the subject to which you refer, and I am surprised that he should entertain or express a hope that I should visit England without communicating with me directly. I have not yet 'screwed my resolution to the sticking place' concerning a professional visit to England, consequently am not prepared to negotiate.

Truly yours
Edwin Booth."

The curtness of this response made my brother wonder if it were caused by any personal grievance connected with himself, and he immediately inquired of Booth, who responded in a way to dispel his apprehension, even if it did throw a shadow across the Atlantic:

"June 6th, 1879.

Augustin Daly Esq.

Dear Sir

I cannot conceive why you should suppose me to be influenced against you by some "secret offense"—such is not the case, therefore rid your mind at once of that annoyance—if it be one. The *cause* of my 'surprise' at Mr. Irving's conduct concerns none but our two selves, and, for the present, it must remain a mystery!

Truly yours,
Edwin Booth."

Booth had visited England as early as 1861, opening at the Haymarket what proved to be an unsuccessful

season. He played *Shylock*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Richelieu*, and only in the latter part did he extract anything like warm praise from the press. A brief tour in the provinces carried him to Manchester, where he found Irving in the stock company that supported him. Irving played *Cassio* to his *Othello*, *Laertes* to his *Hamlet*, and *Bassanio* to his *Shylock*. Irving's admiration of Booth's acting doubtless dated from that time; his own rise was rapid from the time that he was "discovered" by Bateman and became the chief attraction of the Lyceum in London.

The unappreciative reception which Booth found in 1861 doubtless caused him for many years to look with no particular favor upon a second journey abroad, and it was not until 1880, the year following his writing of the above letters, that he reappeared in London. This was not at the Lyceum, but at the Princess, under Gooch. His engagement lasted a hundred nights, beginning with *Hamlet*, which was coldly received (this was one of Irving's parts) and followed by *Richelieu*, which again proved most popular. The next year whatever remained of the "mystery" was evidently happily dissipated, for he and Irving played together at the Lyceum in "Othello," Irving assuming *Iago* and Ellen Terry *Desdemona*.

With reference to Irving's suggestion about an engagement for Miss Terry's sisters, it will be interesting to hear of the impression they made upon Mrs. Sykes, who had theatrical experience, was herself gifted with a fine stage presence, and was an excellent judge of that qualification in others :

"May 19.

Miss Marion Terry & her mother called on me the other day. She is very sweet & gentle — almost as much so as Ellen. She is engaged for the Prince of Wales' until a year from next July. Mrs. Terry informed me that she is to get almost the figure you

offered her . . . & all costumes found. . . . The next day she wrote me that their ideas for America were far, far beyond £40 a week . . . Florence is disengaged but they would not let her go out alone. In regard to Ellen there is no use approaching her yet. She is bound to Irving & indeed it is his fixed intention to leave her here when he goes, as he wants pieces done for her & believes she would draw in them."

"July 10, '79.

I have written Helen Stewart to call on me. Mrs. Terry with Marion & Florence called on me yesterday. The girls made a tremendous sensation in the hotel — they are lovely. I am to see Ellen whenever I like, but her mother tells me she don't want to go to America. Mrs. T. says the salary you offer Florence is only £2 a week in advance of what Neville gave her. She says (& others have told me the same) that the established rule with English artists is not to go to America for less than 3 times what they get here, else there is no profit. . . . I am pegging away at 'Newport' and will work in your ideas."

There was another proposition for an American tour which may be briefly referred to. It came from my brother's early friend Mrs. Bateman, and concerned the bringing over of her daughter Isabel and Charles Warner in Wills' play, "Charles I," which had been a very successful English production, and in which Miss Bateman created the part of *Henrietta Maria*.

My brother's own plays continued attractive. While Miss Davenport had a virtual monopoly of the society dramas, Louis James, now starring, wanted "Monsieur Alphonse," and the old favorite "Under the Gaslight" was acquired by Gus Phillips, whose *forte* was "Dutch" dialect parts, and who played the one-armed soldier, *Snorkey*, as a German-American veteran.

If the reader remembers the boyish adventure of the "Melville Troupe," twenty-three years before this,

he will not have forgotten the loyal way in which Harry Seymour, the costumer, without the shadow of a prospect of remuneration for his services, opened his trunks and robed the boys and girls for their performances. It is good to read this extract from a letter of his :

“Seymour’s Costume Dépot, 62
East 12th Street. The largest
collection of Costumes, Arms,
Banners and Paraphernalia for
Theatres, Circuses, Balls and
Tableaux in America.

New York, May 13, 1879.

Augustin Daly Esqr

Dear Sir

Mrs. S. unites with me in rendering to you our heartfelt thanks for the generous assistance rendered to us on the 15th ult. That assistance saved us from being put in the street, and believe me if there is any way or means in our power by which we can more than by thanks gratefully express our appreciation command us and we will prove it. . . .

Believe me ever yours to command

Harry J. Seymour.”

I remember Seymour well, and my brother and I often laughed over the episode of the “Melville Troupe,” recalling poor Harry’s blank face when confronted with an empty exchequer; and how he nevertheless gallantly helped out the desperate youthful venture; but such was my brother’s reticence in those things that until I came upon this letter after his death, I never knew that he had found a means of returning that long-past kindness. And I like to think that out of the mist of those golden days there was evolved from time to time some other figure who came to Augustin and recalled his or her share in the wonderful performance; that even the German band

were ultimately paid according to their magnanimity; and certainly that the good girls, who read up in "Macbeth" and "Poor Pillicoddy" and "Toodles" until they were dead letter perfect, were not forgotten.

But to return to the bustling days of 1879 and the making of "Daly's Theatre." Not the least attraction of this property was that it was so run down and antiquated that it could be had for the very low rental of \$14,000 for the first year and \$16,000 for the next—an important consideration, as the alterations my brother designed would cost at least \$18,000. The first step was to obliterate every reminder of the old "museum" days, among whose later attractions was a huge stone image called the "Cardiff Giant," which had been dug up years before on a farm in the upper part of the State and exhibited as the petrified remains of a prehistoric man. A humorous controversy was started at the time in the press concerning its authenticity. There was no doubt that it had been dug up at the place specified,—affidavits of the fact being plentiful,—but there was much curiosity as to the date of its interment. The publicity warranted Banvard in bringing the huge figure to New York and placing it in this museum among the antiquities on the first floor.

The old theatre had an entrance on Broadway, fifty feet long, terminating in a steep stairway of some nineteen steps which led to the auditorium. The auditorium itself, constructed on a plan almost as antique as the Cardiff Giant, contained a high stage with two proscenium boxes perched over the footlights. Upon this discouraging situation the constructive mind of Mr. Daly brooded but a short time, and then, with the aid of Mr. S. D. Hatch, the architect, contrived the most surprising changes. The auditorium was practically brought down to the ground floor by the simple expedient of distributing the

nineteen steps along the whole length of the fifty foot passage. Four steps were placed at the street, seven between the box office and the main doors, four led up to the ticket-taker's rail, and four more to the auditorium. The entrance was widened and tiled, and the extensive foyer carpeted, furnished, and ornamented with mantels, mirrors, and paintings.

The stage was lowered considerably ; a new proscenium arch was erected to frame the stage pictures ; three private boxes on each side were built, and new ceilings erected. The theatre as it exists to-day presents, after thirty-six years, the design of Mr. Daly, with his decorations and embellishments added from season to season. Augustin dearly loved to exercise his gift for reconstruction — mechanical as well as literary ; but a letter of Charles Fechter voiced the general doubt as to his wisdom in transforming the old house :

"I can't agree with you on the beautiful situation of the Broadway theatre nor can I agree with you on the tearing down of the place and remodeling back and front.

There is to my mind very little to do in the shape of main changes. Decoration is the only want, and working of stage.

You can master in both ; and maybe I can efficiently help in the 'carry-out' of your thoughts and improvements. But — for God's sake (and your own) don't begin with real extravagant expenses — but *make believe* they are accomplished.

The masses will know no better and give you the same credit as if you foolishly ruined yours, before even opening your doors."

As in the opening of the Fifth Avenue Theatre ten years before, the manager now surrounded himself mostly with young ambition. There were new policies to be pursued for which new and plastic talent was required. The two members of the Daly company destined to be linked indissolubly together in the memories of the longest and

brightest day of his management were content to begin with moderate salaries for the sake of being attached to that management:

"June 29th, 1879.

My dear Mr. Daly

In accordance with your desire that I should state my terms, may I hope that forty dollars (\$40) per week will not seem an 'iniquitous' demand. I have, I feel, improved in one point at least since our former connection, & that is in my manner of speaking, which, as you are aware, frequently rendered what I had to say in a degree unintelligible by reason of bad enunciation and rapidity. This, I think, I have 'reformed altogether' by almost an entire season in a semi-serious part which demanded slowness & distinct utterance.

Hoping to hear from you when you have given the above your consideration I remain

Yours very sincerely
John Drew."

"324 West 33rd. St.

My dear Mr. Daly

I beg to say that I will accept your offer of thirty or thirty-five dollars per week for next season. Hoping sincerely that it may be in your power — as I am sure it is your inclination — to make it the latter,

I remain
Very sincerely
John Drew."

"Long Branch, June 26th/79.

Augustin Daly Esq.

Dear Sir

Having heard that you propose to manage the Broadway Theatre the coming season I would like to negotiate for a position with you to play the juvenile & light comedy, or in fact such parts as I may be suited for. I have several good offers for next season, some to travel, others for permanent positions,

but I want to remain (if possible) in the City and I would like very much to play under your management, if agreeable to you. My salary will be reasonable. I have a very handsome & abundant wardrobe, & am constantly adding to it. If you think you (can) entertain my application I would be pleased to hear from you, soon as possible, even if you cannot make definite arrangements. Let me have your views, that I may know how to decide about other offers. Trusting to get a reply as early as convenient

I am yours truly
Ada Rehan."

"Dear Sir

I am in receipt of your favor. I am willing to risk engaging with you, with no stipulated time, trusting you will do what is right in casting me for such parts as you deem advisable. I will make my salary \$40 per week, and that is the very lowest I can entertain. I have several advantageous offers, and two, *I give you my word of honor*, are for \$50. Thus you perceive I am trying to meet your views as to salary. Will you kindly let me know your reply as I have to give the Chestnut in Phila. an answer, as they are waiting & I must decide soon. I may say that I will dress everything as elaborately as will be consistent with the character. Hoping to hear from you, I am

Yours sincerely
Ada Rehan.

P.S. Will you please say when you expect your season to commence."

"Dear Sir:

I write to formally close the engagement with you for the season of '79 & '80. I accept your offer of \$35 per week with the understanding that you will increase it as you promised should I be worth more to you — which I sincerely trust will be the case. What I am most anxious for is to play good business, as I am refusing a positive leading position & higher salary to accept the engagement with you. However I will leave the matter of bus.

entirely in your hands feeling confident you will do what is just.
Let me hear if this is understood satisfactorily.

Yours very truly

Ada Rehan.

Byron Cottage, Atlanticville, Long Branch, July 9th '79."

Charles Fisher wrote :

"N.Y. June 24th, 1879.

74 West 53d St.

Dear Sir

I will take \$100 per week. I cannot take less, and I am confident there is not at any first-class theatre in the City an actor holding my position with so small salary. I mean men like Gilbert, Stoddart, Parselle & Beckett &c. These gentlemen get from twenty five to fifty per cent more than I ask, and are sometimes out of the bills till they grumble, an arrangement with which I should not be so discontented. I think this proves I have considered the change in times and prices. I remain

Dear Sir

Yours respectfully

Charles Fisher."

George Parkes, who had lately been starring, wrote in reply to the question what salary he expected,—

"Of course the most I can get, and as you are the Napoleon of managers as regards salaries, placing them upon a footing that others had to compete with, I think I am safe in trusting to your decision."

Mr. Daly seems to have rewarded this confidence of Parkes by an offer which elicited the following:

"July 3d.

Shades of Cesar *Napoleon*, never! — Well, hardly ever. Star in Dundreary one season and offered \$35 the next! 'Après moi le déluge!' After my expenses both private & public I have

no doubt *I might* borrow enough to eke out the season — but should I die — there's the rub. *I will descend* from Mont Blanc (the height I had placed the salary) to \$40, and could not meet my expenses and debts under, though I have no doubt many *can afford* to do so.

Yours in melancholia

G. Parkes."

Charles Leclercq, as accomplished a character artist as ever lived, was content with \$50. Davidge, one of the sterling actors of his day, who bore one of the kindest of hearts and possessed a wealth of professional learning, wrote:

"Give me \$60. You know I am worth a great deal more than the sum you name, and believe me

Yours sincerely

Wm. Davidge."

And he was persuaded to take \$50. Mollenhauer (E. R.), one of the best conductors of his day, furnished an orchestra of sixteen pieces, including three soloists, and his own services as conductor, for \$280 per week. James Roberts, scenic artist, one of the daintiest brushes of any theatre, was content with \$60.

Of those who wished to enroll with Mr. Daly were the charming Georgie Drew, wife of Maurice Barrymore, and Otis Skinner, then at the outset of his career. It is part of the history of those youthful days that he was willing to accept terms identical with those of Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan.

Among the comparatively unknown names on the first programme of the new house was that of Catherine Lewis. As the season progressed and she was fitted with parts up to her capacity for acting as well as singing, the press declared that she furnished another instance of

Mr. Daly's genius for discovering unsuspected talent. She was engaged primarily for singing parts in the musical programme with which he intended to vary his entertainments. She was not altogether a beginner, but she was beginning with Mr. Daly, and her last letter and his ultimatum are characteristic:

"July 15, '79.
137 Henry St. New York.

Dear Mr. Daly

I will accept your offer of \$45 per week as Prima Donna for the season 79-80 at your Theatre in New York — you to furnish me with all costumes complete.

Sincerely yours
Catherine Lewis."

Mr. Daly's reply is drafted at the foot of the last communication and is notable for his resolution to eliminate the "star" feature from his company:

"I accept the terms & the costumes: leave out the Prima Donna phraseology: substitute 'for chief singing business' or anything else of that kind."

A very charming person, Miss May Fielding, wholly new to the stage, was recommended to Mr. Daly by Mrs. Agnes Ethel Tracy.

A number of young people with good voices were added. The full list included Harry Lacy, Hart Conway, Frank Bennett, E. P. Wilkes, and Messrs. Iredale, Edwards, Sterling, Hunting, Morton, Brien, Watson, Solomon, Murphy, Edgar Smith, Walsh, Burnham, Lawrence, and Newborough; Mrs. Poole, and the Misses Helen Blythe, Margaret Lanner, Maggie Harrold, Regina Dace, Mabel Jordan, Annie Wakeman, Estelle Clayton, May Bowers, Georgiana Flagg, Isabel Everson, Nellie Howard, Lillie

Vinton, Emma Hinckley, Sydney Nelson, Sara Lascelles, Maggie Barnes, Laura Thorpe, Emma Wharton, Emma Hamilton, Lillie Stewart, A. Lovell, Fanny McNeil, Grace Logan, Ella Remetze, and Dora Knowlton, who, long after, put her experiences into a book called "A Daly Débutante."

It is pleasant to know that Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder applied for a position as delineator of "comedy and character old woman." She was born in 1811, was at first a "child star," and after growing up played *Ophelia* to Charles Kemble's *Hamlet*. And it is interesting, too, to find "Yankee Locke" (so named from his "down east" dialect parts) soliciting the place of "chief comedian in the new corps dramatique." As *Maitresse de ballet*, Miss Malvina was engaged, a capable artist and sterling woman.

Some pecuniary details are not unwelcome, especially when they serve for contrast with present conditions, and show with what seamanship the still youthful manager prepared himself for all weathers. The weekly salaries for seventeen ladies and fourteen gentlemen were \$1077, and for twenty-three chorus, \$248; the mechanics' or stage hands' wages were \$236; the scenic artist's, \$60; the ushers', doorkeepers', &c., \$88; the gas bill, \$80; and advertising in sixteen papers, \$300. From this it will be seen that the new management was not to be ruined by extravagance. The figures strike us to-day as marvellous. They show what the people of the stage were willing to do for Mr. Daly and for art; and that they knew that his economies put no money in his own pocket at the expense of others.

The absence of Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis from the ranks this first season causes one so much regret that I cannot forbear anticipating a little and giving this extract

from a letter Mrs. Tracy wrote to Augustin the same autumn from Buffalo:

"I saw Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis this A.M. They played here one week in 'Engaged' to fair business. They both said they would like to be with you again. We talked about old 5th Avenue days."

FIFTH PERIOD: 1879-1883



CHAPTER XXI

Opening of Daly's Theatre, September 18, 1879. "Love's Young Dream" and "Newport." Miss Rehan's début in a small singing part. The quest for plays. Death of John Brougham. Death of "Count Joannes." His last letter. "Divorce." "Wives," by Bronson Howard, from Molière. "An Arabian Night." "Man and Wife." Mrs. Gilbert drops in on Daly. James Lewis returns. Oakey Hall and the prohibition drama. "Oofty Gooft." "The Fellers Wot Be's Around." Owen Gormley, the back-door keeper. Patrick McCarthy, night watchman. Richard Redding, colored factotum. Business managers. Mr. John Farrington. Mr. John A. Duff. "The Royal Middy." "The Way We Live." End of the season. General Sherman.

WHEN the doors were opened on the night of September 18, 1879, the spectators deemed the transformation of the old Broadway Theatre a miracle of ingenuity and taste. The entertainment was a comedietta in one act called "Love's Young Dream," in which Miss Rehan and Miss Fielding appeared with Fisher, Parkes, Lacy, and Wilkes. This was followed by a comedy in three acts, "Newport," by Mrs. Olive Logan Sykes, in which Miss Lewis appeared with Davidge, Leclercq, Drew, Conway, and the whole company of débutantes.

All the young people sang. In the first piece Miss Rehan had a duet with Miss Fielding, and Miss Fielding a duet with Lacy, and a *romanza*. In the second piece the chorus had several numbers, and Miss Lewis and Hart Conway a musical programme of considerable length. The entertainment, a blending of the dramatic and lyrical, was not voted a success. What the audience

carried away that first night was the memory of a host of bright young people, eager to please and full of promise.

Many plays were submitted to Daly's consideration at this time. Julian Magnus and H. C. Bunner (editor of *Puck*) offered a vaudeville composed by themselves, for which they proposed to have music set by Tissington. Sara Stevens, who played *Hero* to the elder Wallack's *Benedick* in 1857, and old women with Lester Wallack in 1878, wished Mr. Daly to give matinées of a play by John Brougham, "Lenore." Her letter was written but a short time before Brougham's death. That most amiable and talented of actors, who had for nearly forty years been a public favorite, quitted the stage this year and died in June, 1880. An annuity, purchased with \$10,000, the proceeds of a benefit given for him, was enjoyed but two years before his death. Bronson Howard had left with Daly, long before, an adaptation of two comedies of Molière ("L'Ecole des Femmes" and "L'Ecole des Maris") which he called "Wives."

The present shadow of failure was of course lightened by gleams of humor, some of which were furnished by a grave epistle from the Count Joannes delicately suggesting an attractive programme — "Richard III," in which he said he had played at the Lyceum to \$1188, "while another personage played the same character on the same evening, and only a few streets distant, to a beggarly \$420." The letter omitted the fact that the Count's great house was composed of an uproarious crowd assembled to ridicule his performance. This was probably among the last letters the poor "Count" ever penned, for shortly after he died in his room in a small hotel on Sixth Avenue. He preserved his fiery spirit to the last, as well as his polished manners. One of his latest ex-

ploits was a celebration of the centennial of Paul Jones, which he said made him "troops of friends."

"Divorce" was presented on October 1, and was so well received that it was played altogether twenty-three times. Miss Davenport's rôle, *Lu Ten Eyck*, was first assigned to Miss Mabel Jordan (daughter of the well-known Emily Thorne and of George Jordan, once the rival of Lester Wallack), but on second thoughts was given to one of the most modest members of the new company — Miss Ada Rehan — who carried it with a buoyancy that brought the revival an unexpected measure of success. While it was running, Bronson Howard's "Wives" was rapidly prepared, and on October 18 was produced with immediate success. Had it been presented as the opening bill, it would have made a difference in the fortunes of the season. Musical numbers were introduced for Miss Lewis, and a fascinating chorus of Musketeers. Howard wrote from London :

"My dear Daly,

I have been through a variety of feelings during the last few weeks which I can now laugh at — and perhaps I owe you an apology for some of them, now that you have brought 'Wives' to a triumphant result. When I first read your announcement I tore what little hair I have and wished I had had warning to revise the piece after 5 years' added experience. When I saw the fuller programme I pranced around under the impression that you were doing up the piece in some *modern* shape; and where under the sun the '20 young ladies' could come in for a chorus (?) puzzled and troubled me. I am glad I did not meet you just then on a dark night in a side street. Then I saw no mention of Molière in the advertisement, and I needed all my Christian training to respect the catechism. At last I saw an announcement with Molière in, and saying the scene was in the time of Louis XIV. I calmed down a little. Then the full

announcement of the last day made me still more serene. I received the press notices yesterday, and of course I am now complacently rejoicing in the evident success. I am very glad that you credited Mr. Williams with the songs and choruses, for, while I dare say they are good for the popular effect I am pleased not to be responsible for them, as I might meet Molière's ghost walking through a churchyard some night and he'd get the best of me. Accept my thanks for the manner in which you must have put the piece on.

Sincerely yours
Bronson Howard."

"Wives" was played forty-eight times, and then replaced by one of those comedies adapted from the German which afterwards became identified with Daly's Theatre. This was Von Moser's "Haroun al Raschid," produced December 1, 1879, under the name of "An Arabian Night, or Haroun al Raschid and his Mother-in-law." It was greatly enjoyed, and played seventy-six times.

The company meanwhile was kept in training for more important work by the revival of "Man and Wife" for matinées with Miss Blythe as *Anne*, Miss Jordan as *Blanche*, Mrs. Poole as *Hester Dethridge*, Morton as *Geoffrey*, Drew as *Arnold*, and Leclercq as *Sir Patrick*. As in the case of "Divorce," the only representative of the original cast was Davidge, who repeated his inimitable *Bishopriggs*.

In December our old friend Mrs. Gilbert, on her way through New York with Abbey's company, called to see her former manager. It was a great meeting and outpouring of souls, and the result appears in the following letter:

"January 10', 1880.

My dear Mr. Daly

It is perfectly understood on my part that I am engaged with you for your next season of 1880 and 1881 at seventy dollars

per week and I can assure you the thought of being with you again gives me a great deal of pleasure.

Yours very sincerely,
Mrs. G. H. Gilbert."

From the time that "Grandma" had her interview, she resolved (and she told Mr. Daly so) that James Lewis should return to the fold. Her determination resulted in his engagement for the next season.

A matinée was given by Mr. Daly in aid of the Seventh Regiment fund for furnishing its new armory on Park Avenue, which was now, December, 1879, opened with a fair, to which everybody contributed with the greatest good will. The thanks of the Board of Managers was conveyed to Mr. Daly by Colonel Emmons Clark.

In the face of the late failure of "L'Assommoir," the enthusiastic Oakey Hall, now engaged on *The World*, wrote to Mr. Daly twice that he "could not resist the feeling that a moral domestic drama, based on the vices of drunkenness and gambling, would be a go if produced during the Lenten season to touch the society people already stirred by the 'moderate drinking' movement." The manager, suffering from his late experience, found it quite easy himself to resist that feeling.

Louis James wrote from Indiana for a strong emotional play for Miss Marie Wainwright and himself. James, as we know, was the original *Yorick*, and surpassed in force and pathos Barrett, who undertook the part later. With serious appreciation of his calling he could have gone far, but he was fatally lacking in that quality; and we know that dramatic art rewards only earnest votaries. Another correspondent of that time was the distressed but undaunted adventurer "Oofty Gooft" (Gus Phillips), who was constantly struggling with the royalties of

"Under the Gaslight." At various times he wrote: "I send on to-day per express one hundred dollars in hard money — hard to get, hard to keep, and hard to part with. Yours for sure." "I am broke but smiling." "Will try and make you happy as soon as possible. Business very tart. Yours regretfully!" "Had to borrow money to get out of town. Am obliged to inquire of my friends the time of day. Oofty."

I may properly mention here "The Fellers Wot Be's Around," a supposed coterie of quaint and appreciative habitués of the upper gallery, who, since 1855, had been patrons of the famous New York theatres, had continued their attendance through the old Burton and Wallack days to those of both Fifth Avenues, and had now followed the fortunes of Daly to his new home. These modest visitors never revealed their identity to the manager, but after important productions usually wrote him a friendly review, nothing extenuating, however, which he never failed to show me. It was written on an elaborate sheet of note-paper with a filet border of red and blue lines, a monogram at the top, and colored triangular spaces in the upper corners with the legend, "1855-1879; Compliments of the fellers wot be's around. Memorandum." They did not hesitate to make known their wants, too, as appears by a communication àpropos of a scarcity of programmes on the first night of "Wives":

"To persons attending a theatrical performance for instruction or amusement, two things occur to us as being essential: A good play and — a 'Bill of the Play.' The first of these you provided on Saturday night, the latter you did not. To us who are old 'rounders' and familiar with the voice, gait and peculiarities of most of the actors and actresses on the American Stage, a bill is not indispensable to enable us to recognize the performers, except at your theatres, where you have provided so many new

faces this season. But then, we keep a file of all ‘Bills of the Play’ — We were unable to procure one on the first night of ‘Wives.’ Therefore, knowing how obliging you have been to us in the past, we make bold to tax your generosity once more, and request that you will kindly furnish us with a copy if possible — Of course we shall see ‘Wives’ again, and then we can get a ‘Bill’ — but it will not be a ‘first night’ one.

Trusting you will pardon our temerity,
we are still

‘The Fellers Wot Be’s Around.’

To Augustin Daly

New York, Oct. 20, 1879.”

It was in this season that a certain official, who had been celebrated by no less a person than Mark Twain, first loomed portentously upon all who approached the stage door of Daly’s. This was the redoubtable “Owen,” whose last name almost nobody but the manager and the treasurer knew. Mr. Gormley was an Irishman of enormous strength and peaceable habits, formerly stage doorkeeper in A. T. Stewart’s old theatre where “Under the Gaslight” and “Griffith Gaunt” were played; he applied to Mr. Daly for a place as soon as he heard of the new venture. Owen could take an ordinary man under each arm and walk off with them. It is related of him that once at Stewart’s old theatre, when it became necessary to move a long “box sign” which spanned the wide sidewalk from the building to the curb, and four men staggered under the weight of one end of it, Owen picked up and carried the other end with the greatest ease. He had a weakness, of course (as what strong man has not?), and possessed quite a collection of documents certifying in due form that he had “taken the pledge.” For twenty years almost every dramatist worthy of the name knew Owen. He was uniformly courteous, but

his incredulity with regard to alleged appointments with Mr. Daly grew to be a painful idiosyncrasy. He suspected cards and took no messages. It got to be so that Mr. Daly himself lived in anxiety for fear of forgetting to notify Owen of expected callers. Howard Paul wound up a business letter to Mr. Daly with this flattering reference to Owen :

"English stage-doorkeepers are the devil to deal with, but I think your man captures the cake — if not the card."

Apropos of the maze that had to be traversed from the stage entrance to reach the manager's office, the experience of a correspondent of the *Detroit Post* is related by himself :

"Inquiring for Daly, they said he was in his office. I got a guide and started for it, for though I had been there before nobody should be so foolhardy as to try to find Augustin Daly's office without a robust and intelligent guide, and, if possible, he should also have an alpenstock and a St. Bernard dog. We started about 7.30. It is harder than it is to find the editor of *Puck*, and is somewhat like going under the Hudson River in the tunnel. We went around the block, entered a harmless-looking door, threaded an alley, entered another door, stepped over a tremendous dog, went through a little closet with seven people in it, entered a hall at the other end of which were illuminated folding doors, exited here and sprang up a flight of steps to a landing, down more steps, past 13 dressing rooms, past some theatre flies, over some books on the floor, under something about three feet high that looked like the mast of a ship fallen down, through a sort of trap door at the left into a dark room. 'You had better go slow here,' remarked the guide. 'Wait till I step and open the door.' I presently followed a gleam through a sort of work-shop, where I fell over a saw-horse. In another stairway I saw some Chinese lanterns and suits of armor. We went through six more rooms and up some

stairs, and I was just regretting that I hadn't brought my lunch with me when the guide knocked on a door and we were admitted by Mr. Daly himself. I know now what makes his plots so intricate. But what bothers me when I think of the labyrinth is that I don't remember crossing the street anywhere."

Not less devoted than Owen, and altogether exemplary through all the years, was "Patrick" (McCarthy), the prince of night watchmen. He it was who came to my brother at the Grand Opera House for a job, and remained ever after, to be one of his most esteemed friends and aids, and one of the faithful, like "Owen," remembered in Augustin's will. But the "character" of the establishment was undoubtedly "Richard" (Redding), certainly a descendant of some grand vizier, chancellor, or diplomat of the Congo, whose duties were the handling of stage furniture and bric-a-brac, errands, sweeping and cleaning; and on festive occasions, neatly got up, he acted as butler in the Woffington room. His *forte* was correspondence, and although discouraged by Mr. Daly would continue to inflict it upon his "good boss." The subjects of his epistles ranged from an application for an advance of \$5 because he had "a tuf wife to deal with" and required the money "before he could go out on the road," to numerous misunderstandings with his fellow employees (white) whose dictation he resented, and family concerns of the highest importance, which called at one time for the desperate expedient described in the following letter:

"Mr. Daly.

I would like you to let me off for about an hour. I want to go and secure a room for myself as I intend to Live alone the balance of my days. It comes to this after my working over twenty two years to make my family comfortable at one time I had 10 children now there is only two Left & they are

both Girls & growe up but of no use to me Whatever. I have clear proff to show where the fault is but will omit it at present, I wish to be able in their absence to bid good buy to the traitors tomorrow night in this way I want 3 passes to give them to come & see the show tomorrow night then I only want one hour to go home & get my trunk & a few things all on the quiet. this I must do sure without delay & I ask for \$3.00 to help me out of this bad fix that a villain has got me in.

Your most obedient

servant

Richard."

Richard ultimately, many years after, died in the bosom of his family.

It was in this season that Mr. Daly attached to his fortunes Mr. John Farrington, who, after serving in this theatre for many years, was taken to London and remained as business manager in Daly's Theatre there, until his death in 1912. James Tait oversaw the mechanical part of the stage and John Moore was stage manager. Mr. Fred Williams, an expert writer of lyrics, assisted in the musical features which were now to be identified with this establishment.

The presiding genius of the front of the house was, of course, Mr. John A. Duff, whose portly and commanding figure presided over the foyer, welcomed the members of the press, and discouraged with a stony look applicants for free admissions. A dapper person once cheekily approached the rail over which Mr. Duff was leaning according to custom, and said he supposed that "professionals" were welcome. "What kind of professionals?" queried Mr. Duff. "This kind," said the cheeky individual, and leaping from the step, he turned a magnificent back somersault into the lobby, and then without waiting to see the effect vanished into the street!

Mr. Duff's happiness was to see an eager stream of people passing through the gate. When only a thin stream trickled through, to a play doomed to failure, he always repeated with conviction, "They'll come yet!"

After the long run of "An Arabian Night," "The Royal Middy" was produced on January 29, 1880. This was an adaptation of Richard Genée's comic opera, the "See-Kadett," which had had an immense success in Germany. Miss Lewis was *Fanchette* the Zingara, who, assuming the disguise of a royal midshipman, led as brilliant a band of marine boy-warriors as were ever marshalled on the quarter-deck of a theatre. Eighty-six performances were given of this comedy-opera.

On Saturday night, May 10, Mr. Daly produced his adaptation from the German of L'Arronge, "Die Wohlthätige Frauen," to which he gave the name "The Way We Live." In it Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan were cast for the first time in comedy parts of the kind they afterwards made famous. It was a satire upon those society ladies who engage in charitable enterprises for worldly reasons, to the neglect of private duties — not a very novel theme, but easily adaptable to any modern community. "The Way We Live" was played twenty-one times, and the season closed on May 31 with "The Royal Middy" for the matinée and "An Arabian Night" in the evening; the company — divided into two parts, dramatic and musical — departing for a tour through the principal cities while the theatre was let to the Salsbury Troubadours with their pretty interlude "The Brook."

During this season of seven months and a half, the new theatre had but one failure (the opening bill) and three unquestioned successes. With an established theatre such an experience would have resulted in a handsome balance at the banker's after paying all expenses, including the

costly Louis XIV costuming of "Wives," and the gorgeous seventeenth century mounting of "The Royal Middy." But the new *Daly's* was not an established theatre; it was a struggling beginner, and so the pecuniary balance of the season was on the wrong side. My brother's anxieties, of course, were very great; but his eyes must have opened wide when he was now offered thirty thousand dollars for the balance of his lease! The offer came through the lessor's agent, Mr. Dexter. It was declined.

An exceptionally hot summer affected the tour of the company and of all travelling entertainments. Of Boston, he writes that the circus and baby elephant gave the musical company its quietus in the last week. In Chicago the manager met his friend General Sherman, just in from his headquarters at Washington, who wrote:

"Dear Daly

Am just in. Will take great pleasure in seeing your new play Arabian Night — and, better still, your own dear self. I am just starting out, but will fill the box at 8 or shortly after."

CHAPTER XXII

The Season of 1880-1881. "Tiote" a failure. Reasons assigned for Daly's want of success. "Our First Families." "Needles and Pins" the first hit of the season. "Zanina" and the Nautch girls. Digby Bell. "Cinderella at School" a favorite in spite of the musical critics. A débutante's expenses. Salaries doubled. End of the season. "All the Rage." "Old Women of the Stage." Green Room rules. Play pirate ejected from the theatre. Books left over from the sale of 1878, disposed of.

A MELODRAMAS, "Tiote," the scene laid in Wales, and introducing a romantic gypsy element, opened the next season on August 15, 1880. At least five new engagements were made for it, notably Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Emily Rigl, and Miss Virginia Brooks, a graduate of the Brooklyn Amaranth Society. Miss Rehan was *Isopel* the gypsy, and Mr. Drew the wandering *Jack Ferrers*. Some reminiscence of George Borrow and the fleeting vision of his heroine of the dingle may be discerned here. Notwithstanding brilliant acting and scenery and novel comedy touches, and the cordial and appreciative notices of the press, the play succumbed to hot weather and that undefinable something that will so often baffle theatrical hopes. One writer, unable to understand this failure, suddenly discovered that it was due to Mr. Daly's managerial autocracy and the public dislike of Cæsars and Napoleons, as instanced by the recent defeat of General Grant at the nominating convention in Chicago. Daly, it was alleged, conducted his theatres to suit himself, as if his motto were not "We study to please," but "I do as I please." But a very patent reason for the falling

off of patronage might have been discovered in the absence of sprightly little Miss Catherine Lewis, who after her successive successes in "An Arabian Night," "Wives," and "The Royal Middy," turned into a star and took her attractive personality to a theatre down the street. Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis made their début in "Our First Families," by Edgar Fawcett. Fawcett's comedy ran for nearly six weeks, and was followed by "Needles and Pins," in which Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Lewis were first recognized as the famous quartet which for so many seasons endeared Daly's Theatre to the public. The play was an adaptation of Rosen's "Starke Mitteln" or "Strong Measures," and made the first distinct hit of the season, its run of a hundred nights being suspended only because Mr. Daly was under contract to introduce in a new opera a remarkable novelty, a troupe of Nautch dancers from India. They were brought over by Mr. Harry W. French (author of "Art and Artists"); not without difficulty, however, as he had to obtain government permission. The troupe and their attendants were finally gathered together and sent by water to Southampton, where they took the North German Lloyd for New York. Mr. French wrote to Mr. Daly, impressing the necessity of having arrangements made for their comfort upon their arrival, in order to gain "a strong hold upon their hearts, for they are like so many three year old babies." There were magicians in the troupe who were accompanied by their cobras, and French wrote of the latter:

"One of them is a little seedy and his charmer is very low-spirited, but we have hopes, as he still takes his regular rations. The rest are enjoying the voyage as heartily as possible under the circumstances, smuggled in a bag, which is smuggled in a box. I hope some Custom-house officer will put his hand

in there. I think he will pass the rest of the chests. . . . I have made up the enclosed memo. of the sort of accommodations the Hindoos will require. The most important thing is steady heat. There should be three rooms, or a large room with three apartments, one for the women to sleep in, one for the men to sleep in, and one for both to eat, cook and sit in. They will want simple cot beds in a row and plenty of blankets, and some sort of cheap blankets or mats to sit on. In the large room give them a large, old-fashioned Franklin stove with three large bricks to arrange on the hearth instead of andirons, to cook; and plenty of rice and curry powder and vegetables and flour. Most of them will eat mutton too, but *never* pork or beef. They must never come in contact with either in any shape or form. They drink tea, coffee, water, and are particularly fond of milk. They want a few porcelain-lined pots and a few spoons for cooking, but simply plates and cups, as they eat with their fingers. Another very essential thing is a large sink of some sort in each bedroom into which they can get and spatter themselves all over with water every day."

Mr. Daly hired an entire upper floor of Bangs' restaurant, a building directly opposite the theatre, and fitted it up for their use. They were delighted with it and with the opportunity to sit at the windows and look out on Broadway. On the evening of January 18, 1881, they appeared for the first time before an American audience in an opera by Genée, adapted and produced under the title of "Zanina, or the Rover of Cambaye," in which Miss Joyce, Miss Rehan, Miss Fielding, Lewis, Digby Bell, and John Brant appeared. Genée's music was of a high order. There were remarkable scenic effects, one being a tropical tornado.

This was the first appearance of Digby Bell with Mr. Daly, and his fine voice and natural comic powers were immediately appreciated. James Lewis had a congenial burlesque part, and he and Bell made the uproarious fun

of the third act in the startling disguises required by the plot.

The snake-charmers were introduced in the first scene, a public square, handling their deadly pets and attended by an alert mongoose, which darted here and there, ready to pounce upon any refractory or evasive reptile and bring it to subjection. The magicians appeared in the second scene, an Indian bungalow, and after knife-throwing and other feats, gave the famous Indian basket trick. A little lad, about twelve years old and perhaps five feet high, stepped into a round basket eighteen inches in diameter and less than a foot in height, and stooped over until his hands touched his feet. A shawl was then thrown over him, and this shawl was seen gradually to subside as if the boy were gradually melting into the basket. Upon the shawl being withdrawn, only the basket was visible; and its cover being replaced, one of the men took a long sword and passed it several times through the side of the basket until the point showed on the opposite side. Then the shawl was again spread over the basket, was violently agitated, and then thrown aside by the boy, who stood up smiling before the spectators.

The entrance of the Nautch dancers was now announced by music — a Hindoo orchestra seated in the rear. As to the dance, there was no exhibition of agility, and no pretence of figure about it. To the monotonous thrumming and twanging of the native musicians went on the unvarying shuffle, shuffle, shuffle of the bare feet, the graceful swaying of the body, and waving of the jewelled arms. The girls were comely (except the one with the nose ring, which was fastened to one nostril), and their eyes were humid, lustrous, and full of curiosity. The ebony lady of the group was the only one that smiled and seemed to enjoy the novel experience.

It happened that the winter of 1880-1881, the greater part of which the Nautch girls spent in America, was one of uncommon cold that set in early and lasted long, and was very trying to the young women. They did not stir out before their début except to the theatre, when they sat on the floor of one of the private boxes, hidden by the gilded lattice front, through which they peered at the young girls dancing in the ballet in "Needles and Pins" (a charming measure); they were fascinated by the vigor, swiftness, and grace of the Americans. They said to Mr. Daly through their interpreter, "We can do nothing like that."

After the début, my brother's wife and mine entertained the visitors at our homes. The demeanor of the Hindu women could not be surpassed for refinement, ease, and naturalness. Their bearing was that of persons accustomed to society, and the grace of their movements was conspicuous in response to every little attention. Their intelligence was such that without the aid of language our ladies appeared to be able to carry on an animated interchange of ideas with them. They remained in America until the end of the run of "Zanina" (a month), when they returned to their native country — all but one, who succumbed to the hardness of the winter, and died in this country.

On March 5, 1881, "Cinderella at School" was produced. Mr. Woolson Morse came to Daly with the manuscript of a musical play suggested by Robertson's "School," which, in turn, had been taken from the German. Morse was without musical education, but carried in his head a number of pretty tunes. Mollenhauer, the leader of the orchestra, put the composer's ideas into form and did the harmonizing and orchestrating.

The bright young women of the company who were

working hard to deserve promotion knew that the manager could always be reached by a straightforward letter. Here is the budget of a débutante when the question of engagements for the next season came up:

"My dear Mr. Daly

Your good opinion makes me very happy. I feel quite safe in trusting my art future with you. . . . I hate to talk about money, detestable stuff! but I must. I have managed to scramble through this season with the aid of what I saved from last; that fund is now pretty much exhausted & I am living entirely on my salary. I will give you a fair estimate of my living expenses:

Board and room	\$10.
Laundress	1.50
Car fare	.90
Lunch during rehearsal	2.
Escort home at night	1.50
Toilet articles	<u>1.</u>
	<u>\$16.90</u> total

Allow a fair margin for proper clothing, dentistry, travelling expenses and board during summer's rest and you will have my lowest terms, of which I am gladly willing to give you the benefit.

Sincerely

—,

Like most of the young débutantes, the writer had begun at \$15 and was now getting \$20. It ought of course to be noted that all the original salaries had been increased, and those of the young principals like Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew were doubled. The elders, too, who had made such concessions at the beginning, had to be satisfied. Looking back upon this period, it is delightful to know that, through all his distresses and disappointments, my brother gave affectionate care to all who were

dependent upon him not only for the daily wage, but for what was infinitely more precious, thoughtfulness and consideration :

"September 28" 1880.

Dear Governor

Just a line to thank you for all your kindness and care of me during our Tour, and when I say I thank you I mean all and more than that word implies.

I know I was a nuisance many times and felt it keenly, but I tried not to bore you any more than I could help.

Yours sincerely
Grandma."

The writer, Mrs. Gilbert, was one of the more effective of the persons in "Cinderella," and as *Miss Zenobia Tropics*, head mistress of the "Papyrus Seminary for Young Ladies," marshalled her fun-loving scholars not only with Amazonian firmness, but with a terpsichorean grace which had no equal. As for Lewis, he was a figure that might have stepped out of Rowlandson's eccentric drawings.

Poor Morse's attempt at musical composition was hammered dreadfully by the musical critics of the great dailies, and that kept many people away, but the play as a play was such a good piece of fun, carried off with such a wealth of beauty, youth, and spirit, that it was presented no less than sixty-five times; not to large houses, nor even full ones; but the manager was resolved to give it the whole remainder of the regular season.

The season closed on April 30, 1881, and the house was given over to W. D. Eaton's comedy, "All the Rage."

A letter from Lawrence Hutton this season says that he is delighted to think that Mr. Daly contemplates seriously a book on the "Old Women" (of the stage) — an "Old Women" series to be got up in size and shape

somewhat after the style of the "English Men of Letters," and that he hopes they are really to have the benefit of Mr. Daly's pen. The manager's pen just then was employed on several tasks; one, a letter to a brother manager detected in tempting one of the company to leave, suggesting that he give notice in advance what particular performer he covets, and receive authoritative information of the individual's pay, so that the professional market may not be unduly and unnecessarily inflated. Another letter was to Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, expressing the opinion that a proposed statute which interfered with the discretion exercised by that Society, in regard to permitting the appearance of children on the stage, was not called for; the Society being entirely competent to deal with every case. Another composition was a notice posted in the Green Room explaining that the manager was compelled with regret to add a new fine to those already incorporated in the rules of the theatre, "for unwarrantably loud laughter, singing, or talking in the dressing rooms," and adding that "quiet admonitions, gentle warnings, and kind words go unheeded." Doubtless, when the light-hearted débutantes gathered at night, their interchange of ideas became too audible. I believe that no addition to the treasury was effected by this new measure, and nobody resigned. Still another employment for Mr. Daly's pen was a letter to the papers in reply to criticism of his right to eject from the theatre a person found surreptitiously taking notes of the music of "The Royal Middy." The ushers deprived the culprit of the notes he had taken, returned him the price of his ticket, and showed him the door. He threatened a suit for damages, but as the manager acted within his rights, nothing came of the incident but newspaper articles.

Mr. A. Oakey Hall, who was then writing for the press, took up the managerial defence and quoted the legal authorities to sustain it.

During the summer some of the costly books which were bid in at the sale of 1878 were offered again at auction by Leavitt & Co. and were better appreciated. Thus "Ireland's Forgeries," for which \$45 had been bid, now brought \$155 — still a ridiculously low price; and the 44 volume Shakespeare brought \$748 in place of \$572.

CHAPTER XXIII

Third Season. New faces. "Quits." Miss Agnes Leonard. "Americans Abroad." "The Youth of Louis XIV." "Odette." Miss Rehan's first important part. Hélène Stoepel. "La Girouette." New aspirants. Lillian Russell. William Collier recommended. Plays. Musical drama by Mrs. Parnell. Daly in Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis. His opinion of that city; police mysteries. The author of "Dixie" in his old age. Benefit for Daniel Emmet. Journalistic appreciation of Daly's work. The season of 1882-1883. Long effort attaining its reward. "Mankind"—a Cockney melodrama. "The Squire." Miss Rehan's *Kate Verity*. Lewis' *Gunnion* a marvel. Miss Virginia Dreher's début. "Our English Friend." Lewis balks at the principal character being given him; Drew demurs to its being taken away from him. Daly arranges all that. Lewis' ills and omens. Anniversary of Daly's first play, "Leah the Forsaken," December 8, 1862. First production of old comedy in this theatre—"She Would and She Would Not." *Hypolita* fits Miss Rehan at all points. Drew's *Don Philip* capital. Production of the latest Parisian sensation, "Serge Panine." Admirable acting of Drew. The story does not elicit sympathy. At last the popular success arrives—"Seven-Twenty-Eight" catches the town. Tour in the West and to the Pacific. Fate of Shook & Palmer, once leaders of theatricals in New York.

THE new season¹ opened with another failure, "Quits," from the German, in which everybody appeared, and Miss Laura Joyce, a wholesome and handsome English girl, was seen for the first time at Daly's. The fate of the play was prognosticated by the favor it received from the company when read to them in the Green Room. My brother wrote to me: "It went with screams. They say that is a bad sign." The disappointment came after a very suc-

¹ 1881-1882.

cessful summer revival of "Cinderella at School," and notwithstanding an excellent performance by W. J. Lemoyne, also a newcomer, whose acting with Lewis was in the vein of true comedy. Further additions to the company were Henry M. Pitt, George Vanderhoff, Jr., Miss Helen Tracy, and Miss Marie Williams. There was a notable change of policy this season — the plan of a musical company in addition to a dramatic force was abandoned. It had not succeeded, and it was not resumed for a dozen years. "Quits" was played four weeks, and while it was on, a series of Wednesday matinées introduced to the public a new face — Miss Agnes Leonard, who appeared first in "Raven's Daughter," adapted expressly for her from the German of Dr. A. Wilbrandt, and afterwards in "Frou-Frou."

"Americans Abroad" by Edgar Fawcett was put on next, but after seventeen representations the manager withdrew it and hurled his forces at its successor. This was "The Youth of Louis XIV"¹ from the well-known comedy of Dumas père. Mrs. Gilbert was *Anne of Austria*, Leclercq *Mazarin*, Digby Bell *Molière*, Drew *Louis XIV*, Miss Rehan *Marie de Mancini*, Miss Joyce *Georgette*, Miss Brooks *Le Duc d'Anjou*, Miss Everson *Charlotte*, Miss Bancroft *Mdlle. de la Motte*, Emily Denin *Charles II*, Miss Fielding *Princess Henrietta*, Vanderhoff *de Guiche*, and Lemoyne *Danjeau*. The story was of vital historical interest to Parisians, but excited little in New York, and all the managerial care to be archæologically correct, the gorgeous palaces, the splendid costumes, the forest of Fontainebleau, the orangery, the hunt, and the brilliant array of courtiers were wasted. This was the third successive defeat of the season. The next play made a hit.

¹ Produced October 22, 1881.

"The Passing Regiment"¹ was a Daly version of Moser and von Schönthan's "Krieg im Frieden" (War in Peace). The incident of a regiment billeted upon a rural town was neatly transferred to America. Drew, as *Lieutenant Paul Dexter*, and Miss Rehan, as the Russian ingénue, *Telka Essoff*, were brilliant in true comedy rôles. While this lively piece was on its successful way, the manager was busy with the rehearsals of a remarkable production.

"Odette," Sardou's latest Parisian sensation, was no sooner underlined than theatrical and critical circles wondered what new actress of rare gifts was to be engaged for the exacting and sympathetic rôle of the heroine, whose tragic story was so widely discussed when the brilliant master of stage art presented his creation to France. When this part, which demanded feeling, power, and passion — governed by reserve — was given to Miss Rehan, there was, after the first pause, a realization that Mr. Daly's judgment was not at fault. It was true that she had never before essayed so weighty a task, and that her successes had been in comedy, but already a well-known English critic, Joseph Hatton, in his "America To-day," written after one of his visits to New York, had coupled her with Clara Morris and declared them to be "two of the most remarkable actresses now on the boards," and had added that Miss Rehan excelled in "true natural comedy."

The part of *Berangère* reintroduced Hélène Stoepel (Bijou Heron) to America. She was now a fresh and charming girl who had had since her childhood but one season's theatrical experience, an English tour with Boucicault. Her father, now musical conductor with his "old friend Daly," brought her with him from abroad. He had written :

¹ Produced November 10, 1881.

"She has, I find, many of her mother's ways and attitudes on the stage. It must however be so by nature, considering that she had no chance herself to see her mother act."

The cast included Pitt as the *Count*, Henry Miller, Drew, Vanderhoff, Lewis, Leclercq, Parkes, Moore, Sterling, Roberts, Bedell, Mrs. Gilbert, and Misses Fielding, Howard, Vincent, Everson, Denin, Hapgood, Hinckley, and Perring. Pitt's illness immediately after the *première* required a change of cast, and young Miller was, notwithstanding his youth, given the *Count*, and acquitted himself with dignity and discretion. The drama was played seventy-seven times.

The final production of the season was "La Girouette" by A. Coedes, Hennery, and Bocage, adapted by Fred Williams and Stoepel, introducing a charming young singer, Miss Francesca Guthrie, and a capital eccentric actor, William Gilbert, who became a fixture at Daly's.

Among the applicants this season for engagements were Lillian Russell, then at Tony Pastor's and making an impression, and Mr. William Collier, who was brought to Mr. Daly's notice by his stepfather :

Augustin Daly, Esq.

"City, July 5th, 1882.

Dear Sir,

I take the liberty of penning you these few lines to ask if you have a vacancy in any department — as I would like to place my step-son before I go to my engagement. Call-Boy, office, usher or anything. He is eighteen years of age, a good penman and correct at figures. Why I would like to get him in a theatre is — he is not strong and cannot do very heavy work. If you have any such opening and will give him consideration you will confer a favor on

Yours truly

Edmund Collier.

166 West 4th St., City."

New plays were offered by W. F. G. Shanks, -- a well-known journalist, who rewrote a short piece, "A Prince of Good Fellows," which he said had been played as early as 1857, — by Bartley Campbell ("Mother and Daughter"), and by John A. Stevens ("Passion's Slave"). A literary curiosity was the dramatic attempt of Mr. Henry Morrison, a well-known New York lawyer. Very interesting is the following communication from the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell:

"May 15, 1882.

To Augustin Daly, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I am extremely desirous of having the pleasure of making your acquaintance and of speaking to you concerning a musical drama I wish to produce, if agreeable, in whatever way is most desirable. I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will, when convenient, be so good as to name a time at which I may be able to see you. I go to my country place today by the 7 p.m. train. My address is Ironside, Bordentown, New Jersey. Believe me to be, dear sir, truly yours,

Delia T. S. Parnell.

The play is not political, it is musical chiefly — dramatic, pathetic, and comic — with a continuous plot — and contains dances."

There was the customary tour of the Daly company, east and west. When it got to St. Louis, it played in "Uhrig's Cave," a sort of *al fresco* resort and open-air theatre. Augustin wrote concerning it and the St. Louis of 1882 :

"If you can imagine the Punch & Judy stand on a large scale you have an idea of this theatre, where only the stage is under roof, where even the orchestra plays under the open sky, and where the entire audience sit on a pebbly sward and under the greenwood tree. It is quite a common occurrence for an iras-

cible auditor to come back with his coupon and complain that his seat is behind a big tree. Dorney says it's the old story, 'That post is in my way.' He thinks if there were a theatre up in the sky some grunter would come up and complain of his seat being behind one of 'them stars.'

We have showers here on the slightest provocation. And on each shower the streets actually ooze mud. And such slimy, villainous mud. It is not new and wholesome mud such as you would expect from such a comparatively new city as St. Louis, but that spongy exudation such as you come across in the old, old towns of the old world, coming up out of the old, old cobble stones which have received and smothered the rains and the drippings and the filth of ages. But then St. Louis is a sort of old young City. It is youthful in years but it is full of wrinkled little lanes and byways such as you only look for in the old, old towns. The houses have a blackened and aged and tumbled-away look — that is, those in the heart of the City, and the atmosphere half the time is dark and heavy, smoky and smutty. The Mississippi too, which cuts the town into an East St. Louis and St. Louis proper is a Tiberish sort of stream just here, full of eddies, yellow and thick with mud and drift, old tree roots, and the floating curiosities which fall into its bosom from its hundreds of miles of bank and levee. Strange mysteries it holds, and sometimes gives up. Hardly a day passes (not one since I've been here) that one or two dead bodies are not brought in by the colony of Rogue Riderhoods who gain a livelihood about here. Three days ago one of them brought ashore the body of a pretty young girl who had been missing a fortnight. She was only 14. She had come here with her sister from Denver. They were visiting friends. A party was to be given in their honor one evening, and she went out to make a call and post a letter before the guests came. She was never seen alive again. It has become one of the police cases of note, and is known as the Zoe Watkins Mystery. The bodies of two men were dragged in yesterday. One had been six months in the water, the other a few weeks. It is a queer town and the river is a strange old stream. I

wish you could roam over some of these odd places with me. How we would plan romances out of our walks! Think of such a title — The *Mysteries of the Mississippi!* Where would Lippard or Reynolds or Sue be?"

This is a very dark picture, and it is only just to say that it is the view of a manager who lost sixteen hundred dollars in two weeks there. For the benefit of those unacquainted with our early native novelists, it may be mentioned that George Lippard was a writer of thrilling tales in the middle of the nineteenth century, and is now less known than Charles Brockden Brown. Reynolds was the author of "*The Mysteries of the Court of London,*" and a favorite with London apprentices, but hardly to be classed with the author of "*The Mysteries of Paris.*"

In Chicago Daly took great interest in a benefit planned for Daniel D. Emmet, "the father of negro minstrelsy," so called, as he organized the first black-face minstrel band. He was the author of the words and music of *Dixie*, and now, at seventy years, was compelled to earn his living with his violin in a Chicago dive, as Augustin was informed by Dr. G. A. Kane.

This, from the *New York Dramatic News*, may be quoted from among the tributes of the year 1882:

"The theatrical profession of America owes to Mr. Daly more than to any man living. The Wallacks and the Palmers are insignificant beside him, for Mr. Daly was not a mere producer. He was a creator. It was not a year after Mr. Daly opened his first Fifth Avenue Theatre that every manager in America found out he had to change his manner of doing things. . . . With the production of *Frou-Frou* began a new era for the American stage. Then came his own plays — *Horizon*, the best of them all, *Man and Wife*, *Divorce*, *Pique*, and numberless others which enrich not alone himself but all the theatres of the country, and this was long after *Leah and Under*

the Gaslight, which, in their day, also made fortunes for those who handled them. Mr. Daly turned out one star after another. . . . Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Kate Claxton were all names that he made famous. When the Union Square theatre came into existence it had to depend for existence upon what the Fifth Avenue Theatre had made. Daly was the creator — Palmer the imitator. We say this in no derogatory spirit to Mr. Palmer, we only state a fact that no one can ignore. With Mr. Daly's financial ups and downs we have nothing to do. But he might have been a very rich man had not his whole energy and whole being been devoted to his art. He made money to spend it, not to hoard it. . . . Men with vim and nerve like Augustin Daly must always survive misfortune that would crush the average man."

In the summer recess Augustin bestowed much money on redecorating his theatre. He wrote to me in August, 1882 :

"Everyone thinks it is loveliness. The Company assembled to-day 'on call' looking very sunburnt and very hearty. I am ready and eager now for the German comedy, for I have another stunning French play."

Repeating the policy of a preliminary season with the success of the preceding one, "The Passing Regiment" was put on; but it was followed on September 5 by the melodrama "Mankind." My brother loved a good melodrama — one of those pictures in which there is no subtlety, only striking figures, lurid lights, gloomy abysses of shadow, and virtue on the rack; with malignant villainy, hypocrisy, and greed working their will until caught in the mill of the gods and satisfactorily demolished. Such was "Mankind," by Paul Merritt and George Conquest, which came to Augustin from Conquest's own "Grecian Theatre" in London. It was a pure London type, with supposedly

English scenes, characters, and villains ; and it must be a lively imagination that can conceive more depraved and entertaining villains than those of London melodrama. The chief miscreant in this play was *Groodge*, a money-lender, aged 101, who strangles his old associate *Sharpley*, a stripling of 73, with a silk pocket-handkerchief. The principal occupation of the characters, good and bad, consists in endeavoring to get possession of a will ; that document is stolen by A, recovered by B, cribbed by C, and rescued by D in a wild scramble on the Thames embankment. The piece introduced several new members of the company : Mr. Yorke Stephens, Miss Helen Layton, Miss Florence Elmore, Miss Hattie Russell, and finally Master Collier (regularly employed as call-boy, but exercising his talents in small parts) who was described in the cast of characters as “*Albert Fitzallen*, age 11—occupation, managing clerk—place of abode, 4th floor back, Bermondsey—disposition, Meek.”

As the play did not require Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Drew, or Mr. Lewis, its startling pictures of the human race did not attract very great audiences ; nevertheless it was given forty times. Then came Pinero’s “The Squire,” a work destined to win a distinguished place in the annals of the theatre. The readers of Hardy’s “Far from the Madding Crowd” recognized its plot in the story of *Kate Verity*, the Squire and mistress of the farm. The part of *Kate Verity* fell naturally to Miss Rehan, who gave as convincing a picture of the strong, self-contained, but loving and tender Englishwoman as she had given in “*Odette*” of the vivid Frenchwoman. The charm of this new impersonation was enhanced by the delicate shade of melancholy that pervaded its most hopeful scenes. Miss Virginia Dreher, a beautiful Southern woman, who had been recommended to Mr. Daly by the Western manager

John W. Norton, now appeared as the gypsy girl *Chrystie Haggerstone*, playing the part with a spirit and fire that were instantly remarked as indicative of great promise. Charles Fisher, a patriarchal figure as *Parson Dormer*, might be said to have been reserved through a long stage career to personify "the mad parson." The surprise of the performance, however, was Lewis' *Gunnion*, the hardened old shepherd.

The play was followed by a German comedy. "Our English Friend" was the name given by the adapter to "Reif von Reiflingen," intended by Moser as a sequel to his "Krieg im Frieden"—"The Passing Regiment." The play was without a plot, but by this time the audiences at Daly's were not particular as to plot, if only they were allowed to witness Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, and the other members of the company in new and entertaining situations.

In "Our English Friend" Lewis was cast for *Digby de Rigby*, and for the first time was afraid of his part, which he thought was to be played in the "heavy swell" manner. He was particularly gloomy about certain love scenes. He complained to the manager: "I can't do it that way!" to which Daly replied, "Do it your own way." Lewis followed the suggestion with happy results. While he was thus troubled, Drew was surprised to find that the principal part was not to be given to him, and he made a temperate appeal to the manager. He was assured that the part of *Rigby* was not light comedy, but eccentric. Drew with the utmost good nature accepted the rôle of *Spencer*, and went through it to the delight of the audiences during the long run of the piece. Lewis' gloomy view of his part and of existence just then may have been owing to the pensive regard he always had for his own health. He also suffered from portents:

"One of my best Brahmans died suddenly on Friday from some unknown cause; and I had thirteen newly hatched chickens; and my dog thought he would kill one of them — still, I am not superstitious."

This was written from his neat little country place at Good Ground, Long Island.

December 8, 1882, recalled a great occasion, and Augustin, after our customary walk down to the Court House together, on December 3, wrote me next day :

Dear Brother,

"December 4, 1882.

Friday is the anniversary of 'Leah,' our first. 'Tis 20 years since!"

The company had been in training long enough for Augustin now to gratify his love for old comedies. Colley Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not" was produced on January 15, 1883, with Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew. Miss Rehan's tall and slender figure and her touch of bravado were well suited to the adventurous *Hypolita*, disguised in cavalier's dress, in pursuit of her discarded lover; and Mr. Drew's *Don Philip*, perplexed and harassed by that designing young person, now indignant, now puzzled, now quizzical, was forcible and picturesque. Lewis was an ideal valet *Trappanti*, and Fisher an authoritative *Don Manuel*. The lively waiting maid and confidante *Flora* was given to Miss Leyton, and Miss Dreher as *Donna Rosara*, and Miss Fielding as *Viletta* brought extraordinary beauty as well as intelligence to the cast. William Gilbert as the plausible *Host*, with his "neck or nothing," Yorke Stephens as *Don Octavio*, Bainbridge as *Don Luis*, Beekman as *The Corregidor*, and Webber as *Soto*, completed the cast.

We remember that the comedy had been given at the



READING THE PLAY (1882)

(Left to right, standing) William Gilbert, John Moore, W. J. Lemoyne, May Fielding. (Left to right, sitting) James Lewis, George Parkes, Mrs. Gilbert, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Augustin Daly, Charles Fisher, John Drew, Virginia Dreher.

first Fifth Avenue fourteen years before for Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and it was not until Miss Rehan's time that Mr. Daly found any member of his many and brilliant companies adapted to the part.

Augustin was now ready to present a new comedy of manners from the French of Georges Ohnet, "Serge Panine," one of the successes of the Paris stage. The title rôle demanded extraordinary gifts in the actor to keep the impersonation within the bounds of reality, and this power Augustin discerned in John Drew, to whom he committed the part of *Prince Panine* with confidence. Drew gave a finished picture, as authoritative as Charles Coghlan's *Duc de Septmonts*, a rôle in the same line. Miss Mary Shaw, a newcomer to the Daly ranks, was given the sympathetic part of *Lottie*, the victim not only of the fortune-hunting prince, but of a title-hunting mother. The latter, a strong part, was portrayed with vigor by Miss Fanny Morant, now back where she longed to be, under the Daly management. Miss Rehan assumed the rôle of *Jeanne de Cernay*.

After expending upon this new play the infinite care which he gave to everything he produced, the manager saw it fail, and he tossed it away. To understand his sensitiveness about a failure, it must be understood that his personal labor was involved in every production. He had no stage manager,—no producer, as the term is understood, to whom the duty of setting a play before the public was committed, no functionary who allotted the parts to the company and handed the sketches to the scene painters, the plans to the carpenters, and the costume plates to the mistress of the wardrobe, and then rehearsed and instructed the actors. And when all his labor was in vain, he felt keenly the waste of study and care bestowed upon a play by himself and by his conscientious company.

But the present disappointment was destined to be the dark hour before the dawn. A new play ushered in that long period of success which is connected with the memories of Daly's. "Seven-Twenty-Eight" was adapted from von Schönthan's "Der Schwabenstreich"—literally, "The Swabian Blunder," a localism expressing the inevitable tendency of the most knowing mortals to make fools of themselves at least once in their lives. The farce had had a prodigious success all over Germany, and it was expected to furnish an agreeable wind-up for the season. The immediate and lasting impression it made could not have been anticipated. As usual, great pains were bestowed upon the preparation. Not only morning, but midnight rehearsals were held. One letter asked me to come down at twelve at night to see the rehearsal with scenes. Those midnight rehearsals are well remembered,—the manager as unwearied, and the company as eager and alert at 6 A.M. as at the beginning of their labors. Being the only critic allowed on these occasions, to hint at refreshment was permitted to me—hence my pencilled reply to the above-mentioned note:

"Will be there and thereabouts. Query: Coffee and cakes?"

That first night, February 24, 1883, will be long remembered. As if the coming of something uncommonly good were in the air, the house was crowded, and so continued night after night until the end of the season.

Augustin now saw success in sight after a desperate effort of four years. If he loved rest, he could take it now. And we celebrated the victory in our own way; on March 1, 1883, he wrote:

"We will begin our walks on Monday if you say so. Come down Saturday and see the house."

The "house" was a sight to gladden any one. The quality of "Seven-Twenty-Eight" was lasting; after thirty years it keeps the stage, as fresh as at first, and the "book" is still one of the "best sellers" among acting editions.

The tour of the Daly company began in Philadelphia with immense applause. The Bostonians were more sedate, and so irritated Lewis that he called them "deputies from the Knickerbocker Ice Company." Cincinnati was visited for the first time with an accompaniment of fire bells from a neighboring tower, succeeded by a thunder storm, but the play triumphantly survived both. Chicago, let it be said to its credit, preferred old comedy to new, and audiences that rivalled those of the opera in brilliancy assisted at "She Would and She Would Not." The Germans of Milwaukee crowded the theatre on the Fourth of July, and the military colony of Omaha turned out, or rather turned in, in force. In Denver the players were caught in a newspaper war, each side abusing the plays that the other favored; but Augustin diplomatically soothed them all before he left. In San Francisco he saw Modjeska act for the first time. He thought her *Mary Stuart* was machine-like, adorned with French mannerisms, without soul or genuine feeling.

While Augustin was away he heard of the breakup of the Shook & Palmer firm. Palmer retired from the management of the Union Square Theatre to be succeeded by James W. Collier, a well-known actor. Palmer never boasted of being versed in plays or playing, but claimed to be merely a business man, capable of managing authors and actors upon a business footing. He was calm, dispassionate, and forbearing in his methods. His actors got good treatment from him, but no inspiration. He created nothing, and did not attempt to shape what others had

created. He is remembered for urbanity and unruffled temper. Beneath a calm exterior his intimates knew there was a sensitive spirit.

My brother returned from the Pacific coast full of plans for the next season of 1883-1884.

CHAPTER XXIV

The new season with another new piece, "Dollars and Sense." New members. Henry Miller and Hélène Stoepel (*Bijou, Heron*) marry. Miss May Irwin from Tony Pastor's. Rose Eytinge heard from. Widow of John H. Hackett. Joaquin Miller. Bret Harte's play. Boucicault. John Stetson. "Pique" and "Divorce." "Pique" kidnapped and murdered in England. Birthday dinner to Mrs. Gilbert. Pinero's "Boys and Girls." The public insensible to its merits. "Seven-Twenty-Eight" revived, to everybody's joy. Opening of Wallack's new theatre at Thirtieth Street and Broadway. Palmer regards theatricals as in a bad way. Brilliant revival of "The Country Girl" with Miss Rehan as an adorable *Peggy*. Account of the efforts to fit this old comedy for the stage. Garrick's work. Daly's work. The present fine cast. "Red Letter Nights" from the German. Miss Rehan's song and dance. Effort to interest W. D. Howells in adaptation. Björnson, Mark Twain, General De Peyster. Henry E. Abbey gives up opera. The Lyceum Company with Irving and Terry come to America. Anecdote of Irving.

THE new season opened with another novelty from the German, "Dollars and Sense"—L'Arronge's "Die Sorglosen" ("The Heedless Ones"). The play was brought out on October 2, 1883. The public saw five newcomers: Miss Lizzie Jeremy, W. H. Thompson, Miss Mazie Marshall, Miss Jean Gordon, and Miss Belle Brown. We miss from the company, however, Miss Hélène Stoepel, affectionately remembered at Daly's in 1874 as *Bijou Heron*, and Mr. Henry Miller, who were happily married. Mrs. Miller retired from the stage. Her father returned to France, and his place as conductor was filled by Henry Widmer. One bright particular personage was engaged for forthcoming productions. This was Miss May Irwin,

who had been playing at Tony Pastor's variety theatre and was "anxious to be upon the legitimate stage." A letter which introduced her described her as "bright, quite accomplished, a good vocalist and pianist, and brimful of fun, wit and repartee." This was not beyond her deserts, but far more than her modesty, which was as great as her talents, would have permitted her to claim for herself. She became the most striking and vivacious soubrette of Daly's Theatre. Miss May Robson was also introduced as a young lady "well educated and earnest." Miss Rose Eyttinge, the heroine of Daly's "*Griffith Gaunt*" and "*Under the Gaslight*," wrote that she had "a superstition that good fortune would come" to her if once more under his management. She was engaged. An interesting applicant for a position was the young widow of the eminent Shakespearian comedian, John K. Hackett, father of the late Recorder Hackett and of James K. Hackett. Mrs. Hackett had adopted the stage after her husband's death. Another lady, whose lot was far worse than a widow's, for her husband was in an asylum for the insane,—Mrs. Frank Hardenbergh,—wished to return to the stage "in order that poor Frank's property might be devoted to the support of himself and his child."

New plays were submitted. Joaquin Miller sent one with a letter begging Mr. Daly "to read as far as the end of the third act and not further," if he found it did not suit him. Bret Harte, now our consul at Glasgow, wrote :

"I have finished a play in three acts called '*The Luck of Roaring Camp*.' The first act — or prologue as it really is — is an almost literal dramatization of my original story, except that the child is a girl instead of a boy. The two remaining acts, which take place in Paris, where the girl, grown a young lady, has been placed at school by her rough but devoted fathers of Roaring Camp, is of course a new conception. It is a comedy,

naturally — the humorous situations dominate, but the rough element is never low comedy — nor is it ever obtrusive or protracted. All my old characters appear: — Oakhurst, Stumpy, Kentuck and Skaggs. The principal is, of course, the heroine — a kind of intelligent ‘*fille du Regiment*,’ a sort of boyish *ingénue* — such as Chaumont of the *Varieties* or Samary of the *Français* would play in Paris now. I don’t know what actresses you have ‘to the fore’ in New York; there are half a dozen I remember who could do it nicely. If Lotta would repress herself a little she might. . . .”

Boucicault had written a comedy, “*Vice Versa*,” for Miss Martinot — which he mysteriously called “the first in a flight of works to serve her as a repertoire,” and further declared to be “the best of my screaming comedies”; he offered it to Mr. Daly with Miss Martinot for the heroine.

The success of the new Daly plays created a demand for the older ones. John Stetson of Boston, now manager of the one-time Daly’s Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, contracted for “*Pique*” and “*Divorce*” for a whole season, to be played with Agnes Booth as star, in all parts of the country not covered by another contract of Daly with Jane Coombs for the same pieces. George Wood, formerly of the Broadway Theatre, now Daly’s, wanted “*Under the Gaslight*,” “*Round the Clock*,” “*The Big Bonanza*,” and “*A Flash of Lightning*.” It is strong evidence of the merit of the Daly plays that the demand for them continues to this day. In passing, we may note that a stolen and mutilated version of “*Pique*” was played about this time in England at the Gaiety Theatre under the name of “*Her Own Enemy*,” without reference to Daly’s rights as author or proprietor. A letter from Colonel T. Allston Brown, author of “*A History of the New York Stage*,” to Mr. Daly, says: “The play was terribly cut to three

acts, and Ye Gods! could you have seen the performance!"

Before "Dollars and Sense" ran its course, I got this brief note from Augustin:

"October 20, 1883.

Dear Brother

I want you to come to the Brunswick tomorrow evening at 6:30. I am giving a Birthday dinner to Mrs. Gilbert and I am sure you will like to make one of the few."

The dear old lady accepted with modesty, dignity, and pleasure the greetings of the favored.

Pinero's "Girls and Boys" was produced on December 5 with every important member of the company in the cast, but it failed to please. There were wholesome air and sunshine in it, and the audience waited patiently for something to happen, and were mildly disappointed. The manager waited a week for some sign of public interest and then gave it up. "Seven-Twenty-Eight," the great success of the last season, had been reserved for such a collapse of the regular programme, and being now restored to the boards, ran until February 16, 1884.

Christmas, 1883, at the theatre was celebrated with so much jollity and substantial recognition of faithful service, that the business force behind and before the scenes drew up a Happy New Year Address to the manager. All theatre folks, however, were not quite so happy this Christmas, for the Standard Theatre (Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second Street) was burned on December 14; the employees were helped by a benefit given them by the New York managers on the 27th. A little more than a year before, the new Park Theatre (Broadway and Twenty-second Street) was destroyed by fire, on the eve of Mrs. Langtry's American début. The Standard was rebuilt; the Park was not. This year Wallack opened a fine new play-



ADA REHAN IN 1883

house at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, opposite Daly's. The old Wallack's Theatre at Thirteenth Street was to be run as a "star" theatre and called by that name. Palmer, who as we have seen had retired from the Union Square management, in an interview published in the *Herald* pronounced New York theatricals to be "in a bad way," and congratulated himself upon being out of the business.

A striking old comedy revival, "The Country Girl," took place at Daly's on February 16, 1884. When it left the hands of Wycherly in 1675, it was called "The Country Wife," and was as indecent as even the Restoration could tolerate; and it would never have seen the light of a better day if it had not contained a female part which justified every effort to reform it. One such effort was made by Garrick in 1766, who produced it as "The Country Girl," with conspicuous alterations in scenes, characters, and dialogue. Thus the famous character of *Mistress Pinchwife* became the young spinster *Peggy Thrift*, and *Pinchwife* became her guardian *Mr. Moody*, played by Garrick himself. The judiciousness of Garrick's work kept it on the stage until it came to be regarded in its turn as too broad for modern taste.

It was now Mr. Daly's object to take up the old play and fit it for his public; and his success showed that coarseness does not add to the humor of a comedy. He edited Garrick's dialogue, but preserved all the gayety and charm of the situations. Before Mr. Daly revived the play it had not been seen for nearly fifty years. The right actress for the part needs not only youth, beauty, intelligence, and vivacity, but the faculty of displaying every side of girlish nature, and of being ingenuous, artful, hoydenish, demure, innocent, timid, and headstrong, all at once. In the days we write of, there was none but Miss Rehan equal to it. To America the play was

brought as early as 1879, but was not played after 1839, when it was given at the Park Theatre with Miss Fanny Fitzwilliams.

The old comedy was now prepared and rehearsed during the long period of leisure afforded by the revival of "Seven-Twenty-Eight," and upon its presentation to one of those very large and very fashionable audiences which now honored Daly's on first nights, captured the public heart and remained always afterwards a standard attraction of the Daly company. The press instantly recognized the genius of the impersonation.

To this brilliant revival, Mr. Drew, as *Belville*, brought the highest polish of light comedy; Mr. Fisher, as *Moody*, the gruffness and mastery which the author intended as a foil to the fine gentlemen who bait him and to the dainty victim who escapes him; and Mr. Parkes, as *Sparkish* (a study in costume for a water color), the vacuity of the inevitable fop of the period. Mr. Stephens, as *Harcourt*, was the pervasive friend and follower of old comedy. It is needless to say what beauty and soft decorum walked with Miss Dreher in the part of *Alithea*.

This season, already rich in production, closed with still another new comedy from the German, Jacobson's "Ein Gemachter Mann," called by Mr. Daly "Red Letter Nights," and produced on March 12, 1884. The play was completely rewritten, and the Daly additions contained a scene which caught the town at once — that in which the youthful *Tony* (Miss Rehan), in order to break up the "international match" proposed for her, disillusionizes her foreign admirer by assuming the tomboy and romping through the nursery rhyme and dance of "Miss Jenny O'Jones." This impersonation following so close upon her *Peggy*, disclosed new phases of her gift for

depicting the hoyden. What had been demure now became boisterous, and all the delicately guarded limitations of feminine wilfulness in *Peggy* were airily overstepped by the insolent *Tony*, and yet all was done without striking a single jarring note. The play remained until April 27, 1884, when the brilliant season closed and my brother took the company upon the customary tour.

W. D. Howells' comedy, "A Counterfeit Presentment," had a trial in Boston by Barrett. Mr. Daly proposed to the author the adapting of one of the German comedies, to which he agreed; but after reading the play thought that the task of "naturalizing it" would take several months. Mr. Howells recommended some modern Italian comedies which he thought funnier, livelier, and better than the German, and more readily adapted, and sent a synopsis of a Spanish play, "most intense and powerful," besides recommending Björnson's "Bankruptcy," which had a great vogue abroad. Mark Twain dramatized "Bob Sawyer's Adventures," and wondered if Daly would like to take a look at it. Hjalmar Boyesen, author of "Alpine Roses," had written another play and wished to see Daly about it; and General De Peyster composed a drama about Mary Queen of Scots, in which the blowing up of the Kirk-o'-field was to be the sensation.

At the close of this season, and while Augustin was preparing an international surprise which shall be the subject of the next chapter, theatrical affairs in New York were checkered. Henry E. Abbey had retired with immense losses from the ambitious directorship of the Metropolitan Opera House, and accepted a benefit tendered by the dramatic fraternity in remembrance of his activity in their ranks. But a large patronage was secured for four weeks at the Star Theatre by the first visit of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company to America in

October, 1883. Irving, by the way, had the peculiarity of not returning calls of ceremony. My brother was a little surprised at it, but Chief Justice Daly told me he had had the same experience, and had mentioned it to Booth, who told him that "Irving never called upon him or anybody else."

SIXTH PERIOD: 1884-1888



CHAPTER XXV

First visit of an American company to England. Toole's Theatre, London, July 19, 1884. Slaughter anticipated. William Terriss acts as Daly's business manager. Very conservative criticisms. Pallid reviews. Triumph with "She Would and She Would Not." Tokens of private interest. The victory. Greeting of the adventurers on their return. New faces—Miss Kingdon, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Bond. "A Wooden Spoon." Pinero's "Lords and Commons" not a success. "Love on Crutches" at last holds the boards and the public. Remarkable impression made by Miss Kingdon. Death of my brother's children. Effect upon his own character the development of love and sympathy for all children. Henry Plunkett Grattan, founder of the American Dramatic Fund Association.

No sooner had Augustin re-established himself in America, than he determined to carry out a long-cherished project — that of taking his players to Europe. It was unequalled for temerity, and not to be compared with the visits of foreign companies to America, which were so common as to be accepted as the proper thing, and were attended with golden results. Thus Irving was so confident of success that he simply doubled the prices at the Star Theatre, and even then could not accommodate the throngs pressing to gaze upon his celebrated "troupe." English managers, of course, knew of the Daly company; but it was not certain that the English public knew or cared about it.

The home press was stirred over the announcement of the adventure. It was said that Daly's company was the only one that could dare make the experiment, and that Daly proved by his present course that he pursued

theatrical art for art's sake and not for money. It was recognized that he went wholly dependent upon his own organization, which was governed by his own methods, and was the outgrowth of a purely American and characteristically individual management— a company as delicately harmonized as the most proficient organization upon the English stage, combining the utmost thoroughness of stage discipline with scrupulous care for artistic fitness in detail and *ensemble*.

Daly took with him Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Miss Virginia Dreher, Miss May Fielding, Miss May Irwin, Mr. John Drew, Mr. James Lewis, Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. William Gilbert, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Leclercq, Mr. Stapleton, Mr. Moore, Mr. Widmer, and Mr. Richard Dorney. Mr. William Winter accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Daly to witness the interesting début of the first American company in London. They sailed on July 5, 1884, on the *Alaska*. A crowd went down to see them off, and the event was chronicled at length in the dailies.

The opening night in London was at Toole's Theatre in the Strand, one of the smaller playhouses, but a favorite and well known. William Terriss was admitted by Augustin to a share in the enterprise, and was business manager. He attended to the preliminaries with great enthusiasm. The selection of so small a theatre was deliberate: If the attendance proved to be small, it would not look so small in it; besides, Augustin meant that the English public and his players should meet face to face, as it were, in the intimacy of a small auditorium. Before the opening, on July 19, warm greetings came from many friends — among them Mary Anderson and Henry Irving, David Belasco and Clara Morris. Augustin wrote me on his birthday (July 20) an account of the

momentous event. There was a large representation of the press; many Americans were in the stalls and circle, and the pit and gallery were filled by Britons. The applause throughout was very general, there were double recalls after each act, and at the close the audience waited and called for Daly. But the humor of the piece, "Seven-Twenty-Eight," did not carry away the audience, and the result remained in doubt.

The press notices were what may be termed conservative: "Everything seemed forced; there was no natural humor, but an abundance of eccentricity and quaintness; Miss Rehan's playing not without its own peculiar charm; Mr. Drew, an earnest and passionate lover; but as to Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis, the gentleman is by far the most successful, his dry sententious manner giving happy effect to the ludicrous Americanisms which belong to his part; a wiry Italian ballet master has a clever representative in Mr. William Gilbert; the entire company play well together so that everything goes smoothly, applause was generously plentiful, and the first night's performance was closed in the most encouraging and enthusiastic way."¹

"Players, out of their own individuality, can compel mirth; and it was much in this way that the exceptionally clever comedians from Daly's Theatre forced a favorable impression of a piece which, without their contributing genius, would be as dull as a Quaker's homily; Miss Rehan's style is entirely new to the English stage—decidedly captivating and yet curious and puzzling. She follows no conventional method of elocution, is delightfully droll and takes her audience captive from the first scene; if she is a clever sketcher of American manners, she presents an oddity in coquettes that is

¹ *Morning Post.*

fresh and acceptable as a study of transatlantic society; Mr. Lewis, a comedian of evident ability, made all his scenes tell with unmistakable effect; Mr. Drew is able to say dryly humorous things in the style of the typical American satirist and is amusing, but is not our beau ideal of a stage lover; the piece is highly successful, due to the performers. A section of the audience seemed to think a number of Americans in the house unnecessarily boisterous in their reception of the performers and the piece.”¹

One defender of the British Isles from the bold invader delivered a broadside which few American corsairs could have received without going instantly to the bottom: “English playgoers had no reason to be enamored of the productions of the American stage, and the achievements of Mr. Daly’s company will not efface, though they may modify, this impression; although they are said to hold the first rank in New York as exponents of comedy, the entertainments they provide must be pronounced intellectually inferior to what might be seen at the Hay-market, the St. James, or the Court Theatre; want of intellectuality, or even of sincerity appears to English eyes the distinguishing feature of American stage work, and the performance of Mr. Daly’s company, admirably as its members are disciplined, is not free from this weakness; the interest aroused by the actors was necessarily of a personal kind only, was keen among the critical first night audience, but there is too much preparation, too little spontaneity — though on the other hand they are free from the French vice of affecting to take the audience into their confidence. Miss Rehan’s impersonation is an example of the defects enumerated. It has little of the girlish artlessness associated with the *ingénue* of the English stage. On the contrary, it is stiff, pedantic,

¹ *Chronicle.*

frequently ungraceful from over-affectation, and altogether, we should hope, a libel upon American maidenhood. It is not without its qualities, however, for a certain dry humor plays under the drawling intonation of the actress and relieves her somewhat elephantine movements. But justice would not be done to Mr. Daly's well-organized company if mention were not made of a certain quaintness and dryness of humor running through their entire performance. This had evidently a special charm for the audience of Saturday night, as it will doubtless have for other audiences to come."¹

After noting such a critical appreciation as the above, we can understand why American actors had little desire to encounter an English welcome, and why Mr. Daly's hazarding it for himself and his company was, as Mr. Wallack declared, "the pluckiest thing ever done."

Although the play chosen for the début was too novel to take with the London critics, the charm of the players was irresistible. Crowds soon came nightly to applaud the unconventionality of Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, and Lewis. The receipts of the first week were disappointing, but the second began with a rush, and the appearance of appreciative articles, one by George Augustus Sala in the *Athenæum*, and others in the *Court Journal*, the *Telegraph*, and *Truth* annoyed the London professionals by their tone. Terriss said the success of the season was assured. Henry Labouchère was there with his wife, and said that the play was not the thing, — the people would come to see the company in anything.

"Dollars and Sense" was the second production, and Miss Rehan introduced her *Jenny O'Jones* scene from "Red Letter Nights." It gratified the critics less than

¹ *Times*.

“Seven-Twenty-Eight,” and they quite missed the point of some of its humor, but the company, individually and collectively, drew out such handsome expressions as to augment the astonishment of native theatrical folk. The audiences were invariably in raptures. The business was not considered profitable by Augustin, but it surpassed that of the Lyceum and Wyndham’s. Augustin was put up at the Athenæum and Reform Clubs, and went to the Labouchères for the week-end at Twickenham. Irving was doing Shakespeare’s “Twelfth Night or What You Will,” which *Punch* described as “Twelfth Night or What You Won’t.”

The hit of the season was “She Would and She Would Not.” The recalls were extraordinary, and when the play ended nobody seemed disposed to go home, but demanded the whole cast over and over again. The press was now unanimous. All were enthusiastic, declared that the interpretation was a revelation, and regretted that there was no company in London that could play old comedy as well. It was the triumph Daly had hoped for — that his company would be applauded in the very birthplace of the old comedy. Every paper urged the return of the players for another season. The audience shouted their demands from crowded houses. The company had won in the supreme test of the modern stage.

So the first visit of an American company was a success. The public was attracted from the first, and the press yielded heartily. The impression it gave was that the visit was an event of the first importance in the dramatic history of the period.

* * * * *

The first city to welcome the adventurers home was Philadelphia, and they were tumultuously received. But

the great event was the meeting of the company and their New York public on the night of October 7, 1884; each familiar face was hailed. Several new claimants to favor were in the bill — Miss Edith Kingdon, Mr. Otis Skinner, and Mr. Frederick Bond.

The opening play was “A Wooden Spoon,” adapted from von Schönthan’s “Roderick Heller.” The story exaggerates some phases of modern journalism, modern politics, and feminine campaign activities — the latter always irritating to the German mind.

The new recruits became from this night established favorites. Miss Kingdon had had but one prior experience on the regular stage, at the Boston Theatre, but she brought to her new school and teacher quick intuition and modest confidence. The strong vein of dramatic force in evidence through all Mr. Skinner’s comedy indicated the bent of his talent and the course it was afterwards to follow. Mr. Frederick Bond began on this occasion his New York career as an adaptable and versatile performer.

The number of the young who were ambitious of attaching themselves to this school increased every year, notwithstanding the known severity of the discipline of the theatre. We have noticed that the English admired and praised that discipline as exhibited in every performance of the Daly company.

“A Wooden Spoon” attracted the Daly audiences until November 15. A new play of Pinero, “Lords and Commons,” was the next production. After ten days’ trial it was found to be unattractive and had to be withdrawn, but the event hastened the appearance of one of the most delightful comedies connected with the memories of the theatre; this was “Love on Crutches,” which had lain upon Mr. Daly’s desk for nearly two years.

Stobitzer, in writing "Ihre Ideale" ("Their Ideals"), intended gently to satirize those highly organized beings who disdain realities. To Miss Rehan (*Annis*), Miss Kingdon (*Mrs. Gwyn*), Mrs. Gilbert (*Mrs. Quattles*), Mr. Drew (*Austin*), Mr. Skinner (*Roverly*), Mr. Lewis (*Quattles*), and Mr. Gilbert (*Bitteredge*), with Misses Gordon and Trevor and Messrs. Bond and Beekman in minor parts, the success was due. *Margery Gwyn* was Miss Kingdon's first important part. With its control of the critical situations, its witty lines conveying the impression of sagacity and finesse, its manifestation of the loyalty of woman to woman, it was so easily a favorite with the audience that it might be said that in any hands it could play itself and be more than merely effective; but when to a rôle already admirable Miss Kingdon brought the freshness of youth, the spell of beauty, and a charm of manner all her own, it became captivating. "Love on Crutches" continued until the 7th of February.

While this tide of success was flowing in, and every wish that my brother's heart can be supposed to have formed was in course of realization, one of the greatest misfortunes which can visit a human being fell upon him. During the Christmas season of 1884 his two boys, eleven and fourteen years of age, developed diphtheria and steadily grew worse. The disease made rapid progress in spite of skill and care. Tracheotomy was resorted to in the last extremity to save the lives of the children, but failed. On Monday, January 5, about eleven o'clock in the morning, this letter was brought me:

"Dear Brother,

My little Austin has just died. He seemed to fall asleep — it was only a little after quarter past ten here, but I am sure he has wakened forever in heaven."

And after I left him that night came this :

"Dear Brother,

Leonard has joined his little brother. It was a little past half after ten."

After this dreadful blow, my brother's heart was filled with a great love and solicitude for all children. He seemed now to behold in all the young, and especially in little wanderers, his own. I have seen him stop a crying child in the street to inquire its trouble, take it by the hand and restore it to its home. In countless ways he sought to help the helpless.

Perhaps no individual not holding exalted office in the state or nation ever received such widespread expressions of sympathy from the public press and from private circles as my brother did on this occasion. His sorrow seemed to have become the public concern. In the little family of his theatre there was not a countenance which did not reflect his grief.

That deserving institution known as The Actors' Fund, which cares for the poor player, had its annual benefit at Daly's Theatre on January 8, 1885, and the companies of Wallack, Palmer, and Mallorys (the Madison Square) took part in it. Connected with this subject the following, relating to the earliest institution of the kind in America, will be read with interest. It was received by my brother while in London :

"15 Jubilee Place,
Kings Road, Chelsea.
August 29th, 1884.

Dear Mr. Daly,

I leave herewith the articles published in the 'New York Sunday Age' which give me the proud right of claiming to be the Founder of 'The American Dramatic Fund Association',

incorporated at Albany N. Y. by the Senate and Assembly April 11, 1848.

I also enclose a letter from my old friend Geo. Augustus Sala, the well-known staunch advocate of all that benefits our profession on either side of the Atlantic. I very gratefully accept your kind offer to head a testimonial for me. Such an endorsement of my claim upon those I have worked so faithfully — and I am happy to add — successfully to place in a position of which they may feel proud, coming from a gentleman who knew me as actor, author and editor some years ago, will be most valuable to me. You asked me last night what heading (would) be most serviceable to me. I append one opposite.

(Testimonial to H. P. Grattan

In recognition of his services in procuring the passage of the Act of Incorporation of 'The American Dramatic Fund Association' through the Senate and Assembly at Albany, New York, April 11th, 1848)

I little thought, when working heart and soul for my brother actors, I should make this appeal, but I suffer at times so severely from heart disease that at times I am incapacitated not only from acting but from resting.

Wishing you every possible success

Believe me dear Mr. Daly

Yours faithfully and obliged

Henry Plunkett Grattan.

One of the original staff of the 'London Punch.' Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society and, as part proprietor and editor of 'The New York Sunday Age,' the advocate and founder of the American Dramatic Fund Association.

A. Daly Esqr."

CHAPTER XXVI

The interesting season of 1884-1885. Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer." Why it requires judicious treatment for our stage. Letter of Charles P. Daly. A new comedietta, "A Woman's Won't." Dissociation of Mr. Daly's father-in-law Mr. Duff from the theatre. He helps his son James to manage The Standard. Production of one of the most entertaining of modern farces, "A Night Off." It carries the season to a close. A notable event — return of Miss Clara Morris to Daly with a version of Dumas' "Denise." It fails to make a success. Tour of the Daly company. Account of Augustin Daly's appearance in 1886, and his characteristics, by a Boston writer. Letter from Chicago. Visit to San Francisco. How Daly overcame the ticket speculators. Some American and other plays. Preparations for the production of Pinero's "Magistrate" next season. Pinero's doubts about Drew as *Colonel Lukyn*. Daly has no doubts, and Drew makes one of the hits of his life.

"LOVE ON CRUTCHES" was succeeded on February 7, 1885, by George Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," written in 1705, and played in New York as early as 1732, then in 1750, again in 1792, and lastly in 1843. Its first performance in the days of Queen Anne was by a famous cast — Colley Cibber as *Captain Brazen*, Wilks as *Captain Plume*, Estcourt as *Sergeant Kite*, and the immortal Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Mountfort as *Sylvia* and *Rose*. In Garrick's time Margaret Woffington made her London début as *Sylvia*. At the Park Theatre in 1843 *Sylvia* was played by Mrs. Hunt, who afterwards married John Drew the elder and became the mother of the young actor who now, 1885, appeared at Daly's as *Plume*. Miss Rehan was *Sylvia*, Miss Virginia Dreher *Melinda*,

Miss May Fielding *Rose*, Miss May Irwin *Lucy*, Miss Jean Gordon *Nell*, Skinner *Worthy*, Parkes *Brazen*, Lewis *Kite*, Fisher *Justice Ballance*, Stapleton *Scale*, Gilbert *Bullock*, Wilks *Coster*, Bond *Tummas*, Beekman *William*, and Master Alfonso *Tycho*.

For color and action, the play will be always attractive if mounted with the taste Daly now bestowed upon it; and its humorous scenes will survive the elimination of many of its lines; for the effort to refine the coarseness of its wit is, as *Iago* says, "like plucking bird-lime from frieze." The revival excited great interest among old actors and old theatre-goers. John Gilbert wrote Mr. Daly that he had seen it at the Tremont Theatre in Boston over fifty years before and wished to come to a matinée at Daly's. Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, an authority upon the drama as well as law, literature, history, and geography, wrote :

"84 Clinton Place (8th Str)
New York, February 13th, 1885.

My dear Mr Daly

The first theatre in America, as far as known, was opened in this City with Farquhar's comedy of 'The Recruiting Officer' on the evening of the 6th of December, 1732, eighteen years before the arrival of Hallam's Company, by whom, Dunlap in his 'History of the American Theatre' says, the drama was introduced in America. All that I know further about this first theatrical representation in this Country is that the part of Worthy was played by Mr. Thomas Heady, a perruque maker of the City.

In my monograph 'When was the drama introduced in America,' printed in 1864, and of which I regret to say I have not a copy to send you, I give an account of two companies who played in this City in the years 1750 and 1751, prior to the arrival of Hallam's Company which was in June 1752.

A Mr. Hilton who is interested in the formation of a Dunlap

Publication Society has written me a letter respecting the reprinting of my monograph, and if it is reprinted I will give all that I have subsequently ascertained respecting the theatre of 1732-1733.

Very truly yours

Chas. P. Daly.

Augustin Daly Esqr."

"The Recruiting Officer" afforded Miss Rehan an opportunity to appear in the third of the series of cavalier parts in which she was so successful, and in one of which, *Hypolita* ("She Would and She Would Not"), she had captured the London public. Farquhar's comedy was given until February 28, then Cibber's for a brief period, followed by Wycherly's. Mr. Skinner was now *Harcourt* in "The Country Girl," and Miss Annie Hooper *Lucy*. In "She Would and She Would Not" Mr. Skinner was cast for *Don Octavio*, Miss Kingdon for *Donna Rosara*, and Miss Gordon for *Flora*. A farce called "A Woman's Won't" was played with "The Country Girl" by Lewis, Skinner, Mrs. Gilbert, Gilbert, Miss Fielding, and Miss Irwin. It had been a successful trifle in Germany and France, and now became a favorite here.

During this season Mr. John A. Duff retired from Daly's Theatre to join his son James, who had taken the lease of the new Standard Theatre on Sixth Avenue. Augustin purchased the interests represented by his father-in-law in Daly's Theatre, and thereafter remained its sole proprietor. During the summer he expended a large sum in erecting a fireproof wall between the stage and the auditorium, and in other improvements to secure the safety of the audience.

We now come to the production (March 4, 1885) of "A Night Off," a version by Daly of "Der Raub der Sabinerinnen" of Franz and Paul von Schönthan. If

we can imagine audiences really "convulsed with merriment," as the reporters say, and recall critics inditing their reports under the headline "A Bonanza of laughter," we can get some idea of the impression made by this exquisite succession of uproariously funny as well as delicately witty scenes. Miss Rehan as *Nisbe*, Miss Dreher as *Angelica*, Mrs. Gilbert as *Mrs. Babbitt*, and Miss Irwin as *Susan*, Mr. Drew as *Jack Mulberry*, Mr. Lewis as *Professor Babbitt*, Mr. Skinner as *Damask*, Mr. Leclercq as *Snap*, and Mr. Fisher as *Lord Mulberry*, made the first success of this remarkable play in America. The incomparable variety of Miss Rehan's ingénues no repetition of such characters could exhaust. Drew's part was like the *Rovers* and *Young Rapids* of old comedy, and was spiritedly given. Miss Irwin made her greatest hit at Daly's as the ubiquitous and enthusiastic *Susan*.

On the last night of this extraordinarily successful season, April 20, 1885, a special epilogue written by Edgar Fawcett was spoken by all the characters, and the company took its leave for a summer tour which was to embrace two weeks in Philadelphia, two in Boston, one in Brooklyn, and five in Chicago. After this they were to open in San Francisco on July 13.

Miss Clara Morris returned to Mr. Daly's management on April 20, 1885, for the second time since she had ceased to be a member of the regular company. We remember that in 1875 she appeared in a version of Mosenthal's "Deborah"; and now she was to create the part of *Denise* in the drama of that name by Alexander Dumas. The cast of the play, besides Miss Morris as *Denise*, included Hélène Stoepel (Bijou Heron) as *Martha*, Blanche Thorne as *Clarisse*, Effie Germon as *Madame de Thauvette*, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen as *Madame Brissot*, Miss Agnes Perring as *Madame de Pontferrand*, A. E.

Lipman as *Fernand de Thausette*, Frank Losee as *Thouvenin*, H. A. Weaver as *Brisson*, Parkes as *Pontferrand*, and Wilks as the *Servant*. The play as a play was a model of the unities. The action occurred on one spot in one day. The dialogue was direct and incisive, and the story was touching. With all this, and the fame of the star to recommend it, it did not make the success anticipated by actress and manager. Had it been played by Miss Morris ten years before, it might have made a wonderful impression. It was not the part for a mature actress. The criticisms were generally favorable, one or two most appreciative, but there were exceptions in which the physical fitness of the star for the rôle was offensively dwelt upon. Miss Morris was suffering at this time from an accident to her foot and ankle which she had sustained in Boston, and which almost crippled her, and from an attack of neuralgia — all of which she pluckily disregarded to keep her engagement with the public.

As to the pecuniary results of this engagement, they were far above those of her season in this same theatre when it was the old Broadway and under a different management seven years before, and she played *Jane Eyre* with all the vigor and charm of her prime.

The present tour of the Daly company was marked by extraordinary tributes from the press. It was said that his company honored the stage at home and abroad, exhibited delicate tact, continual ease, the graces of good society, and a perfect mastery of their art; and that the Irving company, in its particular field, did not reach to so high a degree of excellence. It is not out of place here to quote what Leander Richardson, writing from New York as correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, said of Augustin's personal appearance, manner, and history in 1885:

"Among all New York managers old and young there is none whose face is so seldom seen and so unfamiliar to the general public as that of Augustin Daly. Mr. Daly has been managing theatres in the metropolis longer than any other man now alive, possibly barring Lester Wallack. In the double capacity of author and director his name has become better known in all likelihood than that of anybody else in the same line of work. Yet not one person in a hundred meeting him on Broadway would know him at all, and no stranger would suspect him of being the well known man he is. To look at Daly anybody would take him to be 32 or 33 years old, but if he isn't past that time of life he must have been a full-fledged manager when he was about eighteen. He never airs himself in public and he never even comes before the curtain of his own theatre unless compelled to do so by the positive demands of the audience. Daly's position as a manager is at the present time in all probability more desirable than that of any other man in the United States. All this is the result of the most untiring industry and the most complete tenacity of purpose that I have ever seen exhibited and, if Mr. Daly's success in life teaches anything, it is that he who starts out with a definite purpose and steadily seeks to accomplish it through devotion to duty must in the long run win. Augustin Daly used to be a newspaper man in the days when the Bohemian Club flourished and held their bacchanalian symposiums at Pfaffs. Daly was in those days a tall, slender youngster in delicate health. He was an exceedingly unpopular man with the writers who used to pretty nearly control things. Daly would not travel with any of them. He was telling me not long ago, to what an extent journalism had improved since the days he worked in that field. Then, he said, a writer had to put in all his time and command peculiar facilities to earn \$60. per week, while nowadays there are writers who are paid for their work upon a number of papers and have little difficulty in clearing from \$7,000. to \$15,000. a year.

On first nights Mr. Daly is generally called before the curtain before the play is over. When he comes out, tall, slender,



AUGUSTIN DALY

pale and usually embarrassed, about half the audience say 'Who is that? It can't be Daly.' . . . They look upon a youthful appearing man who is negligently dressed and who has obviously just been at work upon the scene. He is generally dusty, and not infrequently there is a big dab of whitewash or some other color rubbed from the scene upon some part of his clothing. Personal appearance is something Mr. Daly has never studied, and if it were necessary that he should wear a blue blouse in preparing his stage for the view of the public, he would accept a call before the curtain in that costume.

Unlike most theatrical managers who go in for making extensive friendships in order to help their receipts, Mr. Daly believes in conducting himself with as much regard for his own privacy as would be expected of . . . a man occupying a high position in any other calling."

This year Boston's poise was completely destroyed. "A Night Off" caused the audience to roll about ecstatically, and then cheer Daly and wave their handkerchiefs.

From Chicago he wrote :

"We had a glorious opening here last night. Love on Crutches made the biggest hit of all. All the papers are unanimous. I had two calls — even greater than the Company calls, and, as in Boston, they cheered me. This attention on the part of the public is quite intoxicating — in a mild way. But I am sobered by the thought that those two little souls who had grown of late years to enjoy my successes even more than their papa did are no longer here to share my gladness."

In San Francisco Daly was confronted by a combination of theatrical managers which declined to admit his company to their houses except upon equal sharing terms, when he was getting in the great cities of the East sixty-five to seventy per cent, and the enormous cost of transportation to the Pacific justified even better terms. He refused to submit to their demands, and to their aston-

ishment hired a minstrel hall in Bush Street (left out of the calculations of the Trust) and played there to jammed houses while the combination was feeding on air!

In the course of this eventful year, Daly did the American playwrights and the American playgoers signal service. He broke up an establishment in Chicago for the sale of pirated copies of popular plays, and his act led to the formation of a protective society of managers, publishers, and authors; and he invented and put in operation a scheme to defeat speculation. He had been a consistent foe of that form of monopoly, even obtaining judicial recognition of the manager's right to exclude from his theatre purchasers from sidewalk operators. But those traders had so many ways of eluding detection in buying seats at the box-office to sell at a hundred per cent profit on the streets, that Augustin devised the following plan: The purchaser of seats for a particular night received simply a slip of paper with a number on it, exchangeable at night for the actual ticket purchased. As speculators could not sell slips containing merely a numeral, and no indication of the number or location of seats, they retired from the field.

Plays came this season from Robert Buchanan, Henry Guy Carleton, Mrs. J. Campbell Verplanck of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Burton Harrison. The celebrated Thomas Nast broached the subject of an entertainment in which he might appear and exhibit his facility in caricature.

The aspirants for a place in the Daly company were numerous this season. Among them was the daughter of Joaquin Miller, and Mr. Brander Matthews wrote to Mr. Daly in favor of a very young daughter of the late Harry Beckett, comedian, "Knowing how hospitable you have been to the children of Mrs. John Drew, Matilda Heron and other favorites of the public and knowing too that

in your theatre the girl will be in better company and will be better taught than anywhere else." Edwin Booth introduced Herr Brüning of the Residenz Theatre, Berlin (a member of the company which had supported Booth during his engagement there), who was now seeking an opening on the English stage.

One of the oldest, as well as one of the faithfulest of those who had shared my brother's fortunes, left the scene forever this year: "Poor old Beekman. How we will miss him. The little he had to do he always did well. We could have better spared a better man," wrote the anonymous "Fellers What Be's Around."

Augustin was planning at this time his "Life of Margaret Woffington," a personage for whom he had a romantic attachment, though she had died tragically upon the stage nearly half a century before he was born.

My poor brother had not yet got out of the shadow of his great affliction. On August 15, in a long letter covering many matters, I find this passage:

"For the first time in all my journeyings I come home to an empty nest. It will be years before I can ever talk or write to you of the feeling that comes over me, day and night — when I am alone — and think upon my absent boys."

One of the firmest believers in Daly's star of destiny, W. J. Florence, was himself an actor of almost infinite accomplishments, and he brought to Daly's summer season, 1885, his *Captain Cuttle*, *Pinto P. Perkins*, and *Bardwell Slote*, assisted by his wife (Malvina Pray forty years before, and now alert as ever) in *Susan Nipper*, *Miss Matilda Starr*, and *Mrs. Gilflory*. The theatre had been lavishly embellished since the close of the last season. From first to last Daly spent a fortune upon this property in improvements and decorations. A

row of Parisian boxes was erected at the back of the parquet, and the doors were ornamented with wood carvings representing scenes from the favorite plays of the theatre — a costly novelty which none of the general public had time to observe.

Pinero's capital farce, "The Magistrate," was rehearsed in Philadelphia. Augustin urged me to run on and give him suggestions. The boy part, *Cis Farrington*, would have been played by a girl according to custom and because of the difficulty of finding boys fit to act — male adolescents are usually a shame-faced lot in public — had not Pinero engaged Hamilton Bell for the part, and expressed his distaste for a woman playing a boy in a modern piece. Bell was capital. Pinero had some doubts about Drew in *Colonel Lukyn*:

"With regard to Mr. Drew, if that gentleman can give us anything like what I want *Col. Lukyn* to be and what for the effect of the piece he *must* be, why, by all means, let him play it! What reason can I have for objecting? All I have said and still say, is that I fear Mr. Drew cannot give us the *Lukyn* we want, and that Mr. Fisher perhaps can. And there I have left the question with you. . . . I shall be very glad to hear that you are not angry with me past redemption.

Sincerely yours

Arthur W. Pinero."

Daly adhered to Drew, who made a display of new ability and power that surprised everybody but his manager.

CHAPTER XXVII

"The Magistrate" opens season of 1885-1886; a furore. Brander Matthews' letter. General Porter's effort to get places for the opening. First Shakespearian revival in this theatre. Cast. Oakey Hall's anecdote. This version of the "Merry Wives" privately printed with a fac-simile of the first quarto. Winter's historical preface. Modernization and sumptuousness. Ought the Wives to be richly apparelled? Fisher as *Falstaff*. Benefits; how got up. "She Would and She Would Not." "Nancy & Co." Daly commended for his adaptation. Close of the season. Performances by Miss Rosina Vokes and her company, including Brandon Thomas. The Daly company sails for Europe, this time to invade Germany and France after revisiting London.

ON October 7, 1885, "The Magistrate" was produced. The crush to witness it was very great, and as the late comers thronging the lobby heard the first bars of the overture they almost "rushed" the ticket-taker's gate. The fame of its popularity in London had preceded the play. Arthur Wallack told the newspaper men on his return from England that Daly had secured the only success of the season. Pinero had reserved it for my brother in recognition of his excellent production of "The Squire" and his faithful attempts with "Boys and Girls" and "Lords and Commons." The play was unquestionably worthy of the favor it received. Up-roariously funny and scrupulously clean, it was a model of healthy entertainment. The theme of modern farce invariably involves some concealment, deception, discovery, pursuit, and hair-breadth escape. The problem is to invent a plausible excuse for all this without resort to our French neighbors' expedient, conjugal disorder.

Brander Matthews, who had seen the play in London, wrote to Augustin :

"It seems to me — and I have seen it now three times — one of the best farces in the English language. This is high praise I know, but I mean it. I think that in parts it is much better acted by your company than by the fine company at the Court. Mr. Skinner for example made a great deal more of his part than did Mr. Kerr; and the whole second act appeared to me to be more briskly and brilliantly acted here than there."

The crowd on the first night has been described. General Horace Porter had written in September :

"Greeting on your return and congratulations on your marvelous and deserved success,"

with a request to have seats saved for him for the opening. Later, Augustin was admonished that the request had evidently been overlooked :

"15 Broad St., New York.

Oct 2d 1885.

Dear Sir

To engage three orchestra seats for your opening night next Wednesday, I tried to take Time by the forelock by going to the box-office the day before the time advertised for beginning the sale of tickets, but I found that Time had evidently had his hair cut and the forelock was gone. The youthful financier in the safe retreat of the box-office looked at me from the small hole of his vantage-ground and informed me that all the good seats, meaning the front part of the orchestra, had already been disposed of. I asked him if he thought you had much influence with the administration and could help me. He was evidently not apt at conundrums, and looked like a person disposed to take the papers and reserve his decision. He satisfied himself with a statement of facts, namely, that you were in Phila. I told him I had myself seen you there at the Continental Hotel, and that you did look for all the world like a man

who was in Philadelphia, but I ventured the hope that you might return, that even the Prodigal Son returned, and that you might still be in time to serve me. He evidently felt that you would not stand much chance of seeing that play yourself unless you returned pretty quick. He was, to be truthful, very polite, but my faith was so shattered in his ability to do anything for me, that I have decided to add to the weight of your managerial tribulations by writing you and asking you to reserve if possible three orchestra seats for the opening night, close down to the front, even if it brings our knees close up against the big drum. I want to be near enough to see the wrinkles in Mr. Lewis's coat. . . .

With kindest regards to your theatrical family,
Yours very truly,

Horace Porter.

Augustin Daly Esqr."

While the prodigious success of "The Magistrate" continued, the manager devoted every day to the preparation of his first Shakespearian production at this theatre, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." If my readers remember, it was a feature of the first Fifth Avenue Theatre (1872). Now, as then, Fisher was the *Falstaff*, Lewis *Slender*, and Mrs. Gilbert *Mistress Quickly*.

	Daly's Fifth Ave. Theatre Nov. 1872	Daly's Theatre January 1886
<i>Sir John Falstaff</i>	Charles Fisher	Charles Fisher
<i>Fenton</i>	B. T. Ringgold	Hamilton Bell
<i>Shallow</i>	D. Whiting	John Moore
<i>Slender</i>	James Lewis	James Lewis
<i>Ford</i>	George Clarke	John Drew
<i>Page</i>	Louis James	Otis Skinner
<i>Sir Hugh Evans</i>	Wm. Davidge	Chas. Leclercq
<i>Doctor Caius</i>	W. J. Lemoyne	Wm. Gilbert
<i>Host of the Garter</i>	Owen Fawcett	Fredk. Bond

	Daly's Fifth Ave. Theatre Nov. 1872	Daly's Theatre January 1886
<i>Pistol</i>	George DeVere	Geo. Parkes
<i>Nym</i>	H. Burnett, Jr.	John Wood
<i>Bardolph</i>	J. R. Mackey	H. Roberts
<i>Falstaff's page</i>	Jennie Yeamans	Bijou Fernandez
<i>Simple</i>	W. Beekman	Wm. Collier
<i>Rugby</i>	F. Chapman	E. P. Wilks
<i>Mistress Ford</i>	Miss Fanny Davenport	Miss Ada Rehan
<i>Mistress Page</i>	Miss Fanny Morant	Miss Virginia Dreher
<i>Anne Page</i>	Miss Sara Jewett	Miss Edith Kingdon
<i>Mistress Quickly</i>	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert

Fisher was a worthy successor, but in no sense a copy, of Hackett, the most noted Falstaff of the American stage, who had many imitators after his departure from the theatre of this world. Oakey Hall tells of one in a letter to Daly this year:

"One day when I was trying a case before his (Hackett's) son the Recorder, a Philadelphia actor¹ whom I only recall as the husband of Charlotte Barnes and who had a deep Forrestian voice (so in vogue once) came into the Courtroom and took (a) seat on the bench beside the Recorder, and during a lull in the proceedings said in his deep voice (to be heard all over the Court room, but intended as an aside) 'John, I've come to inquire about your father's patent Falstaffian stomach. Who has it? I'd like to buy it.' In a moment the Courtroom burst into a roar and the actor retired in triumph, for what actor does not enjoy a laugh for an exit? I am now just where you began — living by my pen and skirmishing among the newspapers for the traditional pittance and magazines and rehearsing Triplett. I hear that you greatly flourish. Good."

Heartily, the old
O. K."

¹ Perhaps E. S. Connor. J. F. D.

The costumes for this revival were designed by Hamilton Bell from approved authorities. A facsimile of the first quarto (1602) in photo-lithography, bound up with the present prompt-book, was printed for distribution to the first-night auditors. Mr. William Winter wrote a preface for it.

The sumptuousness of this production and the modernism of the acting were criticised. The spectator, it was said, would be charmed by Miss Rehan and Miss Dreher, but would never suspect that these dazzling young beauties were intended for those noted gossips whom Falstaff himself — and his tastes were not fastidious — admitted were neither young nor beautiful. Drew too, it was observed, was exquisite in dress and a courtier in carriage, and Skinner a swaggering young prig who might be the lover of his own daughter *Anne*.

All this might be excusable in a very young journalist to whom forty is a patriarchal age in man and to whom there is no youth in woman after the fifth lustrum. As to the costuming, the merry wives and their husbands are people of substance, Ford and Page being described as having "legions of angels" and being "all gold and bounty," and Falstaff proposing to bleed them through their wives and to make them his exchequers — his East and West Indies — and trade to them both. The wives are described as ruling their husbands' purses. The costumes of the wives were copied from the Boydell plates.

As to modernism: The Daly players were expressly trained to be natural in speech, manner, and action in old comedy, and it is safe to say that under that instruction they came nearer to a reproduction of the play as Shakespeare staged it than by affecting an artificial method. The lines of the play suggest nothing stilted. It is questionable whether the rhythmical chant once

adopted by some performers in delivering blank verse, and referred to by Cibber in his "Apology," Chapter IV, and by his editors in the notes, represented what was heard even in tragedy in the days of Elizabeth and James, or that it was other than an affectation of a few performers. I heard something like it in William Wheatley's delivery and later in that of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, but no one else thought it attractive enough to acquire.

In the majesty of his person Fisher was created for Falstaff. No short, round man, no dumpy sot, could impose upon as many people of distinction as *Sir John* did, or continue to have his lack of every virtue condoned and to find his roguery, instead of exciting detestation, covering his victims with derision. Fisher's voice, too, was one of singularly tender quality. His description of his suffering in the buck-basket was almost tragic. His modulated utterance at times seemed indistinct, but his action supplied the words. In his glance, too, rested much of the effect of his performance. His *Falstaff* explained the problem of a character which could not help being weak and wicked or, being found out, forgiven.

Brander Matthews was moved by this production to say :

"Beautiful were both the Merry Wives and beautiful was sweet Anne Page—indeed I do not think I ever saw three prettier women on the stage together than Miss Rehan, Miss Dreher and Miss Kingdon. Beautiful too were the costumes and the scenery, especially the first act.

The thought which possessed me chiefly toward the end of the performance was this:—How the critics would tear the 'Merry Wives' to pieces if it had been a new American play! They would be unanimous in declaring much of its humor cheap and flippant and many of its scenes altogether too farcical for

comedy. Fortunately Shakespeare was not an American dramatist.

One of the best things in the performance on Thursday—it seems to me—was Mr. Bond's Mine Host of the Garter; it was delightfully unctuous and rollicking."

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" was played until February 13, 1886. During that time the company volunteered for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, this time at the Madison Square Theatre, now managed exclusively by Mr. A. M. Palmer. On every occasion of a benefit the part contributed by each actor is really voluntary, and an act of individual benevolence. An announcement of the proposed benefit is posted in the Green Room of each theatre with an invitation to the members of the company, willing to participate, to subscribe their names. After the names are signed, the play is selected and cast by the manager. This time, as invariably, every member of Daly's company volunteered. The second act of "Love on Crutches" was contributed, while Palmer's company gave the first act of "Engaged" and Wallack's the fifth act of "The Rivals."

A brief revival of "She Would and She Would Not," with Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew in a 'curtain-raiser' called "A Wet Blanket," followed Shakespeare, and was in time succeeded by a short season of "The Country Girl" with Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis in another *lever de rideau*, "A Sudden Shower"; and then the final novelty of the season, "Nancy & Co.," was introduced to a delighted audience on the evening of February 24, 1886.

The adaptation of this very original play from the German farce by Rosen, transferred the scenes and the characters to New York, and necessitated a complete rewriting of the book, as in the case of all the German plays. The brilliant comedy action immediately won

the critics and the public. Of Mr. Drew's comedy work it is certain that no praise could be too high; its finish and lightness lent to the scenes between him and Miss Rehan such effect that an accomplished writer observed: "It is always a happy fortune when Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew play opposite each other. It would be difficult to name two comedians who, when pitted against one another in a play, so accentuate and develop the humorous points and intentions of each other."

To Daly as adapter was attributed the success of the play itself, for having so cleverly treated his materials and so ingenuously localized the "argument" that it "became his comedy for all practical purposes." He was praised for unrivalled cleverness in dialogue as well as for the creation of innumerable bits of action which gave sparkle to the situations. He was commended for "the absolute mastery which he has obtained over the conditions of stage representation." The question, what share Mr. Daly had in these adaptations, was answered: "The facts are that he takes the salient points of the original, invests the different parts with new characteristics suitable to his company, and so alters the language that when the piece is presented before the New York audience, it practically contains only the germ of the original idea"; and it was affirmed that "Mr. Daly adds the delicate touches of humor and sportive bits of business that mark him as easily the first dramatist in America."

With this novel and brilliant comedy (on the last night of which a special epilogue was spoken by all the characters) the seventh season of Mr. Daly in this theatre and the sixteenth season of his management was brought to a triumphant close. This was on May 1, 1886. The curtain fell on the night of the 1st of May only to rise, the following Monday night, upon an entertainment

differing greatly in kind, but thoroughly in keeping with the reputation of the theatre — the plays given by Rosina Vokes and her own company. Miss Vokes, the survivor of a famous company, was now Mrs. Frederic Clay, and the leader of a most agreeable company of artists. Mr. Brandon Thomas, afterwards well known as the author of the farce "Charley's Aunt," was her leading man this season. Weedon Grossmith was irresistibly funny in "A Pantomime Rehearsal." Miss Vokes' season continued six enjoyable weeks, and then Daly's Theatre was closed while his company, after a brief spring visit to Philadelphia and Boston, paid their second visit to the British Isles and a first trip to the continent.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The second visit to London. The Daly company at the Strand Theatre. Warm greetings of the press. "A Night Off" greatly applauded. Affectionate welcome for the players. "Nancy & Co." a still greater success. Competition of every theatre and star in London to contend with. List of attractions. Social success of the Company. Irving's supper in the Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum. Performance at Brighton. William Black. Royalty visits the Strand. "A Night Off" given by request.

THE visit to London in 1886 was in response to the hearty invitation given in 1884 to return and gratify the newly aroused interest of the English people. On May 27 the company opened at the Strand Theatre with "A Night Off." The press was altogether with the players and the play: "Handled with exquisite delicacy of touch by the actors one and all" (*The Times*). "They play into each other's hands with a grace and precision delightful to behold. Apart from its distinct and individual merits, the company's performance has a general smoothness and spirit which cannot fail to afford the highest satisfaction to an educated and observant audience" (*Morning Post*). "It was like a greeting to dear old friends, and in spirit at least there was a hearty shaking of hands across the footlights with Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan, Mr. Skinner and Miss Dreher and their clever companions" (*Era*). With regard to the conditions in America favorable to development of theatrical art, the *Era* observed: "Nowhere is greater regard paid to the sex" (than in America), "and this of course is reflected upon the stage. Where

women are placed upon a nearly equal status with men in personal liberty, in social intercourse, and in intellectual attainments, comedy is likely to flourish; and if the comedy of America has hardly yet taken the highest place, there is little doubt as to its ultimate development, influence and power." The *Pall Mall Gazette* said that the company had probably no equal outside of Paris.

The company waited anxiously behind the scenes for their cues on that eventful first night. The crowd to face was no longer the American colony; it was emphatically British. Lewis was the first to be recognized. Before he spoke there was a shout, and then from the pit, "Glad to see you back!" amid cries of welcome. It is at the close of the first act that Mrs. Gilbert enters, followed by Miss Rehan. This time the latter remained behind to let Mrs. Gilbert have her individual greeting. It came with a will, and the old lady, thinking she was sharing it with her young associate, turned to look back, found she was alone on the stage, and realized that the welcome was all her own. Her emotion, as she turned again to the house, could be plainly perceived. Then, at Miss Rehan's entrance, the house rose. At the end of the play the audience, instead of leaving the theatre immediately, remained to give the company five recalls, to demand Mr. Daly, and to make him talk — which he did after his own embarrassed fashion, but very much to the point.

The admiration excited by the performance of the opening play was, however, surpassed by the appreciation of the acting in "Nancy & Co." which evoked frantic applause. Its dialogue was praised as singularly bright and happy, epigrammatic, witty, and appropriate. The *Saturday Review* said: "There is not now in London an

English company as well chosen, as well trained, as brilliant in the abilities of its individual members, or as well harmonized as a whole, as the admirable company which Mr. Daly directs. They suggest the Comédie Française at its best when it is not frozen stiff by its own chill dignity. Every performance shows that they are controlled by a single mind strong in the knowledge of its own aim and ability." The *Pall Mall Gazette* declared: "London will be duller when they return to their native land."

The members of the Daly company who were the subject of these unstinted praises and who, it ought to be said to their credit, kept their heads during it all, were Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher, Miss Kingdon, Miss Irwin, and Miss Sylvie, Mr. Drew, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Leclercq, Mr. Bond, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Parkes. It must be remembered, in order to appreciate the compliments they received, that they were pitted against the Lyceum company with Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry at its head; the French company at Her Majesty's, with Damala and Mdlle. Jane Hading; Herman Vezin in "The Fool's Revenge" at the Opera Comique; Coghlan and Mrs. Langtry at the Prince's; Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake at the Princess; Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Eben Plympton at the Royalty; George Grossmith and Miss Leonora Braham at the Savoy in "The Mikado"; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the St. James; Misses Kate Rorke, Rose Leclercq, and Lottie Venne at the Vaudeville; Dixey in "Adonis" at the Gaiety; Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket; Hawtrey at the Globe; Mrs. John Wood and Arthur Cecil at the Court; Charles Wyndham at the Criterion; Marie Tempest, Rose Hersee, and Pateman at Drury Lane; Henry Paulton at the Comedy; Terriss at the Adelphi; Grand Opera at Covent Garden with Albani,

Scalchi, and Maurel, and the spectacles at the Alhambra and the Empire.

This was an array of the very greatest stage attractions of the time in the very height of the London season, and the fact that into this arena Daly led his host and came off victorious, proves more than any words the quality of his company.

During their long stay in London the company were made much of socially. Irving gave a supper in the famous Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre, to which Mr. Daly, Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher, Miss Irwin, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Drew, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Leclercq were invited, and where they met Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Barnes (a niece of Canon Barnes and a recent débutante at Toole's), Lord Ronald Gower, designer of the Shakespeare monument at Stratford, Comyns Carr, and the famous London editors who had so frankly recognized the merit of the Daly people. The invitation was cordial and informal :

"29 May, 1886.

My dear Mr. Daly,

We will have supper on Thursday at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven & if the ladies & gentlemen whom I had the delight of seeing act today will honor me with their company it will be a real pleasure to welcome them. Please convey to them one & all my respects & greeting. I remain

Sincerely yours

Hy. Irving.

I wish this were 'A Night Off' that I might see your play again."

"8 July, 1886.

My dear Mr. Daly,

I shall be very glad if you are still able to spare me a box for Saturday next. I would like to offer it to Sir Dighton Probyn, who is the Prince of Wales' right hand man.

By the way, the Prince is honouring me with his company to supper on Saturday, July 24, and I hope that Miss Rehan & you will also honour me.

Yours sincerely

H. Irving."

A formal invitation followed next day "to remind." The cordial farewell Irving and my brother took of each other (they closed their season on the same night) is evidenced by Irving's last letter before he sailed for a vacation in America :

"31 July, 1886.

My dear Mr. Daly,

With all my heart I wish every good fortune to you and your inimitable friends. I hope that by and by we shall all meet often. The address I spoke of to you — the dog man's — was Edwin Nichols, Victoria Wharf, Warwick Road, Kensington. But I have a Bull pup for you, and if you will give particulars to W. Arnot, Lyceum Theatre, he will take care of it till you want it.

Very sincerely

H. Irving."

"Mephisto," the bull-pup spoken of, was brought to New York, but my brother's partiality for him was not shared by everybody in the theatre. The head carpenter Tait observed to me one day, "I have no use for him." Tait had a complaint to make to Augustin about Mephisto's bad temper once, and as the details of his behavior were unfolded, the dog rose and placed his forepaws beseechingly on my brother's breast as if pleading his own cause. When it happened that he was left alone in my brother's office (which was never locked), he did not object to any one coming in, but nobody could leave until his master returned. Once a prominent dramatic critic

was so restrained by this mistaken policy of Mephisto's, that he could have made out a very good case of false imprisonment. Mephisto died a few years later and was replaced by another bull-pup.

The company went down to Brighton to give a matinée of "A Night Off," and William Black came with his wife to see it. He wrote :

"I am proud of my American readers, and fancied I would like to hear Americans read and see them act. One can form a very good estimate of the culture of a people by a study of the plays they accept and the acting they enjoy; but I confess I have lost all sight of the nationality in the fine art of every member of the company. We have no one precisely like Miss Rehan nearer than Paris."

Mr. Daly, Miss Rehan, and a party of the company dined with Mr. Black at the Old Ship Hotel.

The Prince of Wales honored the Daly performances twice. For the royal visit of July 19, the play of "A Night Off" was given "by desire"; and on the last night of the engagement, after the play — which was followed by a witty epilogue written for the farewell by Clement Scott — his royal highness came behind and took leave of each person in turn.

The company departed at once for Scotland for a short engagement preparatory to the momentous expedition to the continent.

CHAPTER XXIX

The first visit of an American theatrical company to Germany. Opening in Hamburg at the Thalia Theatre. First English words spoken on a German stage in almost 300 years. The plays from the German do not succeed with the Germans. Stobitzer's "Love on Crutches" entirely unknown outside of Dresden. But the Germans respect American art. Depressing effect upon actors playing to audiences ignorant of the language. A week in Berlin at the Wallner Theatre. Speedy change in critical opinion. The familiar "Night Off" introduces the company, and they suffer by comparison with home talent; but "She Would and She Would Not" establishes the company and carries the remainder of the programme. "Nancy & Co." succeeds in English where it failed in German.

If it were, as Wallack said, a plucky thing for Daly to take an American theatrical company to England, it was even more courageous on his part to court the opinion of countries unacquainted with the English language. The company was announced for "Fünftägliches Gastspiel" at the Thalia Theatre, Hamburg, and on the 19th of August, 1886, the first English-speaking company in nearly three hundred years was seen on a German stage. The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* recalled that, although this was the first American company to appear in Germany, a company of English actors performing biblical scenes or Mysteries had been brought over by the English churchmen who attended the Council of Kostnitz in 1417; and that by 1590 English actors had established themselves and won a settled position of decided influence in the smaller German Courts as well as in certain cities such as Dantzig.

Curiosity to witness this revival of the English-speaking stage might have crowded the Hamburg theatre if the weather had been propitious and the customary summer exodus had not taken away most of the class likely to be interested; but the literary and critical world turned out in force. Six plays were given, beginning with "Love on Crutches," which was followed by "A Night Off," "Nancy & Co.," "A Woman's Won't," "The Country Girl," and "She Would and She Would Not." The names of the German originals and of the authors were announced. The native farces, as well as the German source of "A Woman's Won't," were of course familiar to the German press and public, and for their benefit the programmes also contained in full the argument of Wycherly's and Cibber's comedies. It transpired, however, that Stobitzer's excellent play, from which "Love on Crutches" was adapted, had not been played in Germany outside of Dresden. The opening night therefore suffered from the unlooked-for unfamiliarity of the audience with the play, and also, as it appeared, from a low estimate of its author.

It was to be expected that the American manner and speech would be found strange, and that the transformation of German into foreign types might occasion discontent. The Americans were, in fact, allowed to be fascinating, but declared not true to life. What the excitement was among the company on the stage may be imagined. They had no illusions about the effect of playing to a German audience. There were wagers as to who would get the first laugh, and Miss Rehan won, even against Lewis. But there was gloom when lines that had evoked screams in London were received in decent silence. Indeed, everything shortly became so decorous and solemn that the players, after pursuing the

business of the scene with their accustomed vivacity, came off entirely subdued. The company, however, like a family party at a strange inn, enjoyed their new experience. As none of them spoke German, and not an attendant of the theatre spoke English, the difficulties were not trifling. Even pantomime did not always suffice.

The small American colony at the performances was increased by the attendance of the consuls, British and foreign, with their families; and these dignitaries took occasion to pay visits of courtesy to Mr. Daly, who was also entertained, with his company, at a dinner given by the German authors.

The Wallner Theatre in Berlin had been leased for a week, and the English residents and such Americans as were in town were constant attendants upon the performances there. So general and lively and evident became the intimacy thus established between the English and the Americans across the footlights, that one German writer regretfully remarked that the German population seemed to be left out of the arrangement. The Berlin press, whose dramatic columns were in the hands of an exceptionally brilliant coterie — and which was at first inclined to be censorious — exhibited a remarkable change of opinion in a very short time. The German playwrights, of course, were exceedingly friendly to Mr. Daly on account of the market for their productions which his enterprise had opened in America, but this did not affect in any degree the independence of the critics. The journal which prefaced its review by saying of Mr. Daly that he was not only well known as a clever and industrious arranger of German plays, but was praised by German dramatists for the sense of justice which impelled him, though not legally bound to do so, to pay them liberally

for their plays, remarked of the members of his company that they had already become well known through street posters, which did not make a particularly deep impression, and that (with all friendliness to the strangers) truth compelled the admission that the originals scarcely succeeded better.

It was in this spirit that the opening performance, "A Night Off" (which was as familiar as household words to the Berliners), was generally received. The press next day allowed that it was smoothly played, but deemed the performance lacking in distinction; it also said that any of the Berlin players would have done much better, and imparted to the performance a truer comedy tone than the guests from New York, some of whom, although enjoying particular fame at home, would hardly be engaged by a Berlin manager — certainly not for principal rôles. Other critics pronounced the engagement not a happy experiment, and opined that, besides the Americans present, nobody could be particularly interested in what the visitors did; also that they afforded Berliners an opportunity for judging American art somewhat like that offered by Hagenbeck's anthropological exhibition; further, that the announcement that their engagement was limited to seven nights afforded more gratification than their performances; and finally that their style was of the coarsest farce, and that during the whole evening one expected to see them stand upon their heads or dance a clog dance.

Of the company there were different opinions. One critic credited Miss Rehan with having "good soubrette blood," but said she caricatured the part of *Nisbe*. Another observed that "Miss Rehan, the darling of the company, was ridiculous in tasteless toilettes." Another remarked that her action was "charming enough,

but without a trace of naturalness"; that her fainting scene (Act 2) was done "repulsively": that no one in Germany would play a *backfisch* so unsympathetically. One, however, found Miss Rehan charming as an ingénue, with a leaning toward the *enfant terrible*. By one writer Mrs. Gilbert was termed a comical but dignified old lady, while another observed that she was rather old than funny. The Hamburg press, by the way, had expressed the opinion that the German stage hardly possessed an old woman of Mrs. Gilbert's comic power! Lewis and Leclercq, it was said by one observer, gave a picture in coarse colors, but another credited Lewis with having played with astonishing naturalness. Of Drew and Skinner it was remarked that they gave their dry humor full value, and of Miss Dreher that she never overstepped the bounds of comedy, notwithstanding "the bad example about her."

The almost brutal reception thus given to the "guests" and to their manager can be explained. There was a natural feeling of loyalty to native performers, who were forced into contrast with strangers in their favorite parts.

While, in Hamburg, the company suffered from the disadvantage of opening in a German play which the Germans did not know, they now suffered from opening in a piece so well known that a novel interpretation of its characters came with a sort of shock. The critic of the *Staatsburger Zeitung* observed, however, that, although the American way of treating "Der Raub der Sabinerinnen" savored of burlesque, "the performance showed clearly that it would be easy for the Americans to satisfy the highly cultivated taste of a society which had outgrown worn-out theatrical effects;" that the acting was fresh, clever, and only not natural when the American taste led to the exaggeration of the comic element. An-

other journal ungrudgingly stated that the public appeared to be much pleased, and that "instead of judging our guests by our standards, we ought to be happy and thankful to learn the American art and their custom of interpreting it"; and another ejaculated, "God be praised, we have home talent good enough to show what good acting is—but, on the whole, the evening was delightful!"

The manager, after presenting his company to the Berliners first in the most boisterous of the German farces, next offered that most lively of old comedies, "She Would and She Would Not." No more disapproval of American methods was heard. The critics went to Cibber's play and found the acting a revelation. On the third night, "Love on Crutches" established the reputation of the visitors. On the fourth night "The Country Girl" enraptured the Berliners, and in the spirited performance of "Nancy & Co." ("Halbe Dichter"), the German critics found courage to compare the Americans with the best actors of their own stage. "We see them" (says the *Tageblatt*) "on their strongest side—an exuberant humor which passes all bounds, and which our Germans have not courage to attempt for fear of lapsing into the coarse"; the *Borsten Courier*, noting the fact that the piece had been played two years before in this very theatre and unsuccessfully, observed that the German actors who now saw the Daly company in it went home after this performance with greater satisfaction than they had felt after their own. The *Presse*, recalling the same previous failure, declared the present success remarkable, and thought the play might have been helped by an adaptation which added humorous force to it; but nevertheless acknowledged that the American performers "taught us that on the other side of the Atlantic there are players who freshly and decidedly em-

body the humor of the drama. When our guests return to their home across the great water, they will, perhaps, take with them the knowledge that the chief value of their work in the German capital lies less in the pieces they have performed than in the manner in which they played them. . . . By their dramatic equipment, their smoothness in dialogue and the freshness of their humor alone, have they secured an uncontested and incontestable success." The *National Zeitung* acknowledged the visit of the Daly company to be an act of courtesy to the German public and to German authors. The *Borsten Courier* said that "the acquaintance made with the peculiar art of the Americans was worth while—it was captivating and won success, even with their German colleagues."

A graceful courtesy to the visitors was shown by the *Lokal Anzeiger*, which printed its farewell "to its esteemed American guests" in their language as well as its own, and declared that their visit from across the ocean was a laudable as well as highly interesting enterprise, and that "Mr. Daly's actors belonged to the very first ranks of their profession."

CHAPTER XXX

The first visit of an American theatrical company to France. No delusions entertained about its probable reception. False notions about the "Yankee." Keen interest among professionals. Announcements. Engagement of the Théâtre des Vaudevilles. Enrollment of Daly in the Dramatic Authors' Society. The first night. All the company on the scene except Miss Kingdon. The Anglo-American colony in full dress, to the surprise of the Parisians. The journals, in the main, not encouraging. Resentment at showing another art in the art capital of the world. Disasters of English, German, Spanish, and Russian troupes recalled. Discovery first that the plays now produced were not American, but Prussian — then that they were French. Some serious criticisms. Criticism of the acting. English press indignant. Company locked in. Let out in time to get to Ireland. Home.

In going to Paris Mr. Daly was under no delusion as to the reception his company would meet with from press and people. He believed them without interest in dramatic matters outside of their own country, and indifferent to any school of acting but their own. He expected, however (and in this he was not disappointed), very keen professional interest in his work. In one respect he was misjudged. Most of the journalists supposed that his object in bringing his people so many thousands of miles at such great cost was to make money — they religiously believed that all Americans followed money-making as a principle. His attempt was therefore considered as sordid as it was audacious, and deserving of failure. They never clearly comprehended Daly, and this, with some minor matters, quite French, vexed him. But he got

over his annoyance, and looked back upon his experience with a sense of victory.

His coming was heralded for some weeks in all the journals, and in the principal ones in very gracious words. Although his stay was to be very brief, only three days, the Théâtre des Vaudevilles was secured at a heavy cost. The capacity of the house was estimated at 1200 persons; and the regular prices of admission ranged from six francs (eight francs if the seats were booked, or secured in advance) downwards. According to custom, Mr. Daly was duly enrolled in the *Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques*, and his fees as author being reckoned at ten per cent of the gross receipts, three per cent thereof was deducted and paid over to the society. The excellent Mr. Roger, its agent, was an enthusiastic visitor to the performances. License for the plays was obtained in due course from the *Ministre des Beaux-Arts*. As the contract for the theatre did not include an orchestra, one was collected for Mr. Daly at the nightly cost of ten francs each for two of the performers and eight francs for each of the others, and they were conducted by Mr. Henry Widmer as *chef d'orchestre*. Furniture for the drawing-room scenes was secured from a shop at an expense of 600 francs, in advance of Mr. Daly's arrival. The proprietor of the shop had to be furnished with a plan of the scenes in order to make appropriate selections from his stock, and he also required time for thought in the process. The result, he asserted, would be found to surpass anything on the French stage.

Care was taken to invite to the opening persons distinguished in art and literature. All who were not prevented by professional engagements or absence on their holidays were present. The English and American Ambassadors had boxes for the opening, the Russian Am-

bassador for the last night. Arsène and Henri Houssaye came to the first performance, and Coquelin, who had expected to be able to attend only the performance of "The Country Girl," was present every evening. The English and American colony were out in great force, notwithstanding the midsummer heat. M. de Blowitz wrote to the *London Times* that "the English people present expressed surprise at the total want of an American accent on the stage."

The company which appeared in Paris was identical with that which had played in Germany, with the exception of Miss Kingdon, who had withdrawn from the stage to be married.

The programme for the three performances of "La Troupe Américaine d'Augustin Daly du Daly's Theatre New York (Etats Unis)" was for the first night "A Woman's Won't" ("Le 'Je Ne Veux Pas' d'une Femme") and "Love on Crutches" ("L'Amour Boiteux"); for the second night, "A Woman's Won't" and "A Night Off" ("Une Soirée de Première"); for the third night, "A Country Girl," and for the matinée, "Nancy & Co." The programmes contained a full description of each play for the benefit of visitors who could not follow the dialogue.

The reception of the company on the opening night was enthusiastic. That the English and Americans took the trouble to come in evening dress was a circumstance which excited the first comments of the Parisian journalists, who announced next morning, as matter of news, that the women were décolletées and the men in black, in marked contrast to the customary morning coats and felt hats they wore at the opera house in the summer season—"some even going in gray like millers." One exasperated writer considered their dress at this performance an

indication that they felt themselves at home and honored the occasion accordingly, and that customarily they were "book-makers in Paris and gentlemen only in England." *Figaro* was gratified to observe that the French were the only ones present in high-necked dresses and *paletots*— "politesse for politesse!" *Le Matin* observed of the evening dress and *robes décolletées*, that with a little imagination one might fancy oneself "in New York, somewhere in the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue."

The interest in the visiting players felt by some of the journalists and littérateurs of Paris was not shared by all the critical fraternity. Completely helpless and resentful in face of the task of judging the merits of actors who spoke in a foreign tongue, the journals with one or two exceptions were filled with puerilities such as the above comments upon the dress of the audience, criticisms of the appearance of the actors, and a frank acknowledgment of the hostile reception to be expected by a foreign company venturing to invade the French stage. One reviewer recalled the astonishment of Théophile Gautier when in his day a German company — and a bad one at that — had the audacity to appear in Paris. "How is it," he is quoted as exclaiming, "that the greatest, the most confident — those who have been carried in triumph, crowned with gold and drawn by yokes of admirers, approached Paris trembling, and you have not been afraid?" The *Univers Illustré* revived pleasant recollections of the mobbing of an English company which had appeared in "Othello" in 1822 at the Porte-Saint-Martin, the performers being pelted with potatoes, broken pipes, and *sous*, one of which struck an actress in the face and caused her to faint. A force of gendarmes appeared on the stage, but the audience hurled chairs at them; then, at the "charge" sounded by one of the rioters on a drum in

the orchestra, the mob leaped over the footlights. The actors rallied to drive them back, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued, terminating in the retreat of the foreigners, covered with wounds. The writer admitted that American actors, "no more than English, German, Spanish, or Hottentot," had ever won in Paris the success which French companies achieved abroad; that this was due to the indifference felt by Frenchmen in general and Parisians in particular to all that went on in other countries—a bad thing undoubtedly; and that there was "nothing to attract foreign actors to Paris—neither money to gain nor applause to receive."

Another English company once risked Paris, played one night to seventeen persons, and next day took the train for home. The Paris campaign of the great Italian, Rossi, was disastrous. One Spanish company at the *Variétés* and another, the Estudiantina, at the *Salle Taitbout*, met with discomfiture. But the most calamitous experiment was that of a Russian company of forty persons with beautiful and curious costumes, which arrived in Paris in 1876 to give a play called "A Russian Wedding in the 16th Century"—very popular in St. Petersburg and Moscow. They had quite a crowd on the first night, but most of it left before the end; they tried every means to attract the attention of the public—distributed printed translations of their play and lowered their prices, but all to no purpose. They were organized to carry out a long season, but one morning the manager committed suicide, one of the actors followed his example, and finally the French actors had to get up a benefit and send them home.

These lugubrious reminiscences convinced the Paris press that the Americans were doomed to failure, and that it would not be unkind promptly to execute the

decree of fate. The columns of several papers were opened to a patriotic anonymous correspondent who announced that the company was imposing on the public—that it did not come from “London” but from Berlin, and that the plays to which Mr. Daly put his name were not American but notoriously Prussian. Even when it was discovered that some of the Daly plays were from French originals, *Le Telegraph* calmly declared: “It is not the mission of the French press to encourage foreign adapters.” But gratification was expressed in some quarters on finding that “A Woman’s Won’t,” or “Thank Goodness the Table is Spread!”, although adapted from the German, was originally Léon Gozlan’s “Dieu merci le couvert est mis!” And that “Love on Crutches” was copied partly from Sardou’s “Les Pattes de Mouche” and partly from Alphonse Karr’s “Le Chemin le plus Court.” One feuilletonist delightfully remarked, “After seeing Mr. Daly’s American adaptation of a German play, one is forced to exclaim, ‘How well these Frenchmen write!’”—a *jeu d’esprit* greatly relished by the adapter, who was very well satisfied to have preserved the brilliancy of the original after it had passed through two transformations. The position taken by another authority was that “if Mr. Daly persisted further he would meet the fate of all foreign managers who have tried to introduce their productions within our artistic walls”; and the boldness of his attempt was thus explained: “Mr. Daly’s artists have probably much talent, but they have deceived themselves and have confounded Paris with a village. Paris is the greatest city of the world, and to gain its attention it is necessary to offer something worthy of it.”

The *coup de grâce* was administered to Mr. Daly as adapter. He was described as an industrious Yankee

who hired subalterns at two hundred francs a month to translate the low German repertoire, and had the effrontery to put his name to the work. Several critics, like M. Besson of *L'Évènement*, condemned the Daly plays as "fit only for boarding schools"; and the veteran Sarcey (whom M. de Blowitz accused of staying away from the performances altogether) cruelly remarked that the pieces of the company might be witnessed by "any young girl."

Of the acting, *Le Gaulois* conceded that "it is very good, very easy, very sure, very quick, and the ensemble is happy; the humor seems a little cold and scant, but it must be judged from the American point of view; and the company is excellent." La Pommeraye in *Paris* delivered an opinion that disclosed an attempt at analysis. Speaking of the company generally, he says that they seemed to French observers "too much preoccupied in trying to give the illusion of reality"; and he continues :

"If Mr. Zola assisted at these representations at the Vaudeville he ought to be happy, for if all American actors play like those we are seeing the American theatre may be said to be naturalistic. Thus in 'A Woman's Won't' a young husband treats his wife on the scene with a liberty which would somewhat shock our French women. He . . . even — do I deceive myself — kisses her on the mouth. In France certain artists attempt this boldness, but they turn their backs to the public. Americans are more frank. Shocking — but pleasing. This impassioned pantomime is also very ardent in the last act of 'Love on Crutches.'

This propensity for naturalism shows itself in a thousand details. The fashion of entering, sitting, taking a chair, talking, taking leave, going out, coming in, — it is the usage of everyday life. With us there is always a little conventionality in

the movement of the characters. If I may judge from what I see the American stage is dominated exclusively by reality.

I was not offended by it; nevertheless, with regard to speech — a topic upon which I wish to be reserved — if I dare risk a criticism, I regret that the dialogue is delivered in a fashion so rapid and in a tone of such conversational intimacy as to lessen the effect of many points. I am one of those who believe that it is not necessary to speak on the stage as in a room or a *salon*."

By the individuals of the company the critics were greatly impressed, in spite of evident reluctance to discern anything pleasing in the plays; but there was always with them a sense of something new and strange. Mr. Drew, the *jeune premier*, we learn from various journalistic sources, is "very simple and very Saxon"; is "a handsome fellow whose faultless dress is not his sole merit, for in his love scenes he exhibits warmth without ceasing to be the man of the world"; moreover, he possesses "a bearing of distinction; and is cold, but not so much so as to prevent his controlling his scenes, which he holds well in hand."

The critics on the first night had a good deal to contend with besides an imperfect acquaintance with the English language, if not total ignorance of it. There was confusion in seating the audience, owing to a renumbering of chairs after the spring cleaning of the theatre, and many journalists found themselves placed unsuitably to their dignity. Seen through lorgnettes evidently out of focus, Mr. Drew appeared to two of them like a "hairdresser's apprentice"; and it is from a back seat, doubtless, that we have the complaint: "Miss Rehan, the Sarah Bernhardt of the troupe, and Mr. John Drew, do not stir us in the least. . . . The actors have natural humor, and could make us laugh if they had anything to do. Our artists can only gain by comparison."

The London press was not at all pleased with the reception given to the Daly company in Paris, and the accounts sent over by the correspondents aroused English sentiment to such an extent that they practically made the cause of the Americans their own. The *Times* correspondent, M. de Blowitz, to whose Paris letter upon these performances was accorded very large space, discerned a certain disappointment on the part of the French journalists at the large attendance upon the Daly plays, and an attempt to represent the audiences and the applause as exclusively English and American. He affirmed the contrary, and declared the French spectators hearty in their appreciation. He asserted that the local critics did not shine in the task imposed upon them by the advent of their American visitors, and that not a few, Sarcey at their head, simplified their duties by shirking them; that others sat out the *lever du rideau* ("A Woman's Won't") impatiently, and then ran away to escape longer wrestling with the Anglo-Saxon tongue; while those who had the courage to watch the performance to its close, were lenient in their judgment, but took refuge behind their imperfect knowledge of English to excuse themselves for limiting their notices of the performances to superficial impressions. On the whole, he observed, their remarks generally, though devoid of all weight as criticism, showed a desire to do justice — or rather not to be ignorantly unjust.

After having "crossed Paris like a flash of lightning," as Gustave Flaubert said in *La République*, Mr. Daly took his company back to England without realizing that he had after all escaped the fate of those English, German, Russian, and Spanish adventurers who years before had madly dashed themselves against the artistic rock of Paris. What would have astonished his French critics,

if they had known it, was his resolution, before he left Paris, to return to it again and storm its prejudices.

A letter from my brother will conclude this episode :

“Northwestern Hotel, Liverpool, Sept. 9, '86.

Dear Brother,

As you may well imagine I had enough to do in Paris besides letter writing. It was an anxious and disappointing week for me. I went into a theatre which was undergoing a re-arrangement of seats, and the seats were not all laid in until 7:35 o'clock on the evening we opened; and the curtain was run up at 8. The seats were sold from the old diagram and a lot of confusion ensued. The weather was unbearably hot. French theatres have no ventilation whatever, and they keep every door closed. Some of the rabid French papers had got up a cry that my visit to Paris with German plays was a deliberate insult to the French nation, and so quite a bad feeling was fanned into life in addition to the inborn hatred which the true Parisian bears to everything foreign. The Company were naturally anxious; the departure of Miss Kingdon rendered rehearsals for Miss Dreher necessary. And so in the midst of all these excitements we opened. That my experiment was not an utter failure is only to be laid to Heaven's mercy. We did not fail, but we did not give a good performance of *Love on Crutches*. The second night was better: ‘*A Night Off*.’ The third, *Nancy and Country Girl*, fair, but the heat was frightful. When all was over the farce began: We were all locked in by the concierge, who claimed that three of his towels were missing from the dressing rooms, and he would not let any one out until they were found. They had been collected by the French dresser, and were finally restored to the concierge, who I suspect had invented the robbery thinking to get some money, as I had resisted all appeals to give him a *pourboire*. I had found him grasping and unobliging.

The most unprejudiced French critics gave us praise. Almost all praised the *ensemble*, which, as you know, is my pride, but which nervousness, &c., nearly destroyed on the first night.

Coquelin attended all the performances and was delighted, especially with Miss Rehan and Mr. Lewis. . . . The mismanagement of the man who attended to the advance business matters for me antagonized a lot of critics. . . . I tried all I could when I reached here to overcome this. . . . I am glad the ordeal is over. I am worked out. . . .”

After a single day spent in London, the company took train for Liverpool to open at the Royal Alexandra Theatre on September 6. This was their first visit to Liverpool. On the 13th the company was playing in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. From Ireland Mr. Daly and the company took steamer for New York, landing on September 26 in excellent spirits after the most exciting tour in their history. Since leaving home in May they had given sixty-eight performances in London, seven each in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Dublin, five in Hamburg, six in Berlin, three in Paris, and two in Brighton.

The return to America was to a welcome even warmer than that of 1884. Wallack wrote, “Pray let me congratulate you on your brilliant success and your safe return!” Palmer arranged for a dinner, with Wallack and a few friends. Horace Howard Furness wrote after the news of the London season had been cabled to America :

“Wallingford P.O., Delaware County,
Pennsylvania.

Dear Daly

You are a real downright good boy! These clippings are the very things I was longing for. The cable had given us your neat little speech on the first night — which had amazingly whetted our appetite for fuller details.

Now don't you let those Britishers spoil you and make you despise the likes of us when you get back. ‘Codlin's your friend, not Short!’”

There are pleasant memorials of the trip now ended; of Janauschek, Mrs. Kendal, Genevieve Ward, and the little dancing lady, Loie Fuller, who once begged Augustin to hear her sing, in order to be taken into the ranks of his musical débutantes; of Toole, Hollingshead, Wilson Barrett, Howard Paul, and Hare, frequent visitors to the Strand; of Pollock, editor of the *Saturday Review*, and before that one of the brilliant theatrical critics of London, who was most enthusiastic over the Daly comedies, and reminded by them of the Comédie Française in its best days; and of the radiant Ellen Terry, who wrote: "My young daughter is dying to see *our* Ada Rehan."

CHAPTER XXXI

Season of 1886-1887, to be memorable for the revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" with the "Induction" restored. A literary as well as a dramatic event. "After Business Hours." "Love in Harness." "The Taming of the Shrew" as produced by Daly a new play to the stage. The cast. Enthusiasm of the audience and of the press. The production elicits editorial praise. A privately printed edition. *Life* publishes a letter from Shakespeare to his dear friend Daly. The *Shrew* supper. Mark Twain's speech. Lester Wallack's. Transfer of his company to Daly's in April, 1887. The end of a respected institution.

THE play on the first night of the season, October 5, 1886, at Daly's Theatre, was "After Business Hours," from the German of Oscar Blumenthal; and his theme was the craze for money, dress, and display. The pathetic story of Lily Bart in Mrs. Wharton's *House of Mirth* discloses the tragic side of one such story. In this play the theme is treated humorously. When the curtain fell, each of the principal performers was called for, and then an imperative demand for the hero of the European trip brought a modest response from Mr. Daly, in which a sincere tribute was paid to the friendships formed on both sides of the water.

"After Business Hours" was continued for forty-nine performances, and then "Love in Harness" was produced on November 16. Albin Valabrégué's "Bonheur Conjugal" furnished the groundwork of this three-act French farce, the fun of which was uproarious.

While these modern comedies held the stage of Daly's, a Shakespearian revival of the first importance was in

preparation. This was "The Taming of the Shrew." An abbreviated version, under the title of "Katherine and Petruchio," had been long a familiar entertainment in England and America and was first produced by Garrick a century and a half ago. He eliminated from Shakespeare's comedy the "Induction" and the wooing of *Bianca*, in fact everything but the boisterous episodes of *Katherine* and *Petruchio*, and thereafter his fragment was tacitly accepted as the only actable form of the work, and was usually reserved as a frolic for gala nights. Edwin Booth added *Petruchio* to his repertoire when he needed a rest, and Charlotte Cushman romped through the part of *Katherine* for her benefits. The characters were always great favorites with the "heavies" of the profession, men and women.

Stripped of the Induction which Shakespeare retained when he re-wrote the earlier play ("The Taming of a Shrew") there remained only a farcical interlude; but with the Induction restored, we find a comedy of manners. Mr. Winter, in his introduction to Mr. Daly's printed prompt copy of "The Taming of the Shrew," observes that the members of the Daly company were the creators on the American stage of the characters of the restored comedy; and that it is to be noted, in considering Mr. Daly's work, that he had neither theatrical types nor tradition to guide him in putting the Induction upon the stage.

As the event is historical, the names of the participants ought to be preserved. The persons represented in the Induction were: *A Lord*, Mr. George Clarke; *Christopher Sly*, a tinker, Mr. William Gilbert; *A Page*, representing a lady, Master Will Collier; *A Huntsman*, Mr. Thomas Patten; *Players*, Mr. Frederick Bond and Mr. John Wood; *Two Servants*, Messrs. Ireton and Murphy;

The Hostess, Miss May Sylvie. Persons represented in the play performed: *Baptista*, a rich gentleman of Padua, Mr. Charles Fisher; *Vincentio*, an old gentleman of Pisa, Mr. John Moore; *Lucentio*, son to Vincentio, loving Bianca, Mr. Otis Skinner; *Petruchio*, a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katherine, Mr. John Drew; *Gremio*, an old gentleman, *Hortensio*, a young gentleman, suitors to Bianca, Mr. Charles Leclercq and Mr. Joseph Holland; *A Pedant*, an old fellow set up to represent Vincentio, Mr. John Wood; *A Tailor*, Mr. George Parkes; *Grumio*, serving man to Petruchio, Mr. James Lewis; *Biondello* and *Tranio*, servants to Lucentio, Mr. E. P. Wilks and Mr. Frederick Bond; guests, singers, &c., by Miss Filkins, Miss Amber, Miss Ratcliff, Miss Campbell, Messrs. Ireton, Murphy, Patten, &c.; *Katherine*, the Shrew, Miss Ada Rehan; *Bianca*, her sister, Miss Virginia Dreher; *A Widow*, who marries Hortensio, Miss Jean Gordon; *Curtis*, of Petruchio's household, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.

The charm of the performance was recorded in the really remarkable praises of the press on the following morning. "Even the critics were seen to applaud." When the critics of the daily and weekly papers had unanimously concurred in praising the production, the editorial columns of the journals took up the theme.

Among the visitors to the new play were John Hay from Washington, General Sherman and his brother John the Senator, William M. Chase the artist, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wallack, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, and "the oldest woman member of the press in New York" — Mrs. Croly — "Jennie June." Mr. Beverly Chew reminded the manager, long before the production, of his promise of a copy of the play, if printed, to add to his collection, writing: "I need hardly say to

you that as a student and lover of the old drama, your annual revivals are looked forward to as the brightest event in the whole amusement season." The play was printed. As a souvenir of the production, a printed copy of the book was distributed to the audience on the hundredth performance. There were some copies on large paper, and mine bore on the cover in my brother's hand, the inscription :

"To you, my dear Brother, with all my heart I send this souvenir of the great triumph at *our* theatre.

Augustin Daly.

April 13, '87."

Mr. J. Scott Hartley on Mr. Daly's order executed a bust of Miss Rehan as *Katherine*, and reproduced it in marble and in bronze. Mr. Eliot Gregory's portrait of her in the character was presented by Mr. Daly to the Stratford Library. Another vivid portrait by Hilary Bell was hung in the foyer of the theatre.

The chief interest centred upon the interpretation by Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew of parts which had been made familiar by great names in art. These two artists were the representatives hitherto of drawing-room parts. *Petruchio* might have been a coarse farceur, or a mere ruffian, or, worst of all, a cynical brute; but Drew imagined a different being. He was of course virile, forcible, and buoyantly romantic; but the wonder was how Drew's polish, so appropriate to drawing-room comedy, would suit the rugged utterance of an adventurer of the *bandenere* type; the wonder grew that it was found not unbecoming in *Petruchio*.

The *Katherine* of Miss Rehan was one of the most individual and striking figures of the time. A survey of the known impersonators of the rôle shows it to have



JOHN DREW



been without a prototype. In stage legend it remains unexcelled for loftiness as well as power. Her raving became that of a goddess, or one of those unconquerable women whom the Vikings worshipped and dreaded.

What was particularly remarked among the many remarkable things in this memorable production was that the story of the wooing of *Bianca* by the rivals *Lucentio*, *Gremio*, and *Hortensio*, and the plot by which the young suitors are introduced in the disguise of tutors, with the incident of the roguish *Pedant*, — the “deceiving father of a deceitful son,” — became as interesting to the audience as the principal theme of the play. In restoring this underplot as well as the Induction and giving to it the full value that Shakespeare intended, Mr. Daly doubly demonstrated his comprehension of dramatic values. Garrick, the actor-manager, seemed to have been wanting where Daly, as the dramatist-manager, had the truer insight. To the skill, grace, culture, and intelligence of Miss Virginia Dreher, Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. Frederick Bond, Mr. Charles Leclercq, and Mr. Joseph Holland, to whom Mr. Daly intrusted the story of the wooing of *Bianca*, was due the success of that part of the restoration.

The part of *Grumio*, the humorous servant of a humorous master, in the old acceptance of the adjective, was now undertaken by James Lewis for the first time, and became identified with him, as *Katherine* and *Petruchio* were with Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew, for nearly a generation. There were many traditions of the stage for the part of *Grumio*, transmitted from one “first low comedian” to another; but it was observable at once that there was something of the finer touch in this *Grumio*, as well as in his master *Petruchio*. Mrs. Gilbert of course was *Curtis*; now, by custom for a time whereof memory runs not to

the contrary, represented as a female servant, and not a male retainer. Even the careful Hamilton Bell, who designed the costumes for this production as he did for "The Merry Wives of Windsor," confessed that he had fallen into the traditional error. The point is touched upon in a witty conceit of *Life* (published after the hundredth performance of the play) :

"Empyrean Depths,
Ye 14th daye of Aprille,
(Newe Style), 1887.

My deare Frende Dalye :

Inne company with my goode frende Baconne — whom you may rememberre as ye author of my playes — I occupied on yester e'en a front seat atte the One Hundredth performance of 'Ye Taming of ye Shrew' in youre most charmynge playhouse. I wolde we had so coole a place to sitte in for alle tyme.

Egad, I never knew I wrote so well, and Baconne, e'en that sour, crusty philosopher, did clappe his crumblyng fingerres till ye duste did fly from out them whenne ye curtain fell upon act ye first.

Inne act ye seconde ye scenes did so affect me that in ye spirit I didde yelle for joy, and Baconne, too, did rolle his eyes as if ye Deville didde possesse him.

The temper of ye Rehanne, deare frende, did make me gladde, and when ye Dreher walked upponne ye stage, Baconne did ask that I shulde pinche hym, lest it be a dream.

I always thought that Curtis was a man, but now that Madam Gilbert takes his lines, I'm gladde his sex is changed.

And Drewe! Ah me! why had we not this buoyant gladsome youth in olden tyme, with Skinner for ye Florentine, and roaryng Lewis, that our sides shulde ache for laughing!

Ah, Sir Dalye! would that we two had walked togetherre in ye dayes of good Queen Bess. How we had made thyngs humme! Ye starres! what wealth, what honours had been ours had not the centuries come between us, and what greater immortality had been mine when shared with you!

I give you joy, deare frende—ay, benefactor; and in ye
language of ye market place, I pray you ‘Keefe it uppe!’

Thine ever, with affecsyon and gratitude,
Wm. Shakespeare.

P.S.—Baconne, who never yet did care for ye ‘Taming of
ye Shrew,’ nowe claimes its authorshippe.”

When Augustin felt that he had succeeded to the utmost of his hopes, he loved to call his friends around him to share his satisfaction. On the one hundredth night of the “*Taming of the Shrew*,” the first instance of such an extended run for a Shakespearian comedy, he invited some fifty persons to “a little supper” on Wednesday night, April 13, 1887, at twelve o’clock, on the stage of Daly’s Theatre, to celebrate the event. The guests found themselves in a pavilion enclosing the whole stage and shutting it off from the auditorium. A round table twenty-eight feet across displayed in the centre a bed of yellow roses, jonquils, and tulips. Around the table were General Sherman and Miss Sherman, General Horace Porter, Horace Howard Furniss, L. Clarke Davis, Elihu Vedder, Samuel L. Clemens, Lawrence Hutton, Justice Richard O’Gorman, Stephen H. Olin, Dr. J. W. Dowling, Oliver L. Jones, William Winter, John Foord, E. A. Dithmar, J. A. Mitchell, W. F. G. Shanks, Julius Chambers, Bronson Howard, Edgar Fawcett, Eliot Gregory, Marshall P. Wilder, A. C. Milne, Wilson Barrett, Lester Wallack, Miss Rehan, Miss Virginia Dreher, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Miss May Irwin, Miss St. Quentin, Miss Rose Eytinge, and Messrs. John Drew, Otis Skinner, George Clarke, James Lewis, Charles Fisher, Charles Leclercq, Joseph Holland, William Gilbert, Frederick Bond, James Roberts, Richard Dorney, C. F. Chatterton, John A. Duff, and James C. Duff. General Sherman, as toastmaster, in-

troduced Mark Twain as the foremost wit, humorist, and philosopher of his time, who had once told him that he could not make an impromptu speech unless he had four days for preparation. Mr. Clemens replied gravely:

"I am glad to be here. This is the hardest theatre in New York to get into, even at the front door — I never got in without hard work. Two or three years ago I had an appointment to meet Mr. Daly on the stage of this theatre at eight o'clock in the evening. I got on a train at Hartford to come to New York and keep the appointment. All I had to do was to come to the back door of the theatre on Sixth Avenue. I didn't believe that — didn't believe it could be on Sixth Avenue — but that's what Daly's note said — come to that door, walk right in and keep the appointment. It looked easy enough, but I hadn't much confidence in that Sixth Avenue door. Well, I was kind of bored on the train, and I bought some newspapers — New Haven newspapers, — and there wasn't much news in them, so I read the advertisements. There was one advertisement of a 'bench show.' Now I'd heard of 'bench shows,' and often wondered what there was about them to interest people. I'd seen 'bench shows,' lectured to 'bench shows,' in fact — but I didn't want to advertise them or brag about them. Well, I read on a little, and learned that a bench show was not a bench show, but dogs; not benches at all, only dogs. I began to get interested, and as there was nothing else to do I read every bit of that advertisement. I learned that the biggest thing in the bench show was a St. Bernard dog that weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds, which is more than dogs usually weigh. Before I got to New York I was so interested in bench shows that I made up my mind to go to one the first chance I got.

Down on Sixth Avenue near where that back door might be, there wasn't anything in sight that looked like a back door. The nearest approach to it was a cigar store, and I went in and bought a cigar — not too expensive, but it cost enough to pay for any information I might get, and leave the dealer a

fair profit. Well, I didn't like to be too abrupt, to make the man think me crazy by asking him if that was the way to Daly's Theatre — so I started in carefully to lead up to the subject — asked him first if that was the way to Castle Garden. When I got to the real question, and he said he'd show me the way, I was astonished.

He sent me through a long hallway and I found myself in a back yard; then I went through a long passageway — and into a little room — and there, before my very eyes, was a big St. Bernard dog lying on a bench. There was another room beyond, and I went in, and was met by a big, fierce man with his fur cap on and his coat off, who remarked:

'Pfat do yez want?'

I told him I wanted to see Mr. Daly.

'Yez can't see Misther Daly this toime of night!' he responded. I urged that I had an appointment with Mr. Daly, and gave him my card, which didn't seem to impress him much.

'Yez can't go in, an' yez can't shmoke here. T'row away that cigar. If yez want to see Misther Daly yez'll have to be afther goin' to the front door an' buyin' a ticket, and then if yez have good luck, an' he's around that way, yez may see him!'

I was getting discouraged, but I had one resource left that had been of good service in similar emergencies. Firmly but calmly I told him my other name was 'Mark Twain,' and awaited results. There were none.

'Where's your order to see Misther Daly?' he asked.

I handed him the note and he examined it intently.

'My friend,' I remarked, 'you can read that better if you hold it the other way,' but he took no notice of the suggestion, and asked: 'Where's Misther Daly's name?'

'There it is,' I told him, 'at the top of the page.'

'That's all right,' he said, 'that's where he always puts it. But I don't see the "W" in his name.' And he eyed me distrustfully. Finally he asked:

'Pfat did yez want to see Misther Daly for?'

'Business.'

'Show business?'

'Yes.' It was my only hope.

'Pfat kind — t'eayters?'

That was too much. I said 'No.'

'Pfat kind of shows then?'

'Bench shows!' It was risky, but I was desperate.

'Bench shows is it? Where?' The big man's face changed and he began to look interested.

'New Haven.'

'New Haven, is it? Ay, that's goin' to be a foine show. I'm glad to see you. Did yez see a dog in the other room?'

'Yes.'

'How much do yez t'ink that dog weighs?'

'One hundred and forty-five pounds.'

'Luk at that now! You're a good judge of dogs an' no mistake. He weighs all of 138. Set down. Shmoke! Go on, shmoke your cigar. I'll tell Misther Daly you're here!'

Well, in a few minutes I was on the stage shaking hands with Daly, and the big man was standing by, glowing with satisfaction. 'Come round in front,' said Daly, 'and see the performance. I'll put you in my own box.' And as I moved away I heard my honest friend mutter: 'Well, he deserves it.'"

So much for Owen's qualities as keeper of the gate.

When the health of Mr. Lester Wallack was proposed, he rose and said with great feeling:

"... I have nothing to utter but congratulations. A more pleasant task could not fall to any one. I congratulate Mr. Daly, who has presented to New York the very perfection of everything he has offered, I congratulate him on being surrounded tonight by his brilliant and accomplished company, and by his many brilliant and sincere friends, and he has my hearty and sincere wish, as a brother manager, that the success he has hitherto enjoyed may accompany him for many many years to come. I know — I have reason to know that Mr. Daly's feelings toward me are reciprocal. When I hear — and I hear very often — of the bickerings and the envies and the

jealousies of the profession, tales of envious rivalry that exists among managers, I can only say they may be right and they may be wrong, but as regards myself they are wrong When I wish Mr. Daly every success, it is not only because he is a friend of mine, but because he is a friend of my profession. It is because he has for years, for many years, with an industry almost unparalleled, persevered in giving everything he has given in a most perfect manner. That is my humble opinion as an old fellow-manager. I am very proud and very happy to have this opportunity to acknowledge that fact, and it gives me great pleasure to meet you all."

Looking back to the night of the "*Shrew*" supper, it appears that the address made by Mr. Wallack was the last he was destined to make in public while manager of a theatre. The end of a celebrated career was then approaching. Although there had been rumors in theatrical circles of his probable relinquishment of the lease of Wallack's Theatre following an unsuccessful season, in which owing to failing health he had not been able to play, it was not anticipated that the most historic theatrical establishment of New York was soon to close. A succession of failures had brought the manager of the famous Wallack Theatre now to where the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre had found himself in 1878, and without the youth and energy by which Daly had managed to re-establish his fortunes. Less than two weeks after the *Shrew* supper, my brother received this letter:

"13 West 30th St., New York, April 26, 1887.

Dear Mr. Daly: As Col. McCaull will occupy my theatre in May, and as I wish to bring out another play that month ('The Romance of a Poor Young Man') I write to ask, as you close after this week, if you will give that 'Poor Young Man' the shelter of your beautiful house for a couple of weeks, commencing on May 16. |

If you entertain the idea, and I know you will oblige me if you can, we will meet this week and talk over the necessary arrangements.

Yours always truly
Lester Wallack."

Mr. Daly comprehended the spirit and the occasion of the application, and he replied immediately :

"Daly's Theatre.

New York, April 27, 1887.

My dear Mr. Wallack : I will be very glad to give the shelter of my house to your very charming 'Poor Young Man,' which I recollect with pleasure as one of the very brightest successes of Wallack's Theatre — under whose roof I drank in my earliest draughts of refreshing comedy. I had intended giving my theatre into the hands of painters and carpenters next week after closing my own season, but I can readily defer their work for a few weeks and be prepared to receive your company in 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man,' or any of your other comedies which it may suit you to give in the time which I gladly place at your disposal, beginning May 16.

Be kind enough to name the day and hour we shall meet to arrange the details, and believe me very sincerely,

Augustin Daly."

The farewell performances of the Wallack company began therefore in Daly's Theatre, May 16, 1887. The occasion attracted the attention of the public journals, and the long and honorable record of the Wallack management was feelingly recalled. Of the older favorites John Gilbert and Mme. Ponisi alone remained ; Wallack himself was too ill to play. When the curtain fell for the last time on the Wallack company in New York on May 28, 1887, it closed a stage record which for thirty-five years had been identified with the social life of New York

and which had rendered great service to art and to the public welfare.

The programme of the last performance of the famous Wallack company will be interesting, and I give it in full :

DALY'S THEATRE

Bill of The Play

This Saturday evening, May 28th, 1887

Farewell Performance of

MR. WALLACK'S COMPANY

and last time in this theatre of the special production of
"The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

At 8:15 o'clock

Will be acted for the last time here Mr. Lester Wallack and
Mr. Pierrepont Edward's adaptation of Octave Feuillet's
celebrated Play, entitled

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN

With the following distribution of characters :

Prologue

Dr. Desmarests, of the French Army . . Mr. John Gilbert
Manuel, Marquis de Champcey . . Mr. Kyrle Bellew
Louise Van Berger, formerly nurse to
Manuel, now keeper of a lodging-
house Miss E. Blaisdell

The Drama

Dr. Desmarests Mr. John Gilbert
Manuel, Steward to Mr. Laroque . . Mr. Kyrle Bellew
M. de Bevannes, a man of the world Mr. H. Hamilton
Gaspar Laroque, an aged man, formerly
Captain of a Privateer Mr. E. J. Henley

Alain, a confidential valet	Mr. Chas. Herbert
M. Mouret, a notary	Mr. W. H. Pope
Yvonnet, a Breton shepherd	Mr. Herbert Ayling
Henri	Mr S. DuBois
Louis	Mr. J. W. Totten
François	Mr. Howard W. Perry
Marguerite, daughter of Madame Laroque	Miss Annie Robe
Madame Laroque, daughter-in-law to Gaspar	Mme. Ponisi
Mlle. Helouin, a governess	Miss Helen Russell
Mme. Aubrey, a relative of the Laroque family	Miss Fanny Addison
Christine, a Breton peasant girl	Miss Carrie Elberts
Guests, Servants, Peasantry, etc., etc.	

Vocal music under the direction of Mr. W. D. MARKS

Synopsis of Scenery and Incidents

Prologue — Paris. Manuel's Apartments at Mme. Berger's Lodging-house. Poverty, Fidelity and Friendship.
Act I — Brittany. Parlor and Terrace at the Château Laroque with view of the Park. The Arrival. The First Day and its Events.

(A supposed lapse of Two Months)

Act II — The Park and Château Laroque in the distance. Temptations, Trials and Resolutions.
Act III — Interior of a Lofty Tower in the Ruins of Elfin, by Moonlight. Love and Honor.
Act IV — Drawing-room of the Château Laroque. The Sacrifice.
Act V — Salon opening on the Gardens and Grounds of the Château. The Last Trial and its Results.

CHAPTER XXXII

On tour. Critics in California. Leong Loey, the Chinese boy. Purchases of curios. Miss Wormsley has no picture. Travel in 1887. Cartoon in *The Theatre. Scribner's Magazine.* Requests for articles. Colonel Ingersoll's opinion of the Shakespeare cyphers. Charities. George Clarke returns. May Irwin stars. Theatrical aspirants. "The Damsel of Darien." Brilliant opening of the season of 1887-1888. Pinero's "Dandy Dick." "The Railroad of Love." Third great Shakespearian revival in this theatre, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

My brother now took a lease of Number 14 West Fiftieth Street, and gathered there his library and the works of art that he had begun to collect to replace those scattered by the sale ten years before. This letter tells of some acquisitions :

"Chicago, June 23, 1887.

. . . I forgot to tell you of a rare bit of luck I think I have had in some recent London purchases — made at the Lonsdale sale and secured for me by Harvey of St. James Street. A portrait of Woffington, catalogued 'by Hogarth,' another — a miniature of Peg — by Hone — (who was he?) and the famous Gaspar painting of Nell Gwynne. Harvey warned me they might cost over a thousand pounds! They sold for less than £150 (the three) . . ."

The following spring he bought the cabinet or secretary said to have been used by Garrick in his dressing-room at Drury Lane. It was of solid mahogany ebonized and gilt, with many compartments, a writing desk, and a drawer with a sliding mirror for making up. The piece was attributed to Robert and James Adam, and the

painted copper panels contained eight pictures, chiefly by Zoffany and Wilson, including a portrait of Garrick as *Hamlet*. Zoffany's scenes included "Othello," "Henry IV," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Mayor of Garratt" (with a portrait of Foote), and "Love in a Village," with portraits of Beard, Dunstall, and Shuter.

In binding his books Augustin always inserted, if possible, a portrait of the author or editor; so when Roberts of Boston published their edition of Balzac translated by Miss Katharine Wormsley, he applied to them for her picture, and was disappointed on learning that she had never had one taken. In his opinion the author of a published work became, as the constitutional lawyers say, "affected by a public interest," and bound to furnish a counterfeit presentment when asked for it by the public. About this time, it may be noted, Mr. D. E. Cronin began his exquisite pen-and-ink illustrations, some of which embellished favorite books of my brother's. These were usually executed on the margin of the page.

In San Francisco, to which Daly now paid a fourth visit, the press gave a history of his twenty years' labor; telling how he had found the American theatre dominated by the star system (Wallack even being the star of his own troupe) and had resolved to form his own upon the French model, and to look upon his company as a whole, regarding its strength as not greater than its weakest part; how he had given to his task indomitable energy, untiring industry, and eighteen hours a day; had lived for his theatre, and sick or well had probably never been absent from any single performance since it was first opened.

My brother returned from California with a little Chinese boy about eleven years old, Leong Loey by name, son of Leong Tong and Chin Quai Tong his wife, the

parents having consigned the infant to Mr. Daly for three years by instrument duly executed before the Chinese consul. He was sent to school, lived with Mr. and Mrs. Daly, and grew to be very fond and proud of them. During the season in New York he was to be seen at the theatre in the early part of the evening dressed in his Oriental best, handing out programmes with great gravity, and such impartiality that no person could by any scheme or pretence obtain more than his or her rightful share. Forty centuries of Chinese civilization looked down upon you as he declared : "No havee more than one."

The trip of a theatrical company to the Pacific coast in 1887 was exceedingly expensive owing to the law against special rates. Augustin wrote :

" . . . The R. R. officials haven't seen so large a check (in exact figures \$5885) since the interstate bill, and so they have had my check photographed. . . . "

After leaving Denver, the "Silver City," where the audiences paid in "nice, large, round, white, ringing, heavy old silver dollars," he wrote :

" . . . reaching Cheyenne we found that a cloudburst had washed out a mile and a quarter of track. We had to 'lay over' in one sleeper all night through a drenching rain, and started 16½ hours late for Ogden. Arrived at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, where of course we had to change cars, as the Union Pacific ends and the Central Pacific begins at that point. We found that the C. F. people had no intention of taking us out before 6 o'clock in the evening, usual time of the regular train. . . . I had to telegraph to San Francisco, and after wasting seven hours more the Central Pacific authorities finally consented to hire me an engine for \$1000 . . . and after one or two minor interruptions reached San Francisco on Sunday at 8 P.M. Heaven only knows what would have been the result of the opening (at Baldwin's theatre next day) if I had not been able

to buy a special engine to bring my company through by Sunday, so as to give them a night's rest before playing."

Which shows one way in which the money so hardly earned in the theatrical business is sometimes disposed of.

At this time (1887) *Scribner's Magazine* made its first appearance, and on behalf of the publishers, Mr. A. W. Paton asked Augustin to give time to the preparation of an article :

" . . . in which you tell the story of your organizing the first American stock company, and of its varied fortunes until at last, as is evident by its successes of past years, it has become one of the institutions of the Country."

Augustin never found time to tell the story. Mr. Redpath of the *North American Review* reminded him now of an old promise to write on the modern French drama, and asked for a paper on any subject. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was then raging, and Redpath wished to know if my brother had anything he would like to say about it, adding :

" . . . Col. Ingersoll was in the office the other day and said that the human race hitherto had been divided into three classes :

- I. Fools.
- II. D—— fools.
- III. — — — fools.

And that now a fourth class had been added : the men with the Bacon cypher."

In addition to his participation in the great annual benefits for the Actors' Fund and the Protectory, Augustin arranged this season for several special matinées at his own theatre, and left to Archbishop Corrigan the selection of the beneficiaries. In remembrance of the children he

had lost he presented to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle at ninth Avenue and fifty-ninth street a stained glass window for the sanctuary and a baptismal font.

There were some additions to the company for the season of 1887-1888, the most notable being Miss Phœbe Russell, a young lady of a prominent Western family, and our old acquaintance George Clarke, who had written from Norwich, Connecticut, October 21, 1886:

“. . . After these many years of ventures and roamings and idle dreamings I want to go home — and your theatre was to me the happiest home I ever had. . . .”

Clarke was taken back, and ultimately, on the death of John Moore, became stage manager. Daniel Harkins also asked for an interview with his former manager, writing that he “was once happy in calling Augustin Daly friend.” Miss Effie Shannon was a most promising addition to the company. There was one loss — Miss May Irwin, who developed into a star of great attractiveness in eccentric broad comedy. The ambitious Master Will Collier wrote to remind his manager that he had served as call-boy faithfully for five seasons, and that he had always aspired to be a member of the company. He had played the *Page* in the Induction to the “Taming of the Shrew” with great credit.

Now and then I am reminded by old memoranda of the care my brother took of every person connected with the theatre. There is an ill-spelled letter from some poor cleaner who had been discharged by a superior-subordinate, and had plucked up courage to make her plaint to Mr. Daly. It bears his indorsement to the business manager, Mr. Richard Dorney: “See what the trouble is. Ask Lizzie, and see the woman herself.”

There were as usual, but now in greater numbers than

usual, applicants for places in what was regarded as a school of acting. Senator Stewart wrote on behalf of his niece, Miss Aldrich; General Sherman for Miss Stacey, daughter of an old comrade; Zimmerman, the Philadelphia manager, on behalf of George W. Childs for Miss Vislase; the widow of Dan Bryant for her daughter; and there were applications from the daughters of Robert Craig (of the old Roi Carotte days) and from Miss Nellie Lingham, daughter of the one-time partner of George L. Fox. Some of the débutantes of the "Royal Middy" days were heard from, as well as other professionals then, or soon to be, well known — Rose Eytinge, who called him "the kindest friend that ever woman had"; Kate Vaughan, the English dancer; Loie Fuller, and Jefferson de Angelis, who wrote that he had had "twenty years on the stage and only thirty years of existence altogether."

New plays were offered, including one from the indefatigable Boucicault, who was now ready to turn his hand to anything, even to adapting; but after one or two trials he gave that up. Wilkie Collins proposed a dramatization of his last story; Julian Hawthorne and his brother-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, were at work upon a play; Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. Craigie, and J. Huntley McCarthy were similarly engaged; Blanche Willis Howard offered her "Bachelor Ladies," Jerome K. Jerome a farce in one act, and Anna Katherine Green a dramatization of her latest novel. American dramatists were further represented by J. C. Verplanck, G. E. Montgomery, Lucy Rider, and Edmund Terry, a member of the New York bar. A quaint proposition came from Mr. Thomas Duff, an old actor of leading "heavies," son of Mrs. Mary Duff, a favorite of the old Park Theatre days, whose portrait hangs in The Players. She had in years gone by dramatized an American historical romance of

the Isthmus of Panama, by Dr. Bird (author of Forrest's "Gladiator"), entitled "The Damsel of the Darien," and her son now offered the interesting manuscript to Mr. Daly "to fit to the public taste for a long run."

The season opened on the evening of October 5, 1887, with a new farce by Pinero, "Dandy Dick," satirizing the sportswomen of Great Britain, their language and their manners. It was quite out of the line of Daly's Theatre, but was presented with vivacity. Miss Rehan became a typical "sporting Duchess," but much more surprising was Drew, made up to represent a wilted old military beau of dejected mien, given to small "at homes," where he played a melancholy flute, accompanying Lieutenant Darbey (Skinner) as first violin. A finished bit of deception was the simulated playing by Drew and Skinner to a piano accompaniment by Miss Shannon. The first-night audience, a crowded and most distinguished one, was greatly entertained by the farce, which was, however, acted only thirty-two times. It then gave way to a new German comedy.

"The Railroad of Love," Daly's adaptation of "Goldfische," the work of Von Schönthan and Kadelburg, was one of the daintiest as well as the strongest comedies ever done at Daly's Theatre. The acting of Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew in the delicious episodes of the play elicited extraordinary praise. On the first night Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry occupied a box, and during the run of the play Charles Dickens the younger wrote:

"If Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew as Cousin Val and the Lieutenant do not make the greatest comedy success that London has seen for years I shall be very much surprised."

After the brilliant comedy had been acted over a hundred times the third great Shakespearian revival, "A

"Midsummer Night's Dream," succeeded it on January 31, 1888. It was fifteen years since this play had been seen in New York. It had not been customary or convenient to produce it with a star in any part except that of *Bottom*; hence its production was usually resorted to for the exhibition of scenic effects or the comic powers of the low comedian. Miss Rehan as *Helena*, Mr. Drew as *Demetrius*, Mr. Skinner as *Lysander*, and Mr. Lewis as *Bottom* constituted a veritable star cast. The press was enthusiastic, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was played until the close of the season, April 7, 1888. This past season was remarkable in that only three productions held the stage during 229 performances.

It was during the run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that the memorable blizzard of March 12, 1888, overwhelmed the city. Notwithstanding the difficulties of travel every member of the company was at the theatre, and the performance was given. Some members of the cast came from Brooklyn and some from Harlem. I believe that every other theatre in the city was closed that night.

At the usual New Year's Eve gathering in the Woffington room Mr. Daly divided a portion of this season's profits among the members of his company who had been longest with him. He was able also this year to give his father-in-law, John A. Duff, very substantial financial aid after a bad season at the Standard.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Literary work. "Woffington, a Tribute to the Actress and the Woman, by Augustin Daly." American and English reviewers. Daly's tribute to his own company, "A Portfolio of Players," written by several hands and published by the manager. Demonstration by the profession for Lester Wallack upon his retirement. A benefit performance got up by Booth, Barrett, Palmer, and Daly. Correspondence. Volunteers. "Hamlet" given by a remarkable cast. \$20,000 realized for Mrs. Wallack. Fates of actor-managers compared. Death of Wallack. Subsequent history of Wallack's Theatre. A. M. Palmer takes it and changes the name to "Palmer's Theatre." Richard Mansfield's first great success made there. Stars introduced. Name restored when Palmer leaves. John Gilbert would have engaged with Daly, but his death prevented. Founding of The Players by Booth and his associates.

ONE of the most sumptuous volumes ever devoted to the biography of a player is the life of Margaret Woffington published by Daly in this year, 1888, after long preparation. In his preface the author tells of the charm which her name had had for him long before he found her idealized in Charles Reade's novel, and of his surprise that no biographer had done for her what Cunningham has done for Nell Gwyn and Boaden for Mrs. Jordan :

"I found the large-hearted and clear-headed Woffington always faithful to the management of the theatre in which she was engaged; consulting the interests of the public rather than listening to the promptings of vanity or to the injudicious flattery of friends. Never would she disappoint an audience or abet an insurrection against the orderly administration of the theatre. I find her in London, and in Dublin also, when at the very apex of public admiration, surrendering leading parts

in plays to lesser performers, and accepting seconds. She was rewarded for all this by a popularity which has never been surpassed in the history of the stage."

Mr. Daly's work was praised by the reviewers in England and America. They noted that the real story of Peg Woffington had never before been written, and that it was now simply and clearly told in this book, in which the statements of fact were convincing, the inferences logical, and the remarks of the author upon theatrical matters valuable as expert testimony. "To Mr. Daly must belong the credit of writing a memoir of searching truth and accuracy which for the first time puts his subject before us sympathetically, naturally, tenderly, with all her faults, failings, and many virtues contrasted, and the story of her life told at last with the 'rarity of Christian charity' that so few biographers possess. . . . Another conspicuous value of this memoir is the fact that it has been written by one who has spent his life amongst stage people, who knows them by heart, who understands their trials and temptations. . . . No one who looks at Peg Woffington's handsome, kindly face or reads carefully through the details of her generous life will be likely to agree with Horace Walpole, who loved to be in a minority and could only think her 'an impudent Irish-faced girl!'"

Of the book, which was a royal quarto, but one hundred and fifty copies were printed, and Bouton, the book-seller, was allowed a small number to sell. The rest were given away. Some "large paper" copies were struck off, and two copies were printed on thick paper on one side of the leaf only.

Mr. Daly prized his own company to an extent impossible to any mere hirer of professional labor — only the inspirer of effort and creator of opportunity being capable of it; and now he resolved to offer its chief members

an enduring testimonial. Brander Matthews, Lawrence Hutton, A. C. Bunner, and William Winter were invited to contribute to a volume to be called "A Portfolio of Players with a Packet of Notes Thereon." There were portraits of Miss Rehan, Lewis, Miss Dreher, Mrs. Gilbert, Drew, and Fisher. Mr. Winter furnished a paper upon the stage, past and present, and Mr. Dithmar an account of the room in Daly's Theatre where the plays were read to the company. At the end of the volume we find verses by Mr. Bunner: "To a reader of the twenty-first century," concluding:

"You have the pictures and the names
That are but Yours as they are Fame's;
See them, O dim potential shade,
Even as we see them now arrayed;
Try to put nature's vital hue
Into the faces that you view;
And think, while fancy labors thus,
This all is breathing life to us."

A portrait of Mr. Daly was followed by a copy of Sarony's large picture, "The Reading of a Play," to illustrate Dithmar's article, showing the above-named performers together with Mr. Skinner, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Leclercq, Mr. Bell, Mr. Moore, Mr. Holland, Miss Phœbe Russell, Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Bijou Fernandez, and the Chinese boy, Leong Loey, as auditors surrounding Mr. Daly.

The event of Mr. Wallack's recent retirement from management and from the stage was not to pass unnoticed by managers, actors, and public. As early as December, 1886, Mr. Daly and Mr. Palmer had exchanged views concerning some public expression of professional regard for Wallack — then incapacitated by illness. Booth,

Lawrence Barrett, and Jefferson were taken into their confidence, and Florence, Madame Janauschek, and Wilson Barrett were asked to participate. Action was delayed for a season at Mr. Wallack's suggestion, but in 1888 the following correspondence was made public:

“New York, March 10, 1888.

Dear Mr. Wallack—We are very anxious to testify in some special manner our regard for the manager and artist who for more than a quarter of a century has been the leader and chief of our guild. A year ago we proposed that you permit us to inaugurate some public demonstration in your honor, but you did not seem to think it timely. We feel now like insisting upon your acceptance of the expression of regard which we are sure that all your managerial co-laborers, your professional brethren, your journalistic admirers and your social friends are but waiting for a word from you to utter in the fulness of their hearts. We have thought of some exceptional play with a unique cast as giving the most fitting outlet for this sentiment, and as affording the best opportunity to unite every element of friendly interest in your behalf, and we beg that you will favorably consider the spirit in which we urge your present acceptance of our proposal. We also beg of you an early reply, in order that we may fix a date within the limits of the present season for the contemplated performance.

Augustin Daly,
A. M. Palmer.”

Mr. Wallack's reply :

“No. 213 West Twenty-fourth Street
March 24, 1888.

Dear Mr. Daly, Dear Mr. Palmer :—

The reception of your letter of the 19th is the most valued and gratifying incident of a long and somewhat eventful professional life.

You ask me to favorably consider the spirit in which you urge my acceptance of your proposal. All I can say is that the spirit and tone of the letter is so kind, so considerate, so flattering, that I should deem it ungracious in me did I make any reply but one of willing and grateful acceptance. Need I add that, coming as it does from old friends and fellow managers, it has a double value. One thing I would suggest:—If you could point out in the disposing of the pecuniary result some way by which I could adequately convey my feeling that my chief and by far my greatest gratification is the honor conferred upon me, I should take a still greater pride in accepting it. Believe me most sincerely yours

Lester Wallack."

The demonstration was to be in the form of a dramatic entertainment. Mr. Booth wrote:

"A varied bill for such an occasion (unless one of Mr. Wallack's performances were given) would be by far the strongest for the masses."

and offered the fourth act of "Richelieu" as his own contribution. Lawrence Barrett, writing to Mr. Daly that his personal services and those of his company would be gladly given, added:

"And I venture to express the hope that the affair may be made worthy of the distinguished object by the avoidance of those unworthy mixtures which usually degrade such events. To hold the testimonial in the hands of the actors who have pursued equal aims with Mr. Wallack, and to depend upon such aid alone, giving distinct and worthy representations of each actor's speciality, seems to me the way in which you will be certain to act in this affair, which may safely be trusted in the hands of Mr. Palmer and yourself."

Mr. Jefferson offered an act of "Rip Van Winkle" or "Lend Me Five Shillings," saying:

"They are 'chestnuts,' I know, but the public still like to crack them."

The result of the discussion was a great compliment to Edwin Booth; for all the participants agreed upon "*Hamlet*," with Booth in the rôle which he had practically made his own on the American stage, and the most eminent of the tragedian's fellow players in the remaining parts. Barrett was to arrange the cast and Daly and Palmer were to carry out his views, if possible.

Mr. Daly was delighted to announce that Jefferson volunteered at once for the *First Grave-digger*, and Florence for the *Second* of that famous pair. In a later letter Barrett offered himself for *Laertes*, announced John Gilbert for *Polonius*, and, cogitating how to get the beneficiary himself on the stage on the eventful night, added a postscript:

"Dare we say Osric to Wallack? Get behind a stone wall and toss it at him."

Mr. Daly and Mr. Palmer did not act upon the suggestion, but reserved Mr. Wallack for a speech which was sure to be demanded. The cast finally determined upon was: *Hamlet*, Edwin Booth; *The Ghost*, Lawrence Barrett; *The King*, Frank Mayo; *Polonius*, John Gilbert; *Laertes*, Eben Plympton; *Horatio*, John A. Lane; *Rosencranz*, Charles Hanford; *Guildenstern*, Lawrence Hanley; *Osric*, Charles Koehler; *Marcellus*, E. H. Vanderfelt; *Bernardo*, Herbert Kelcey; *Francisco*, Frank Mordaunt; *First Actor*, Joseph Wheelock; *Second Actor*, Milnes Levick; *First Grave-digger*, Joseph Jefferson; *Second Grave-digger*, W. J. Florence; *Priest*, Harry Edwards; *Ophelia*, Helena Modjeska; *The Queen*, Gertrude Kellogg; *The Player Queen*, Rose Coghlan.

But these did not represent all the stage favorites

who appeared ; for, when "Scene II, a Room of State in the Castle," disclosed the Court of Denmark with "Lords and Attendants," the audience recognized Rosina Vokes, Selina Dolaro, Blanche Weaver, Louisa Eldridge, Ida Vernon, Madame Ponisi, Isabelle Irving, Courtenay Thorpe, Stella Boniface, Katharine Rogers, Mrs. W. G. Jones, and many others. The orchestral music was furnished by the Symphony Society, directed by Walter Damrosch, who gave selections from Wagner, Bach, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, and Rubinstein.

A vast throng filled the opera-house. In response to its demand at the close of the second act, Mr. Lester Wallack appeared and spoke his last lines on the stage. He said that his gratitude and sense of the tribute could not be adequately expressed ; that he would not discuss his forty years of endeavor to serve the public honestly and faithfully ; that he saw before him evidence that it believed in his honesty and sincerity. He quoted Charlotte Cushman, "Art is an exacting mistress, but she repays with royal munificence," and said that he found ample confirmation of her words in what he now beheld. He declared it a delicate matter to select names from the great array on the programme in order to tender his acknowledgments for this magnificent tribute, which originated with two great managers (Palmer and Daly) and three great actors (Booth, Barrett, and Jefferson). One great artist who had appeared (Mme. Modjeska) he said he had not even the pleasure of knowing personally ; he spoke of Miss Rosina Vokes, who had closed her theatre to assist with her presence ; and concluded by thanking the public, the press, the dramatists, the actors and actresses, the musicians, the mechanics — he excepted none — and wishing he could shake each by the hand.

The testimonial was a great pecuniary success, as

appears from a letter of Mr. Palmer, upon whom, owing to Mr. Daly's departure for Europe with his company in April, the burden of staging the performance devolved, with the aid of his own and Mr. Daly's lieutenants :

“Madison Square Theatre,
Manager’s Office, May 22, 1888.

Dear Mr. Daly

Our blessed benefit is over—thank God! As you can imagine, I am thoroughly worn out with the attention to petty details which it has required from me during the past three weeks. The performance was really a splendid one, Booth, Jefferson & Modjeska covering themselves with glory. Not the least pleasing feature was the auxiliary corps, comprised of actors & actresses to the number of one hundred & fifty. If the performance had achieved no other result than to prove, as it did, that the members of our profession will go further than those of almost any other in the direction of devotion to a true and lofty sentiment, it would always remain with me as one of the pleasantest recollections of my life; and I am sure if you had been here this feature of it would have touched you deeply. . . . I am glad to note your new triumphs in England, and I sincerely hope they will continue. Theatrical matters are, generally, very dull here.

Yours sincerely,
A. M. Palmer.

Augustin Daly Esqr.

I have just handed Mrs. Wallack a certified check for \$20,000. The expenses were about \$1700.”

Wallack was financially the least fortunate of all the great manager-actors of his time, perhaps because, like Henry Irving, he would not towards the end abandon the noble aim and duty of conducting a theatre upon high principles of art for the more limited but more remunerative work of the actor. Burton retired with a competence;

Booth with a fortune. Jefferson avoided management. Wallack at the age of sixty-eight was forced to see his fortunes decline and to lose his theatre. He did not long survive to enjoy the provision his fellow players had united to secure for him. The cable of congratulation he sent to Mr. Daly upon the production of "The Shrew" at the Gaiety Theatre in London on May 7, 1888, was followed too soon by news of his death.

Wallack's Theatre was now in the market, and rumor induced the following cable from its proprietor to Mr. Daly in London on July 8 :

"Any truth in statement you want to buy Wallack's?
Answer. Theodore Moss."

But Mr. Daly had no such intention, and Mr. Palmer took it over in October, changed its name to "Palmer's Theatre" (which caused much comment), and conducted it for eight years, principally as a star theatre. After that period the name "Wallack's Theatre" was restored by Mr. Moss. Mr. Palmer's term was notable for the revelation of Mr. Richard Mansfield's extraordinary ability as the *Baron Chevrial*, and the engagements of Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading, Salvini, Wyndham, the Kendalls, and nearly all the travelling theatrical and musical combinations of the day, alternating with Mr. Palmer's own stock company.

The most important member of the old Wallack company was John Gilbert, and he now turned to a theatre and a management for which he had had a very great admiration for years :

"Wallack's, New York,
March 30, 1888.

My dear Mr. Daly :

If it is not too late do you feel inclined to treat with me for the next season at your Theatre ?

Whatever may be the result of this letter, I hope it will not interfere with the pleasant relations that have hitherto existed between us.

Very Respectfully

Your obt. servant

John Gilbert."

Mr. Gilbert's engagement was prevented by his death.

The close companionship between Booth, Barrett, Palmer, and Daly in the project of honoring the veteran Wallack led to an interchange of views upon the founding in New York of an institution resembling in character the Garrick Club in London, where the theatrical profession could mingle with members of the literary and artistic world. At a luncheon at Delmonico's, where the principals were joined by Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, Stephen H. Olin, John Drew, James Lewis, and others, the preliminaries were adjusted and the name of "The Players," suggested by Mr. Aldrich, was adopted for the new institution. Mr. Olin was commissioned to prepare articles of incorporation. Stanford White immediately undertook the remodelling of No. 16 Gramercy Park, which Booth, with the approval of his associates and the assistance of his old and valued friend, William Bispham, purchased and presented to The Players.

SEVENTH PERIOD: 1888-1892



CHAPTER XXXIV

1888 continued. Supper to Irving and Miss Terry. Third visit to England. Letter from *The Times* in New York to *The Times* in London. "The Railroad of Love" at the Gaiety Theatre. "The Taming of the Shrew." The Americans entertained by John Hare, the Green Room Club, Justin McCarthy, Lady Jeune, and others. Luncheon given by the Lord Mayor. Theatrical business light. Visit to Stratford. First performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" in Shakespeare's birthplace. A memorable night. Many courtesies. Second visit of the Daly company to Paris. Shakespeare's comedy condemned. The feuilletonists in great form. Marvellous display of English. Praise of the actors.

BEFORE taking his company upon a third visit to Europe, Augustin gave a supper for Irving and Miss Terry at Delmonico's (March 26) after their season of five weeks at the Star Theatre. The company sailed on April 21, 1888.

He had lately added to his library the four Shakespeare folios, two copies of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" (one with the poet's autograph), a ten-volume collection of Garrickana, and manuscripts of Doctor Johnson. His old friend George Jones of the *New York Times* wrote to him on April 5 :

"Your letter and the two splendid volumes (Woffington and the 'Portfolio of Players') were received with sincere pleasure and merit my warmest thanks. I have always felt that you were a graduate from *The Times*, and have sympathized with you in your troubles and rejoiced in your triumphs and feel that your fortune is assured. I send you a letter to my dearest friend in London, Mr. MacDonald, the manager of *The Times*.

I hope you will not fail to deliver it. I want you to see the establishment under full headway, with him as your guide. I am sure you will fall in love with him as I did years ago. He it was who built our Presses, taking my son in to learn all that he could show him. . . . I hope that your visit abroad will be a repetition of your last year's successes. More I could not ask.

Faithfully yours,
Geo. Jones."

"The Railroad of Love" was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on May 3, 1888. The scenes between Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew caused great delight.

Mr. Daly was made honorary member of the Garrick and the Saville clubs. John Hare, manager of the St. James Theatre, gave him and the company a supper at the Garrick on June 9, at which every distinguished London manager, dramatic author, and actor was present, with Millais, Henry James, Du Maurier, Ambassador Phelps, and the Earls of Lathorn, Londesborough, and Cork and Orrery. At the annual dinner of the Green Room Club, Drew, Lewis, Skinner, and William Winter were guests of honor; suppers at the House were given by Justin McCarthy and T. P. O'Connor, and the company was entertained by Mrs. Jeune and T. W. Robertson. The midnight supper, at which Mr. McCarthy was host and his charming daughter hostess, was delightful. Henry Irving received the company at his country house as well as at supper in the Lyceum. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave Mr. Daly and his party a luncheon at the Mansion House, which was attended by a very distinguished assemblage.

The Daly company, in return for the many courtesies extended to it, volunteered in aid of two annual professional benefits — that of the Royal Theatrical Fund

on June 7 at Drury Lane, and that of The Actors' Benevolent Fund on June 28 at the Lyceum.

Irving sent a telegram on their arrival, "Love and greeting to one and all," and a note on the opening night:

"Dear Daly

I wish I could be with you to-night. You'll have all the success that your hearts can desire, and no one wishes it more earnestly than

Yours truly

Henry Irving."

"The Taming of the Shrew," produced on May 29, was the first performance of a Shakespearian comedy by an American company in Europe. *The Times* stated that, with the exception of Phelps' revival of the piece twenty-five years before, "no such rendering of this play has been seen on the English stage . . . and until it occurred to Mr. Daly last year to attempt a resuscitation of the piece in the shape in which it left Shakespeare's hands, it seemed as if this comedy were fated to rank as the most despised and rejected of the poet's productions"; that it "has received but scant justice from the professional interpreters — so at least it would now appear — in view of this splendid revival of the comedy, which, sumptuously mounted and acted with admirable spirit and point, keeps the house throughout its five acts in a state of continuous merriment." The press did not consider the restoration of the Induction valuable, but the inclusion of the underplot of *Bianca* was allowed to be important as throwing into relief the scenes of *Katherine* and *Petruchio*, — "It is difficult otherwise to account for the greatly increased interest which Mr. Daly and his company have been able to arouse in this play. Those who have known it in the current acting form will

be agreeably surprised at the wealth of dramatic material thus brought to light" (*Times*).

Augustin wrote to me on June 9:

"I think London is about the last place to manage a theatre in. If you have a good play with a job cast and no company to drain you, you can run for a year and make perhaps (once in a lifetime) £10,000 or £12,000 — but then you must retire if you want to save that."

Again, June 12:

"The performance is positively the talk of all London — think of that; and yet my highest receipts so far reached only £204 (Saturday night). Monday £157, Tuesday £155. . . . I doubt if I will ever be foolish enough to give so much good time to London again. . . ."

Yet his business, compared with that at the other London theatres, was particularly fine, and he was congratulated upon it by everybody.

Towards the last of June I joined Augustin in London. I arrived in time to be present at the Lord Mayor's luncheon, and above all at the never-to-be-forgotten event, "The Taming of the Shrew," at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon. On July 31 the company concluded a season of thirteen weeks, and the long run of "The Shrew" had changed my brother's views about revisiting London. In his farewell speech before the curtain, he promised to come back. A voice: "Don't wait too long!"

The performance at Stratford was for the benefit of the Shakespeare Memorial, and the visit interested the whole countryside. It was made most agreeable by the attentions of Sir Arthur Hodgson, the Mayor of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flower, Mrs. Leith Adams, Mr.

Robert S. de C. Laffan, head master of the King Edward VI Grammar School, and Mrs. Laffan, Lord Ronald Gower, and Mr. F. Hawley of the "Memorial." The company, after a trip of four hours by special express from London, arrived at dusk, and the principals were put up at the Red Horse Inn. Mr. and Mrs. Daly and party dined at Clopton Hall (about a mile from the town), the residence of Sir Arthur Hodgson, and the ancient seat of the Barons whose tombs decorate the Stratford Church. The *Lord* of the Induction is supposed to be the Baron Clopton of Shakespeare's day, and the hall in which the revels were held before *Christopher Sly* that in which we were now entertained by the Mayor of Stratford, assisted by Lady Hodgson and her daughters Lady Lifford and Miss Hodgson, on the evening of August 2. The next morning the company were invited to luncheon at Avonbank, the residence of Mr. Charles Flower, by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flower, to meet a distinguished company. Mr. and Mrs. Laffan gave a tea at the school, and the performance took place that evening in the Memorial Theatre, which was crowded by the Warwickshire County families who drove over, some from a great distance, in compliment to their American visitors.

This was the first performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" given in Stratford, so far as is known. Mr. Daly was elected one of the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial. He had already presented its library with books and pictures, and he continued to do so while he lived.

From Stratford the company went to Glasgow to give two performances, and then separated for a four-weeks' holiday, to meet in Paris. On the second visit of Mr. Daly to Paris, the journalists ceased to lament his assault

upon the citadel of art, and devoted themselves to Shakespeare. Some ignorance of his work was manifested in unexpected quarters. M. Sarcey, the leading critic, confessed that he never could understand Shakespearian comedy; that it was "illogical," and that "there was nothing in it." M. Vitu wrote: "Every nation has its own way of laughing, not comprehended beyond its frontiers. Schlegel denied that Molière was comic. I will not go so far as to say the same of Shakespeare. He may be comic—he is certainly coarse—that is his weakness."

It was interesting to hear from other quarters that Shakespeare's glory is more French than English; that France has lauded him beyond any other nation; that the English may act him well enough, but that it is not certain they understand him—for instance, they do not go to see *Othello* played by Irving, but to see Irving play *Othello*. Along with this came the statement from Sardou that he would give no opinion of the acting of "The Taming of the Shrew," the piece being so novel to his experience. Catulle Mendés characterized the work as a masterpiece of realistic conception, but "totally unfit for stage representation."

Le Petit Journal exclaimed, "Have we not the right to be surprised that a company of this originality, playing in the language of the author, should select for infliction upon the French the flattest, most insignificant and absolutely wearisome and ridiculous piece in a repertoire which is one of the richest in the world? Would the Comédie Française playing in London in French give *Le Mariage Forcé* as a specimen of Molière?" This was an unfortunate instance, for that piece was actually given at the Théâtre Française that season for the instruction of the holiday crowd of foreigners, who beheld the bridegroom

Sganarelle on the classic stage hurling paving stones from the street at one philosopher in the balcony, belaboring another pedant with his fists, and finally cudgelled by the brother of the bride until he consented to keep his promise; yet we find Sardou writing to deny the report that he had characterized Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew as "too violent," and explaining that he was only "intimating that they might modify their pugilistic encounter"; that he must be understood "as merely suggesting that Shakespeare does not shine by the delicacy of his works; that he is brutal and coarse, as his public was."

Le Gaulois, whose writers like those of many other French journals could only judge by the gestures and pantomime of the players, discussed with horror the box on the ear that *Katherine* gives *Petruchio*, and wondered that Mr. Daly, having the choice of so many heroic characters evoked by the genius of the poet, should have been attracted by *Katherine the Shrew*. *Gil Blas*, however, while of opinion that the play must be ranked among the secondary works of the poet, found it nevertheless full of charm and sincerity, and in the unfolding of the action and the multitude of episodes that spring from it, manifesting continuously the theatrical genius of the author; but thought that Miss Rehan "interpreted the character with a violence altogether Shakespearian."

A writer in *Le Petit Journal* recognized in Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew artists of ability, but wished to see them in real comedy parts and not in farce. He remarked that hitherto when called to the theatre, it had been to judge acting and not to analyze buffoonery, and concluded: "Pauvre Shakespeare! What crimes are committed in thy name, and how fortunate that thou hast been dead some time!"

The handicap of playing in a tongue foreign to the

auditors is undeniable. The inability to interest by the word concentrates attention upon the action. Whatever is strange in manner remains so to the end, unrelieved by appeal to the intellect. That the players could surmount this difficulty as they did, was a very decided victory. "The attitudes, movements, walk, speech, and action of these Americans," said *Figaro*, "are so different from what we are accustomed to see and hear that there would neither be justice nor profit in criticising them. It is another race, another conception, another art." The writer then enumerates the long line of actresses who, he believes, had attempted the rôle of *Katherine* in England as well as in America down to the time of Miss Rehan, and exclaims: "Let us stop here, at this one. Even from our point of view the superior qualities of Miss Ada Rehan can be recognized. Her stature and singular beauty present the image of a Scandinavian divinity of the Valhalla. Nothing can be more singular than the panther-like cries that provoke the first attack of *Petruchio*, and the noble and penetrating diction of *Katherine's* final submission." *Le Soir* affirmed Mdlle. Rehan to be "a comédienne of race — very beautiful, very distinguished, rendering the part of *Katherine* like a great artist, acclaimed by the whole house, French as well as American. . . . It was a great success and she deserved it." *Le Soleil* did not single out the principals of the cast alone for commendation: "All merit praise because the Daly company is distinguished above everything by its ensemble." *Figaro* found that Drew resembled Irving!

There was much space given to biographies of Mr. Daly (generally inaccurate) and to an account of French representations of the piece. From this we learn that Clozel and Mademoiselle Adeline in 1804 produced "La Jeune Femme en Colère," by Etienne, at the Théâtre Louvois,

that it was last played in the Rue Richelieu, in 1855, and that the scenes of *Petruchio* and *Katherine* (Emile and Rose) were transformed by Etienne with a lightness of touch and delicacy of hand altogether seductive; and the writer (in *Figaro*) inquires why the Comédie Française or the Odéon has not revived that work in homage to Shakespeare, or at least to Etienne!

The newspaper columns were thrown open of course to the feuilletonists. He of *Le Gaulois* described his visit to the play. He there met an editor of the *New York Herald*. "He inquired of me how I could give an opinion upon an English play when I did not know a word of English? I have the gift of tongues. Each time that the curtain falls I perceive that an act is over. When the scene changes I comprehend that the locality is not the same. When the audience applauds I say to myself 'That's good!' When they laugh I say to myself 'That was something funny!' When everybody gets up to go out I know that the show is over; and when the box opener hands me my overcoat I know she expects a fee," — and so on for half a column. *La Soirée Parisienne* boasted a most indefatigable space writer, to whom English of London was evidently not "unknowe":

"The boulevard des Capucins last night was no longer in Paris. From all sides serious and silent crowds — the men in severe black, the women in blue, rose, green, yellow, but with clear skins and plenty of hair — arrived at the Vaudeville, with exclamations of never-ending surprise in a language as barbarous as it was strange. There were mutual recognitions:

Oh, Sir Crokmerott!
Oh, Madame Trowsers!
Can it be?
Is it possible?
How do you do?

Very well, thank you, madame. And how are you?
Quite well, sir, thank God.

Then a shake hand without end. It was Broadway, the grand artery of New York, going to see the Company of Augustin Daly in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *la Sauvage Apprivoisée*, or more literally *l'apprivoisement de la mauvaise tête*, of the great William Shakespeare."

Le Gaulois had an opportune article on the theatres of New York. In it we are informed that the principal theatres are on Broadway — "Wallack's, burnt in 1887, and rebuilt with inconceivable rapidity," Daly's, Niblo's, Varieties, the Metropolitan Opera House, and the Madison Square Garden; that grand and comic opera are given at the Metropolitan, classical comedy, Shakespeare and vaudeville at Wallack's and Daly's, melodrama at the Madison, *bouffes* in the style of the Palais Royal at Niblo's, operetta and *café concerts* at the Casino, and at Barnum's Circus, races, hippodromes, and dog-fights. With regard to the audiences it is observed that the ladies come in evening dress, remove their hats and give the stalls an air as sumptuous as it is lively. It is also remarked that the audience applauds little, and when transported, whistles.

Besides "*The Taming of the Shrew*," "*Nancy & Co.*" and "*The Railroad of Love*" were given at the Vaudeville, and the general interest in those performances is evidenced by the receipts for six days, which exceeded those of each of the three principal theatres of Paris.

CHAPTER XXXV

Daly's connection with the scheme of celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration. Discourages the idea of reviving the Revolutionary drama. Is consulted about the triumphal arch in Washington Square. Supper to Booth. His dislike of speech-making. First Founders' Night at The Players. Florence at the New Year celebration in the theatre. Projects. Jefferson's portrait in "appropriate" bronze. A scholarship in Shakespeare's school. Murdock's benefit. Dedication of Volume IV of the Bankside Shakespeare to Daly. Actors and the contract labor act. Benefit to Max Maretzek. Gariboldi's embroidered silk curtain for the theatre. Miss Virginia Dreher marries and leaves the stage. Mrs. Gilbert's alarming experience. Death of John Gilbert. Edwin Booth's apoplectic attack. New assault upon the copyright of "Under the Gaslight." Aspirants for a place in Daly's. The youngest Worrell sister. A fraudulent Wallack's Theatre company stranded in Arkansas. Plays. Mark Twain, and why he enjoyed the particular esteem of his children.

THE committee on the celebration of the centennial of Washington's inauguration as first President of the United States, of which Hamilton Fish was Chairman, asked Mr. Daly to name some persons to represent, with himself, the theatres. He named Henry E. Abbey and A. M. Palmer, managers; William Winter, critic; Bronson Howard, dramatist; Edward Harrigan, actor-dramatist; Joseph N. Ireland, historian; and Joseph Jefferson, James E. Murdoch, W. J. Florence, John Gilbert, and James Lewis, actors. Booth was a member of the general committee. A play was suggested on a theme of the revolutionary period. Mr. Daly wrote on the subject:

"My dear Palmer,

I quite agree with you that no good end — either patriotic or otherwise — would be served in reviving, or reproducing

(because there could be no 'revival' of such thoroughly dead and buried plays as those suggested to us by the Centennial Committee) works that our Revolutionary predecessors offered for the entertainment of their guests 100 years ago. The communication came to me in such a roundabout way (Mrs. Somebody wrote to somebody who suggested that another somebody should communicate with Mr. Palmer and Mr. Daly) that I think the simplest as well as the wisest course will be to let the matter drop of its own density and weight. If you think a letter ought to go in reply let me know when you will come and talk it over and I'll be glad to see you.

Sincerely,
A. Daly."

Another project happily and adequately carried out by the public-spirited W. Rhinelander Stewart occasioned the following letter from a well-known citizen:

" 1 Fifth Avenue, Mar. 23d.

My dear Mr. Daly,

Some gentlemen are arranging to have a large triumphal arch erected on 5th Av. at its lower end, and are much exercised to find a competent person to control the decoration in conformity with the plans of the designer of the arch. The object is *effect*. Knowing your experience and success in pleasing the eye as well as the ear, I have thought you might give us the names of persons to whom the Committee could apply. Pardon the liberty I take and believe me

Yours very truly
W. Butler Duncan."

A supper to Booth at Delmonico's on March 30, 1889, was tendered by Daly and Palmer in recognition of his generous gift of No. 16 Gramercy Park to The Players. The orchestra of Daly's Theatre supplied the music. The guests, eighty in number, were representative of the stage, literature, journalism, art, the bench, the bar, and

the army. George H. Boker, the playwright of a former generation, was there with Boucicault, whose activities were spread over two generations at least. John Gilbert represented the English school of acting, and Coquelin the French. Charles P. Daly represented the bar and the judiciary, and historical, geographical, and even theatrical traditions; he was a constant patron of the theatre. Speeches were made by Stephen Olin, Mark Twain, Depew, Barrett, Coquelin, Winter, Boucicault, and Gilbert. Booth responded to the toast in very few words, for it was extremely irksome for him to make a speech. He had written from Philadelphia :

"If the feast which you generously intend to give in my honor *must* eventuate cannot speeches be dispensed with? . . . If it be absolutely necessary for me to donkeyize myself pray let me know what you will orate on the occasion, that I may have a cue to guide me in my response. But if possible *don't let's do it.* . . ."

The opening of The Players on New Year's Eve, 1889, was auspicious. Booth, the president, read an address presenting the deed of the club-house to Mr. Daly, the vice-president, who responded for the corporation. The loving-cup was then passed around the assembly. This ceremony is repeated at The Players annually. New Year's Eve is called "Founders' Night"; Booth's address is read, and a talk reminiscent of Booth is given by a member selected for the honor by the Board of Directors.

The Players' opening did not interfere with the customary New Year's supper at Daly's in the Woffington room. Winter was there and W. J. Florence, who at an early hour on New Year's Day managed to indite the following :

"7 Fifth Avenue, Tuesday, 1st January, 3 A.M.

This I fear will be a very shaky note, for with my heart full of great good thoughts for you and my head full of champagne I don't believe you'll make it out; but, dear good 'Governor,' I could not have had the New Year ushered in under happier auspices. Judge Daly and Mr. Winter were delightful and you looked so distinguished. I was so proud of you. I am going to bed completely happy and I thank you ever and ever so much.

Always sincerely
Florence."

In the course of this year he and Daly talked over a possible arrangement by which Florence should be stage director of Daly's, occasionally playing eccentric parts of suitable importance. Florence could in fact play anything.

Daly's correspondence at this time shows that Jefferson sent him his portrait in bronze, with a remark that it was "an appropriate metal for the display of my features, I fancy"; that Mrs. Bertha Laffan of Stratford acknowledged the receipt of a contribution to the foundation of a scholarship in Shakespeare's ancient school, of which her husband was head-master; that the subject of a "World's Fair" to be held in New York, the site to be north of Central Park and requiring hundreds of acres, awakened considerable discussion and, among real estate dealers, much excitement, but that Augustin, when consulted, was very unenthusiastic; that he was elected to membership in the Grolier Club and to the Board of Managers of the Catholic Protectory; that one of the oldest stars in the theatrical profession, James E. Murdoch, was tendered a benefit in Philadelphia and appeared in one of his favorite parts, *The Stranger*, giving the present generation the opportunity of judging the methods of a forgotten

period; that the admirers of Coquelin, headed by Brander Matthews, presented him with a souvenir of his American visit; and that Mr. Appleton Morgan issued the fourth volume of his Bankside Shakespeare with a dedication to Augustin Daly.

Many will recall an absurd bill introduced in Congress to extend the contract labor act so as to exclude from the United States foreign actors below the grade of stars, arriving under engagement. Some actors went to Washington to advocate its passage, and even engaged Robert G. Ingersoll to present their case. The managers of the great theatres ridiculed the fear of competition which inspired the measure. Congressman S. S. Cox ("Sunset" Cox) fought it strenuously, and commenting upon its provisions, wrote to Mr. Daly:

"Stars differ in glory, and who is to judge of the stellar qualities which would allow the 'stars' to come in and the satellitic and meteoric folk to be kept out?"

The benefit tendered at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 12, 1889, to Max Maretzek in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his operatic management was a distinguished affair. It was managed by E. C. Stanton, director of the Opera House, and by Mr. Daly. A graceful compliment was the appearance successively in the orchestra of five well-known conductors — Thomas, Seidl, Damrosch, Van der Stucker, and Neuendorff, with Max himself.

Daly's Theatre was now enriched by a curtain embroidered in silk, representing the "Crowning of Comedy," by Gariboldi. The needlework was done in Milan under his direction. Gariboldi wrote: "Never a piece of work like this has been attempted before," and added, "What an undertaking, what a work, what a cost!"

This season the beautiful Virginia Dreher left the stage to be married. Miss Phœbe Russell went to Europe to study, and Misses Shannon and Campbell accepted other and very good engagements. Mrs. Gilbert had a startling experience one night while playing. Her memory completely failed, and she had to be prompted through the whole performance. It took a long time to allay her apprehension that a breakdown of her faculties from age was imminent. Her recovery, however, was rapid and complete. She remembered her part the next night, and played with undiminished spirit for many years after.

The death of Mr. John A. Duff occurred this year, and that of John Gilbert in Boston in June, 1889.

There was alarm felt for Edwin Booth when it was reported that on April 3, 1889, he had a stroke of paralysis while playing in Rochester. His season was immediately closed, and he returned home to The Players, the upper floor of the club-house having been originally fitted up for his residence. He recovered from this attack sufficiently to preside at the directors' meeting of April 6, 1889, and in the autumn to fill an engagement jointly with Madame Modjeska in "Richelieu" at the Broadway Theatre.

Daly as dramatic author experienced some difficulties at this time. We recall that in 1868 he successfully invoked the aid of the U. S. Circuit Court in New York to restrain the piracy of his railroad scene in "Under the Gaslight," by Boucicault. After twenty-one years of security an ingenious lawyer discovered a variance between the title of the play as originally deposited for copyright and that of the published book. The original title-page reads "**UNDER THE GASLIGHT**, a drama of life and love in these times," and the published book was

called "UNDER THE GASLIGHT, a romantic panorama of the streets and homes of New York." The client of the ingenious lawyer immediately began to play the piece and refused to recognize the author's rights. Suit by Mr. Daly followed, and the judge now presiding thought it his duty to declare, though reluctantly, that the copyright was rendered invalid by the change of title. Pirates of plays were thereby much encouraged, but only during the few months required for Mr. Daly to take an appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals and obtain a reversal of the decision. An appeal from the reversal was taken by the defendant to the Supreme Court, but was dismissed by that tribunal. The holding of the Court was that the title of the play was "Under the Gaslight," and that what followed was descriptive merely, and a change in it was not a change of title.

Miss Minnie Maddern, then beginning her career, acquired Mr. Daly's "Alix" for the exercise of her talent.

Among applicants for engagement was a youthful son of Mrs. Rose Eytine Butler, James H. Hollingshead, a grandson of James E. Murdock. The irrepressible and adventurous youngest of the Worrell Sisters, writing in her dreadful scrawl and signing herself "Jennie Hatfield," and "one of the old-timers," announced that she was at the Murray Hill Hotel on a brief visit to America "to see her daughters and family after a most enjoyable eighteen months' shooting trip in Africa," wanted to see the play at Daly's, and was shortly to return "to England, the land of the free (morals)."

I find also an amusing account of some theatrical impostors; Thomas Bruton wrote this year from San Francisco of his encounter with "Wallack's Theatre Company" in a little town of western Arkansas:

"I found them strapped and held for their board. The dirtiest man in the crowd looked at the register and immediately button-holed me. 'Say, young feller', he said, 'Did you ever heerd tell of Lester Wallack?' 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'I heard of him, but I never saw him.' 'Well den — you see him afore you. I'm Lester Wallack.' As I wished to be introduced to the other members of the company, I invited him up to the bar. He gathered all the talent to participate — Dion Boucicault, John Gilbert and, — you might not believe it — George Holland, whom I thought dead ten years. They told me their trouble, and as I was a pretty good advertiser, I told them to give a good variety performance that night. I wrote up the bill with a bottle of wash-blueing and, with the assistance of Lester Wallack and Boucicault, posted the town. We had a good house, they paid their bill and got off."

Daly's search for new plays was kept up. M. A. Chizzola of Paris was active in securing "La Marchande de Sourires" (The Woman Who Sells her Smiles). We shall hear of it later. George Parsons Lathrop wrote that Abbey had ordered a Greek drama, "Hero and Leander," for Mrs. Potter, and Mr. Henry Ames Blood of Washington offered Daly "The Return of Ulysses." Mrs. Craigie completed "A Bundle of Life"; Alexander Salvini with Horace Townsend composed a play which Salvini thought it "worth the manager's while to hear"; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin sent, not a play, but a song in the old English manner, to lines beginning,

"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent
When Chloe went with me wherever I went,"

and Mr. Daly accepted it for possible future use. Miss Wormsley inquired about the availability of the plays of the elder Dumas for the American stage. "The Wild Idea," by Miss Elizabeth Marbury, was found to have merit, but was not adapted to the Daly company.

Mark Twain's well-known intimacy with Daly naturally interested his young literary friends. Concerning one of them he wrote:

"She wants to know whether she has written a play or not and Mrs. Clemens and I volunteered to go down to New York with her & try to get you to tell her. Will you?"

Upon the occasion of a notable revival on one of the subscription nights, Mr. Daly got a short note from Twain: "I have always avoided the Moody & Sankey revivals, but this kind is just in my line;" and after a pleasant meeting with the favorites of the stage and their manager came a characteristic letter:

"A fine and beautiful thing is a child's worship. . . . I have written wonderful books which have revolutionized politics & religion in the world; & you might think that that is why my children hold my person to be sacred; but it isn't so; it is because I know Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew personally.

Sincerely yours
S. L. Clemens."

CHAPTER XXXVI

Remarkable contemporary review of Daly's career. The season of 1888-1889 opens with "The Lottery of Love," which becomes one of the greatest successes of the house. The French original, "Les Surprises du Divorce," played at the same time by Coquelin's company. Daly's supper to Coquelin. Their plan for Coquelin to play with Daly's company in the future. Brander Matthews' idea of "one-act pieces" is carried out. Revival of "The Inconstant" after fifteen years. Comedy from the German, "An International Match," and another from the French, "Samson and Delilah." Furness and Davis come on to see it. Subscription nights, an innovation, received with favor. Spring and summer tour. Fifty-first birthday. Vacation spent in England and France. A breakfast by Buffalo Bill.

"To Augustin Daly.

WHEN we consider your history it is impossible to refrain from astonishment at the variety of your experiences and the versatility of your mind. We have neither known nor heard traditions of a manager whose career has been so checkered as your own. Triumph and disaster have attended your ventures so often and in so remarkable a degree that we have knowledge of no other man who could have attained similar successes and preserved his equanimity, or suffered kindred reverses while maintaining your composure. Since your early boyhood you have been the pet of fortune or her scorn. On many occasions and in many ways you achieved prosperity which, after a little holding, was plucked from your grasp. Other men are content to build their reputation upon a single performance. But you have bent a strong will and a fine intellect to the accomplishment of many tasks and succeeded in all. Yet the

fame that has come to you through these achievements has been shadowed by so many disappointments that there are few men who could have maintained their courage even with a surety of the ultimate reward which has crowned your perseverance. If you have scaled the heights of fortune, you have also sounded the depths of misfortune. You have suffered detraction, you have had your successes ascribed to one who had no merit in them, you have been overwhelmed by undertakings too great for your resources, you have been devastated by fire, you have been deserted by those whose talent was entirely of your own creation, you have devoted years of unwearying thought and energy to the development of genius that was no sooner grown to maturity than it became ungrateful to its parent. The indomitable ambition of your mind and the power of your will have at length placed you in a position which is without a rival. We have reason to believe that your future shall be free from the hindrance of the past and that now, having eclipsed all other managers, you will proceed to surpass yourself.”¹

The above extract from an open letter published in a leading dramatic journal is contemporary testimony to the public estimation of Augustin Daly at this stage of his career.

The new season opened at Daly’s with “The Lottery of Love,” a play from the French of Messieurs Bisson and Mons (“Les Surprises du Divorce”). Mrs. Gilbert as *Mrs. Sherramy*, the mother-in-law; Mr. Lewis as the father-in-law, *Buttercorn*; Mr. Drew as the harassed husband, *Double-dot*, had the whole work of the performance. The women’s parts were the weakest in the play, but Miss Rehan accepted that of *Josephine*, the second wife, and *Diana*, the doubly wed, was given to a newcomer, Miss Sara Chalmers, while the rôle of the soubrette *Eliza* served to introduce to Daly’s audiences the vivacious Miss Kitty Cheatham.

¹ *Dramatic News*, New York, August, 1888.

The new play caught the favor of the town immediately. Boucicault was at the *première*, and wrote next day :

"My dear Daly

Good for six months. The dialogue is the best I have listened to for many years. Will look you up for a chat next Sunday.

Yours sincerely

Dion Boucicault.

Never saw Drew and Mrs. G. so much to advantage. My compliments to Bond — And to yourself 1000 what d'ye call 'ems."

Brander Matthews also wrote :

"The man with two mother-in-laws was able last night to make a man with a double toothache forget the pain from which he had been suffering for ten days. It was a delight to hear the heartiness of the welcome given to all the old favorites.

I was very glad to see by the programme that you intend to do one-act comedies. I have always thought that the writing of one-act plays was the best possible practical training-school for the coming American dramatist — just as the writing of short stories gives the novelist a chance to learn his trade."

An unusual opportunity for comparing French and American acting in the same play, and also of estimating the value of a Daly adaptation of foreign work, was afforded by the performance of M. Coquelin and his company in "Les Surprises du Divorce" at Palmer's (late Wallack's) Theatre across the street, while "The Lottery of Love" was playing at Daly's. This was the first visit of Coquelin and Mdlle. Jane Hading to America. As Mdlle. Hading was not in the cast, the critical journals found no one to compare with Miss Rehan; but Coquelin and Drew, Duquesne and Lewis, Mme. Patry and Mrs. Gilbert were, of course, contrasted. Coquelin was assumed to be necessarily superior to his younger rival, but the

palm was awarded immediately to Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert over the foreign artists. As to the general level of each performance, one journal remarked that "the Daly company played in a farcical style and the French with the true comedy spirit"; this was perhaps illustrated by the fact that while Drew, at the apparition of his detested mother-in-law, "made a face," Coquelin not only grimaced, but bounded in the air!

Mr. Daly gave a supper to Coquelin at Delmonico's. The menu bore the line from "*The Merchant of Venice*," "I feast tonight my best esteemed." Coquelin returned the compliment with a breakfast before leaving America, and wrote to Daly (April 12, 1888):

"I shall be so sorry to be back in Paris, I felt so happy over here. I had such good friends. I'll have to begin the struggle anew. Well, it's no use moping. Recall me to the kind memory of charming Miss Rehan. She played to perfection her 3d act at the Madison Square.¹ I'd like to play a nice scene with her. She is as talented as she is charming.

Do not forget, my dear Daly, that you have in Paris, 6 Rue de Presbourg, a true and grateful friend. I shall be glad to return to you from afar a little of the kindness you showed me when I was in New York. You may dispose of me, rely upon me, make use of me, and I shall be happy to acquit myself a little. Once more I thank you with all my heart and beg you to accept the expression of my faithful friendship.

Coquelin."

These two friends conferred often upon no less a project than Coquelin's appearing at Daly's with Miss Rehan and the Daly company. One piece talked of was "*Le Jeu de l'Amour*," and when Coquelin sent over some additions to the Ms., he wrote:

¹ A charity performance.

"You can imagine what a pleasure, a fête it will be for me to play it with your artists and with the most perfect of them all."

During the long run of "The Lottery of Love," the one-act plays of which Brander Matthews wrote were given as "curtain-raisers." "The Wife of Socrates" was an adaptation by Justin Huntly McCarthy from the French of Théodore de Banville; "Popping the Question" was an old farce done over; and "A Tragedy Rehearsed" was a version in one act of Sheridan's "Critic." In the first-named comedietta Miss Rehan played *Xantippe* and Charles Wheatleigh *Socrates*. Wheatleigh was an addition to the company rendered necessary by the veteran Fisher's beginning to fail. In the last season he had written to his manager on the occasion of forgetting his lines, "I can memorize no more," and wished to retire then; but my brother comforted and encouraged him, and the old gentleman, much revived, subsequently went to England with the company and played all that season. His successor Wheatleigh was a thorough artist of the old days and had been a favorite at Laura Keene's Theatre in 1857, but of late had been seldom seen. Augustin drew him from his retirement, and he fitted in admirably with the new generation on Daly's stage.

The old comedy production of the season was "The Inconstant," brought out with unusual elegance on January 15, 1889, and played twenty-nine times. It had not been seen since Daly produced it at the first Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1872. Miss Clara Morris, then in her prime, had given to the part of *Oriana* her supple grace and incisive diction. Miss Rehan now brought to it abundant life and magnetism, and confirmed the critical impression that she was always at her greatest in classical comedy. The prompt-book of this

elegant production was privately printed and sent to admirers of old comedy. Jefferson received a copy, and wrote to Augustin of Farquhar's play:

"It has humanity without realism, whilst the plays of our own time are full of realism without humanity."

The second new play was "An International Match," adapted from the German ("Cornelius Voss") of von Schönthan, and produced February 5, 1889, with all the company in the cast. A revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" followed the "International Match," and then appeared the third and last new piece, "Samson and Delilah," from the French of M. Bisson, on March 28, 1889.

Furness came on from Philadelphia with Clarke Davis to see the play, and wrote to the manager that going home on the train they talked it over and "came to the conclusion as we discussed it and reviewed it and rehearsed it, that it was absolutely perfect."

In this season of 1888-1889 Mr. Daly inaugurated an innovation in theatrical practice in America — a series of subscription nights, on which revivals of former successful plays were to be produced. Only a theatre with a company that had been accustomed to act together for years could have announced such a programme. The subscription book was filled six weeks before the first performance.

The season closed on April 27, 1889, and the theatre was given over to Rosina Vokes. The Daly company then made its customary round of visits.

Augustin's fifty-first birthday, July 20, 1889, was celebrated by the company in San Francisco at the Palace Hotel with a little family demonstration in his honor.

Early in August the travellers separated for a two months' holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Daly sailed for Europe on the 10th with Miss Rehan. It was Miss Rehan's first visit abroad "with nothing to do." They visited every notable performance in London and Paris, and Augustin made arrangements for a season at the Lyceum Theatre in June and July, 1890. The visit to Paris was made at the height of the "Exposition." Augustin wrote:

"The French have done wonders with the Champs de Mars, transforming that sandy spot into a paradise . . . wonderful lakelets . . . the trees they have planted seem to have been growing there for centuries. The American part of the exhibition was no credit to us. Mr. Depew said we went there flaunting the largest kind of American flag and at the end could have put it in our vest pocket. The theatres have not done the business they expected. Buffalo Bill's show was the most successful American exhibit. He is doing an enormous business. Edison is made a perfect hero. Everywhere he goes he is followed by crowds of people. As for the proposed exhibition in America (1892-93), we must take some different line. It's no use trying to surpass the Paris exhibition on its own lines. In its own way it is almost perfect. I have not thought much of a site for ours. As for the damage it might cause to Central Park, it is said that the crowds in Paris destroy 10,000 francs' worth of foliage every Sunday."

Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) gave a breakfast on August 27 at his "Wild West Camp," Neuilly, "In honor of our American friends," including Edison, Chauncey Depew, John Hoey, M. O'Brien, Augustin Daly, and Miss Rehan. The menu was strictly trans-Atlantic: "Clam Chowder, Soles, Quail on Toast, Sweetbreads, Pork and Boston Baked Beans, Grub-steak with Mushrooms, Chicken (Maryland style), Green Corn, Hominy,

Baked Potatoes, Blanc Mange, Jelly, Pumpkin Pie, Apple Pie, Watermelon, Peas, Peaches, Grapes, Nuts, Popcorn, Peanuts, Coffee, Corn Bread, and Biscuits." The French guests must have thought they were at an Homeric banquet.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Season of 1889-1890. "The Golden Widow." "The Great Unknown." The fourth Shakespearian production of this theatre, "As You Like It." "A Priceless Paragon," from Sardou's "Belle Maman," a failure. "The Prayer." "Miss Hoyden." "Haroun al Raschid." An arduous season. Subscription nights and benefits. James Lewis' sanguinary designs on a plumber. William Terriss and Miss Jessie Milward in "Roger la Honte." New plays — one ordered from Sardou. Fourth visit of the Daly company to London. At the Lyceum. Everything they do now praised. Self-reproach of critic who once flouted "Seven-Twenty-Eight." Press tributes remarkable. The red feather in the cap of Mephistopheles. Criticism upon absence of high-born manners in American players. *Blackwood's* views. Supper in the Beefsteak Room. Charities. The Christopher Marlowe memorial. Appreciation of "The Great Unknown." Return engagement promised.

THE season of 1889-1890 opened with "The Golden Widow" from Sardou's "La Marquise"; it was exquisitely acted, but the American public took no delight in the story. "The Great Unknown" from the German of von Schönthan and Kadelburg ("Die Berühmte Frau"), on October 22, 1889, caught the public fancy at once. A newcomer to the company was Miss Adelaide Prince, the successor of Miss Virginia Dreher.

"As You Like It" was the fourth Shakespearian production of Daly's Theatre, and had been in preparation for many months. Miss Rehan's *Rosalind* was a presentation of boundless, restless, exuberant youth, and there was immediate recognition of the charm which Mr. Daly's stage direction gave to the pastoral scenes. Lewis was the dryest, quaintest, cleanest-cut *Touchstone* that ever wore cap and bells.

Very greatly appreciated by Mr. Daly was a letter from Mr. J. J. Hayes, instructor of elocution at Harvard:

"Doubtless you are surfeited with praise, but I cannot go from the City without saying how thoroughly charmed I was last night with your admirable production of 'As You Like It.' In the first place I was more glad than I can say at the exquisite simplicity and naturalness of the readings. In that respect alone your company furnishes a source of education to the masses, and it was as rare as it was delightful to hear the lines of the play given with the true human touch . . . To my mind Miss Rehan has done nothing that can compare with her Rosalind. It was a performance to be remembered."

"As You Like It" had sixty-two representations. A privately printed book of the present version was distributed among the lovers of Daly's Theatre, and, enlarged and embellished with photographs of the players in costume, was sent to the Memorial Theatre in Stratford. The book contains an admirable historical and critical introduction by William Winter.

"A Priceless Paragon," which came next, was Sardou's "Belle Maman," adapted by Harry Paulton, the actor, for Mr. Daly. A version for England, where it was to be played by Mrs. Bancroft, was prepared from the French original by F. C. Burnand. By way of contrast there was played each night before the comedy one of the most sombre things conceivable—François Coppée's "Le Pater," a brief dramatic story of the Commune translated by Maurice Francis Egan and named "The Prayer." At the time of its production at Daly's, February 25, 1890, the little play had not been produced in Paris, the government censor withholding his license for fear of reviving some of the bitter feeling of the past. To some observers the serious nature of this play seemed unfitted for association with Sardou's comedy, but the

light and the serious spirit of France were never better contrasted.

More novelties succeeded. Sheridan's comedy, "A Trip to Scarborough," which was based upon Vanbrugh's "Relapse," now condensed by Mr. Daly into a comedietta which he called "Miss Hoyden's Husband," was brought out on March 26, 1890, in conjunction with Sydney Grundy's farce in three acts, "Haroun al Raschid and his Mother-in-law," a version of "An Arabian Night."

The subscription nights were continued this season, and Miss Edith Crane made her début in a revival of "Seven-Twenty-Eight." It was an arduous season, the company not only appearing in six new productions, but in the eight subscription revivals and in complimentary benefits for the Post-Graduate Medical Hospital, The Actors' Fund, the Orphan Asylum, the Bethlehem Day Nursery, and the Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls. Notwithstanding the incessant work, the company was in high spirits. There is a sanguinary epistle from James Lewis requesting a day off to go to his country place at Larchmont "to kill a plumber. I should have gone yesterday, but the storm saved his life for another day."

The season closed after two hundred and twenty performances, of which eighty-five were Shakespearian. The company went immediately to Washington — the first visit in years — and thence upon a tour which embraced Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. They sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Daly for England on the *Aurania* on May 31, where they were booked to open at the Lyceum Theatre, and destined to achieve their greatest success up to that time. In their absence Daly's Theatre was occupied by Miss Vokes and her company and afterwards by Sol Smith Russell.

During the season just ended Mr. Daly brought William Terriss and Miss Jessie Milward from England to open at Niblo's Garden in a French melodrama, "Roger la Honte," in which Terriss doubled the parts of the hero and the villain. The venture promised such profit that an experienced New York manager, Mr. Miner, took over the contract. A version of "Roger la Honte" for England had been made by Robert Buchanan.

Among the new plays read by Mr. Daly this year were a drama by Milton Royle, another by Harold Frederic and Brandon Thomas, comedies by Paul Blouet, Bronson Howard, Joseph Hutton, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, George Hibbard, and H. Wayne Ellis, and a version of Shakespeare's "Pericles" by Pos-sart. Sardou received a payment of 20,000 francs in advance for a new play, not yet composed. This master-workman was to have for the American rights only, in addition to the prepayment, 20,000 francs more when the *scenario* was submitted, 50,000 on delivery of the complete manuscript, 50,000 on the first performance, 25,000 on the fiftieth, and 25,000 on the hundredth. It seems also that Sardou was at this time arranging the work of a contemporary dramatist, Emile Moreau, for Madame Bernhardt, on the understanding that his name was not to appear.

Among the manager's correspondence we find a letter from an almost forgotten star (she had been a juvenile prodigy), Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, not too old to think of returning to the stage; and one, which recalled the old journalistic days, from Edward H. House, dramatist and critic in the sixties, now returned from Japan a cripple, constantly attended by his adopted Japanese daughter. We find Laurence Hutton at work on the "Curiosities of the American Stage," for the benefit, he wrote Mr. Daly,

"of you extra-illustrators"; Boucicault was forming a school in dramatic instruction in the Madison Square Theatre; General Sherman on his seventieth birthday, January 15, 1890, invited Mr. Daly and a few intimates to a dinner in honor of his brother, Senator John Sherman, at 75 West Seventy-first Street; Mrs. Kendal acknowledged Mr. Daly's permission for her to play *Kate Verity* in "The Squire"; Miss Ellen Terry, writing from Paris, introduced the son of the celebrated Tyrone Power; and an old friend, Judge Richard O'Gorman, upon receiving from Augustin a copy of the handsome book "As You Like It," wrote:

"Happy is the man who has so many opportunities of making people happy and who uses his opportunities to such advantage."

On June 10, 1890, the Daly company faced a Lyceum audience. There was design in opening with "Seven-Twenty-Eight," which had first introduced the Americans to an English public; the versatility of the performers was to be exhibited. Recalling what the *Times* had said of them six years before, it is instructive to turn to its columns now and read:

"No comedy quite so delicate as that of Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew in this piece has been seen since the Robertsonian plays were performed under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. Some of the subordinate members of the Company are newcomers, but the principals have been acting for many years together, and this circumstance insures a degree of smoothness and a perfection of *ensemble* in the performances which is unsurpassed and perhaps hardly equalled even in the Paris theatres."

Of "Nancy & Co.," played on June 24, the same critic wrote:

"The plot seems to become as delicate as gossamer which a jarring word or gesture would mutilate. Neither word nor gesture, however, is ever out of place."

The *Times* voiced the general impression :

"The acting was absolutely faultless; indeed it was better than faultless: It was animated throughout by that vivacity of genius which we believe to be essentially French."¹

Mr. Labouchère noticed the change of tone :

"When he first came to England the Company was pronounced by our theatrical guides, philosophers and friends a complete failure. At present, although the Company is the same and the plays are the same, everything is declared to be perfection; indeed the success is greater every successive season that the Company comes over here."²

And the feeling throughout the critical fraternity was quite frankly expressed by the writer in the *London World*, who said that he had turned back to his article published on July 23, 1884, on the night of the first appearance of the Daly company in England, and that when he reached the lines dealing with Miss Rehan in this part (*Nisbe*), he could have rent his garments and strewn ashes on his head for having been blind to its beauties, which it was a sin not to see and appreciate.

Not less enthusiastic were the notices of "The Taming of the Shrew" (produced on July 8) :

"A veritable *edition de luxe* of a five-act comedy which, for over a hundred years, has been known to the stage only in the truncated form adopted by Garrick."³

But the greatest success of the Daly company was at hand. On July 16 the production of "As You Like It"

¹ *St. James Gazette.*

² *Truth.*

³ *The Times.*

took place and was witnessed by a splendid audience. Henry Irving in his box was conspicuous. There was good reason to believe that he had had in contemplation a presentation of this play, and as it was certain that the *Rosalind* of such a production would be Miss Ellen Terry, he was naturally a close observer of Miss Rehan's performance, the reputation of which had already crossed the Atlantic. His congratulations to Mr. Daly were conveyed in a letter. "As You Like It" and Miss Rehan's acting elicited greater praise than they had evoked even in America. Compliments privately bestowed were many. Mrs. Marie Bancroft wrote to Miss Rehan: "Your Rosalind is one of the most perfect representations I ever witnessed — full of thought and genius — a truly beautiful performance"; Joseph Knight addressed her as "divine artist," and Mrs. Mary Ann Keeley as "bewitching Rosalind." Madame Felicia Mallet, the accomplished French *comédienne*, wrote to Mr. Daly: "Thanks to your amiability, I passed, yesterday, an exquisite evening. I beg you to make my perfect admiration known to Miss Ada Rehan." Sir Squire Bancroft wrote:

"Very cordially I offer a few words of sincere admiration to the governing mind and hand so constantly obvious to the expert in last night's performance. If you knew how weary I had grown of the old play and how all my love for it was revived and strengthened, you would better understand my appreciation of your work."

Sir Theodore Martin (author of the "Life of the Prince Consort" and husband of Helen Faucit, one of the admired Rosalinds of the English theatre), wrote an appreciation of the play as a whole:

"Never have I seen it presented with more skill in the details of the scene or carried out with a greater spirit of life by the

various characters. The way the very charming music was presented helped very greatly to augment the illusion of the scene and to infuse into it the true spirit of this lovely Forest Pastoral."

The letter of Henry Irving, referred to above, termed "As You Like It"

"A delightful performance, and Miss Rehan beyond praise. She kept the entire play together in a splendid way. I was sorry that Ellen Terry could not come — she was ill in bed. Drew's difficult part he gets through admirably, and Lewis & Wheatleigh & Clarke are good — Wheatleigh's a thorough old stager;"

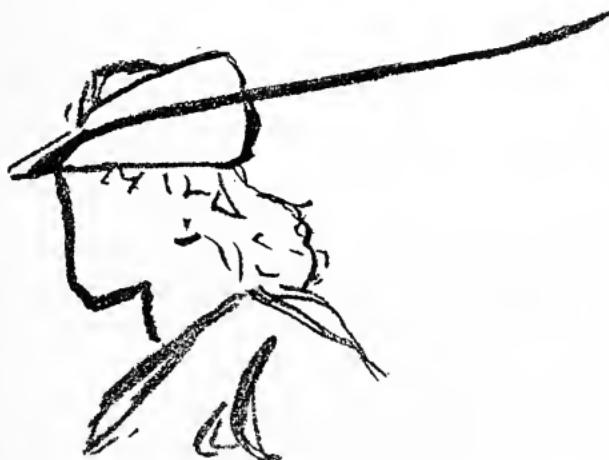
and Coquelin wrote: "I am ravished with your success and that of Miss Rehan."

A charming and characteristic letter was written later to Miss Rehan by Miss Terry:

My dear Ada Rehan,

"Winchelsea, Friday, 15 Aug.

I suppose you'll be flying off directly you have finished at the Lyceum, & if so I shan't see you and I haven't seen yr Rosalind! — only one act of it at least, which was lovely enough, all except a 'red feather' which I want you to wear as the only possible



improvement which I might suggest!! ‘Nobody ax’d you sir, she said’ you *may* say *but you won’t* & will wear the feather for my sake.

It’s one of the straight long bright scarlet feathers that H. I. wore in ‘Mephistopheles’ & it wd, I think, give *vim* to yr. cap. I had not forgotten, only the thing was locked up.

Goodbye, my dear — you should be delighted with your great success — our B. P. (British Public, please) — just *love* you — & so they did ought to, as they say in the Dials.

I’m having a perfect rest in our 11th century city by the sea & I do nothing but nothing all day long & am not quite sure whether this is a Thursday or a Friday. Keep *very well* & get some rest now.

Yrs affect’ly

Ellen Terry.”

The letter of Sir Theodore Martin, from which an extract has been given, contained, in its long and studied appreciation of Miss Rehan’s performance, some reflections upon the unrestrained gayety of her acting in the forest scenes which he thought denoted forgetfulness of her princely rank: “She would I think modify many of the details of her performance in the forest scenes if she kept steadily in mind that it is Rosalind the Princess as well as Rosalind the loving woman who, under the Page’s disguise, is doing her best to rivet the affections of Orlando.” The idea was subsequently enlarged upon in an article in *Blackwood’s* (September, 1890). The topic of a Shakespearian performance by an American company is incidentally referred to in a notice of the recent publication of the eighth volume of Horace Howard Furness’ variorum Shakespeare. It is announced that this eighth volume of Mr. Furness’ work is devoted to “As You Like It,” and that Mr. Daly had applied great skill and pains to the production of that play, and had submitted his labors to an English audience which had

been predisposed in his favor by his version of "The Taming of the Shrew." After praising costumes and scenic arrangement, skilful stage management, and the admirable way the songs were presented, it finds that the characters were taken in too low a key; that the speeches of the banished *Duke* and *Jaques*, for example, were spoken with excellent emphasis and discretion, but the tone of the high-bred nobleman was not struck; that one missed the indefinable something which distinguishes men accustomed to a higher than ordinary level of thinking, as well as that courtesy in manner which is requisite to give to the poet's language its full effect; but that much praise was due to the *Jaques* for his treatment of "All the World's a Stage."

The writer goes on to say that the *Touchstone* of Mr. Daly's company did not answer to the poet's conception, and that *Adam* was worse; that to *Orlando* an air of youthful romance is absolutely essential, and that Mr. Drew was not conspicuous for it; yet that "with scarcely an exception, the critics pronounce the production to be 'indeed perfection,' and one luminous authority tells us that .nothing so truly Shakespearian had been seen on the stage for a hundred years." It is *Blackwood's* misfortune (it declares) not to be able to agree with these opinions; Miss Rehan seemed not to have adapted herself to *Rosalind*, but to have sought to adapt that part to herself and to her own peculiar methods of winning an audience; that surely, if *Rosalind* is anything, she is an ideal princess in whom the charm of person is heightened by refinement, grace, tenderness, and an undercurrent of intellectual strength, and who never in the wildest play of her sportive moods is other than the high-bred self-respecting lady; that "the saucy kittenish ways of Miss Rehan may be very amusing to those who either do not

know their Shakespeare or are indifferent as to what he intended ; but they are out of place in any poetical drama, and they are especially so in *Rosalind*."

The writer in *Blackwood's* had not perhaps sufficiently pondered the rôle of that high-born lady who wanders in the woods in boy's dress, greets her lover "like a saucy lackey," "plays the knave with him," pretending to be "apish and fantastical"; prepares "now to weep for him, then spit at him," offers to "wash his liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart," and finally, to his "And wilt thou have me?" replies "Ay, and twenty such!"

The fact is that the writer was simply recalling the conventional Rosalinds of the early Victorian era, and could not accept a different interpretation of the part. From this mental condition the other critics had emerged. The *Daily Chronicle*, for instance, said : "Miss Rehan's *Rosalind* has an ease and spontaneity so engaging in its influence as for the moment to create some doubts as to whether Miss Rehan is not right, and theatrical precedent, together with ideas matured in the study, altogether wrong."

On July 16 my brother wrote me : "As You Like It is the most enormous success I've yet had in London." While the popularity of the play was at its height, he gave a supper in Irving's famous "Beefsteak Room" to a number of friends, including Irving, Miss Rehan, the Labouchères, Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Jeune (later Lord St. Helier), Mrs. Jeune, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Henry Thompson, Mr. Depew, Mr. Winter, Mr. Brayton Ives, Mr. Stewart Scott, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, Gustave Kadelburg, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Augustin Daly, Mrs. Joseph F. Daly, and myself. The birthday of the

manager (July 20) was celebrated with a luncheon at which the Kendals, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Routledge, Mr. Smalley, Miss Rehan, and Mrs. Gilbert were guests. A birthday letter from Miss Rehan offered my brother warm congratulations, and added :

"I also wish to acknowledge your generous assistance for the high position I hold today in my profession. May God bless you."

The Daly company gave an entertainment for the benefit of Mrs. Jeune's "holiday fund for poor children" at the Lyceum on July 23; and the theatre was lent for the Actors' Benevolent Fund benefit on the 17th, in which the company took part, as they did in a performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre for the "Christopher Marlowe Memorial Fund." The treasurer of the fund, Mr. Sidney Lee, acknowledged the courtesy in the following letter :

"18 K-Edward's Square, Kensington 6/7/90.

Dear Sir

I am directed by the Committee of the Marlowe Memorial of which Lord Coleridge is Chairman to express to you their deep sense of gratitude for the generous service which your Company rendered to the benefit performance given in aid of the Memorial Fund last Friday afternoon. That you should have so readily joined in our endeavor to do honor to the founder of the English drama seems to the Committee a very graceful act of fraternity."

The American company also participated in the benefit for the English Theatrical Fund (June 12).

The interesting season at the Lyceum was brought to a close with "The Great Unknown," which was brought

out on August 6. The other modern comedy given beside "Seven-Twenty-Eight" was "Nancy & Co." Strangely enough the romping audacity of *Edna*, the fearless heroine of "The Great Unknown," was preferred to the demureness of *Nisbe* and the vivacity of *Nancy Brasher*. The *Morning Post* said it was "an extraordinary change from *Rosalind*, but the versatility of Miss Rehan is so remarkable that she appears equally at home in classic comedy or the wildest eccentricity."

The season terminated on August 16 with "Seven-Twenty-Eight," and a great demonstration of friendship, an extraordinary manifestation of sympathy between the artists and the auditors. Everybody was called out repeatedly. Mr. Daly had to come forward and thank the public on behalf of his company. The announcement that he had secured the Lyceum for another visit was greatly applauded. On August 19 Mr. and Mrs. Daly, with Miss Rehan, went to Paris for a short visit and three weeks afterwards sailed for home.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Opening of the season of 1890-1891. Booth, Jefferson, and Florence in a box. "New Lamps for Old" by Jerome. A great hit — "The Last Word." "The School for Scandal" and "L'Enfant Prodigue" — a long run and a very brief one. Superb revival of Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost." The Players. Booth persuades Daly to withdraw his resignation. The Fifth Avenue Theatre destroyed. Hard times in the theatrical world after the Barings' failure. Daniel Frohman tries old comedy. Début of Mrs. James Brown Potter.

IT was a great opening night at Daly's on October 7, 1890. There was promise of a vast crowd, and Booth wrote in acknowledgment of the box kept for him: "Joe and I will attend to-morrow night & I hope Florence & Bispham can do so. Barrett is in Chicago. Hope you will be here next Monday." "Joe" was Jefferson. He and Florence were soon to open in "The Rivals" at Palmer's, late Wallack's. William Bispham was Booth's intimate friend and business adviser, an amateur of the arts and one of the founders of The Players. Jefferson wrote to say that he was going to "try and get off for the occasion," — "Should like to see your opening, as I know it will be an event."

The play was Jerome K. Jerome's "New Lamps for Old," — full of fun and satire. It was a slender piece, not quite up to the powers of the company, but here and there beyond the ordinary level of farce. In the first week Augustin wrote me: "Old Lamps will soon burn out," and said that he must prepare its successor. Three weeks after the opening, a new adaptation from the Ger-

man of Franz von Schönthan, called "The Last Word," was put on. When it was first read to the company in the Green Room, my brother wrote in his office-book, "Received in silence." The play ran for a hundred nights. The press gave the performance the tribute it deserved, and we shall see later on how it was appreciated abroad.

A fitting successor to this superb example of modern comedy was "The School for Scandal," now presented in the form adopted by Mr. Daly some fifteen years before and further reconstructed so as to present each act in a single scene, a work requiring much time and ingenuity. On January 20, 1891, the curtain rose upon what was destined to be a companion piece to Daly's brilliant Shakespearian revivals. *Lady Teazle* — the female rôle which stands out most prominently in English comedy — is a superstructure of light follies built upon solid ground. Daring to the very brink of danger, but absolutely confident in herself, she could play with the schemes of the profligate as airily as she did with the fears of her husband, and emerge from every ordeal leaving a conviction of her honesty even in the heart of the depraved. A natural, solid virtue showed through the glaze of fashion. That was Mrs. Jordan's conception of the part, and it was Miss Rehan's. It was said of her in the fourth act: "Her acting at the climax, after the fall of the screen, had the true dignity of aroused and chastened moral sentiment subdued by the tenderness of a good heart that is suddenly awakened to a knowledge of duty." "Roguish merriment was allowed to dominate the actress's manner in the quarrel scenes; under the influence of Joseph's specious arguments her face showed clearly that she was not likely to be led astray by such a shallow rogue, if at all; and her delivery of the expla-

nation to Sir Peter and the denunciation of Joseph after the fall of the screen was beautifully simple and true and splendidly effective." There was a difference of opinion as to whether she was sufficiently the fine lady. The part may be played in a mincing fashion, and it may be played as a finished coquette; but it is certain that if it does not disclose the heartiness and robustness of "a young girl bred wholly in the country," it is not in the spirit of Sheridan.

John Drew's *Charles Surface* was deservedly praised. It was judiciously observed that, if he appeared a trifle too cool in the company of hotheaded drinkers, he made it appear from the first that he was a very decent fellow in spite of his companions and his follies, and merited the encomiums of *Old Rowley*; that his manner was elegant, and that in the screen scene he displayed a tact of which most modern *Charles Surfaces* have been entirely incapable.

A new recruit, Harry Edwards, an actor of great experience and a favorite of the old Wallack company, made his first appearance on Daly's stage as *Sir Oliver Surface*, and added to the interest of the first night. Lewis consented again to assume the part of *Moses*, and Sidney Herbert as *Sir Benjamin Backbite* made an impression so distinct as to elevate the part to the level of superior comedy, a feat which is not recorded of any other actor who ever attempted the rôle.

The old comedy caught the town and was played fifty times this season. As usual, it brought out old playgoers who seldom find amusement in modern pieces, and it awakened memories of interest. The veteran actor, manager, and teacher of acting, Gabriel Harrison, wrote to Mr. Daly that he had seen Fanny Kemble in the old Park Theatre as *Lady Teazle*, Charles Kemble as *Charles*, Henry Placide as *Sir Peter*, Thomas Barry as *Joseph*, and

Mrs. Wheatley as *Mrs. Candour*; and that Miss Rehan's scene with Joseph in the fourth act, "her quick perception of Joseph's object wonderfully expressed in her face, and her whole demeanor from that moment to the end of the play, I have never seen excelled."

During the visit to Paris in the preceding summer, Mr. Daly had taken Miss Rehan to see the sensation of Paris — the acting of Felicia Mallet as *Pierrot* in a new pantomime, "L'Enfant Prodigue," and he was so impressed with the charm of the performance that he acquired the American rights in the play, and disclosed to Miss Rehan his intention of presenting her in Mme. Mallet's rôle. Pantomime was no novelty to the Parisians, but to Americans it was then associated with chalk-faced clowns like Fox, and ballerinas like pretty Fanny Beaver, his *Columbine*. But this was not a comic pantomime; it was a tragic story. Even to the French a female *Pierrot* was perhaps a novelty, but the *petite* Mme. Mallet carried the town in spite of the white face and skull-cap. Success without her would have been doubtful, and we are not surprised that the published book was gratefully inscribed by André Wormser and Michel Carré *fils* to the admirable creator of their *Pierrot*.

It is surprising that there should have been material in the Daly company for such an unusual entertainment, but Leclercq was an old pantomimist, and Mrs. Gilbert had only to recall memories of her early days in *ballets d'action*. The manager chose correctly when he cast Sidney Herbert and Adelaide Prince for the *Baron* and the coquettish *Phrynette*; and they carried off the honors of the evening. The audience watched the novelty, absorbed; it enjoyed, it applauded prodigiously; but there was in the air a feeling that, good as a play with-

out words might be, a play with words was better. Daly's sensitive nerves caught the impression on the first night that his public was not with him, or rather, as in former experiences, — "Yorick," for instance, — that he was in advance of his time; and in less than a week the beautiful play, with its exquisite setting, music, and acting, became merely a memory of Daly's Theatre. But though the artistic value of "*L'Enfant Prodigue*" was comprehended only by an appreciative minority, its production was strictly in the line of managerial duty. Such work as Miss Rehan's had never been done by any other woman on our stage in our time. That a certain number of people understood his purpose in producing this play was gratification enough for the manager.

The revival of "*Love's Labour's Lost*," after seventeen years, was given March 28, 1891, with unusual sumptuousness and a notable cast. Miss Rehan was *The Princess of France*, Miss Edith Crane *Rosaline*, Miss Adelaide Prince *Maria*, Miss Isabel Irving *Katherine*, Miss Kitty Cheatham *Jacquenetta*, James Lewis *Costard*, Drew *The King of Navarre*, George Clarke, Bosworth, and Bowkett, *Biron*, *Longaville* and *Dumain*. Charles Wheatleigh and Wilfred Buckland were the lords *Boyet* and *Mercade*, attendant upon *The Princess of France*. The eccentric rôles were in competent hands, Sidney Herbert being *Don Armado*, the "fantastical Spaniard," Flossie Ethel *Moth*, his page, Charles Leclercq *Sir Nathaniel*, Harry Edwards *Holoferness*, and William Sampson *Dull*. What it cost in thought and labor to stage "*Love's Labour's Lost*," rich in poetry and singularly barren of action as it is, even Shakespearians hardly appreciated. A letter from my brother during the last rehearsals (March 26, 1891) is eloquent:

"Come down here and spend about 7 hours at a rehearsal trying to squeeze juice out of a stone (or crystal — *i.e.*, L. L. L.). It's a dreadful job — worse than ever — tougher than before."

The play ran to the end of the season, except that on the last night, April 11, "The Railroad of Love" was given for a leave-taking.

The death of a warm friend, General Sherman, occurred on February 15, 1891, the date on which he had intended to dine with my brother. From the ranks of his own company he lost the excellent Harry Edwards (June 8, 1891) and Charles Fisher (June 11, 1891). On March 18, news came of the sudden seizure of Lawrence Barrett while on the stage, and two days afterwards of his death. On the 31st of March Edwin Booth announced his own withdrawal from the stage. He appeared for the last time on April 4, 1891, as *Hamlet* at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. From that date he lived at The Players in Gramercy Park and devoted his evenings to receiving with simple cordiality his fellow members — always dining with them in the grill room and sitting with them until bedtime. He presided at the regular monthly meetings of the Board of Directors, and enjoyed having to be constantly prompted in putting motions to a vote and announcing the result, a routine in which, after innumerable "repetitions," he never became perfect. In the preceding year he had been greatly disturbed by Augustin's wish to resign from the Club, owing to some disagreement about the policy of its management:

"Hotel Thorndike, Decr 9: '90.

Dear Augustin,

A note from Hutton yesterday announcing your proposed withdrawal from our Club astonished me so that I am scarcely yet recovered from the embarrassment it caused me. His let-

ter did not reach me till late yesterday on account of my absence from the hotel on a visit to Aldrich, and I could but telegraph you hurriedly to wait till we could talk the matter over. Whatever is amiss I hope we can rectify, and I earnestly hope you have concluded to reconsider your resolve and will withdraw not your valuable self but the most unwelcome message the ‘Players’ could receive. I am much afraid that some stupid fault of my own has influenced your feeling in this matter — my incapacity for the position I hold in the Club makes me fear that many errors result from lack of judgment. It is impossible for me to write more, being entirely in the dark, and so incessantly interrupted as I am while attempting to dissuade you from what would be deeply regretted by the entire Club — by none more sincerely than by

Yr friend

Edwin Booth.”

Augustin could not resist this, and the resignation was withdrawn. He remained in the Club while Booth lived.

On January 3, 1891, the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-eighth Street was destroyed by fire.

The theatrical season just ended was called a bad one by the profession. The financial panic that followed the failure of the Barings in November, 1898, was a misfortune to “the poor player,” and by December, road companies were disbanded in great numbers. Daly’s, however, hardly felt it, and the manager was encouraged to lay out large sums in extending his stage and improving the front of the house by widening stairways and ornamenting the foyer.

This season an old comedy was revived by Mr. Daniel Frohman in his little Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets. He brought out “Old Heads and Young Hearts” on April 6, 1891, with Herbert Kelcey as *Littleton Coke*, W. J. Lemoyne as *Jesse Rural*, Georgia Cayvan as *Lady Alice*, Effie Shan-

non as *Kate Rocket*, and Mrs. Whiffen as *Lady Pompion*, and the venture was highly praised. At another theatre, the début of an ambitious amateur, Mrs. James Brown Potter, was the subject of much remark. I find in my brother's scrapbooks accounts of four charity benefits which he supervised or himself donated during the season. He also presented the altar of St. Augustin and a bell to St. Patrick's Cathedral, a Baptistry to the church of St. Paul the Apostle, and an altar-piece to the Cathedral in Denver, Colorado.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Extracts from a manager's correspondence. The stage-struck. Fledglings who fly in couples. Brunettes and blondes flock together. Desperate ambitions. Inquiries from the unsophisticated. Various forms of infatuation. Infant prodigy. Soulful aspirants. Social recommendations. Christian life and the stage. Geniuses blushing unseen. Varied orthography. Attacks of stage-fever in middle age. Flattery and the telephone girl. Leaving the pulpit for the footlights. The amateur playwright. Scenarios and samples of poetry. Fertility. Shrewdness. Novel scheme of royalties. Solar system dramatized. Bacon and the phonograph. Schemes of the deadheads.

EDITORS and publishers have their trials with ignorant and persistent novices in the literary sphere, but what are these compared with the adventurous souls possessed of the frenzy to get within the glare of the footlights or to hear their lines uttered from the stage? The stage-struck are numerous. Many who wrote to my brother were of tender years, and sometimes appealed in couples: "I am fair and my friend is very dark. We are called day and night because I am very fair signifying day and she dark signifying night, and we are called the dark and light Beauties." Nothing could be more lucid. "My friend is a magnificent singer she has a superb voise and is a very graceful dancer. We want to learn the Ballet dances to dance on the stage how long will it take to learn to dance and learn to play the plays. Our parents are vary wealthy and we vary wild and they treat us shamefully and we have made up our minds that if you will give us a situation we will come providing we can get the stamps. We will have to run away." Another pair of youngsters

are not so desperate. Sixteen years old, "and want to take part in some piece so bad. One of us is a Blonde the other a brunette, are from very respectable families, they do not want us to go on the stage but I think I could coax them if I was sure of a place on the stage. We never will be satisfied with anything until we are on the stage. Do not forget to answer even if the answer be NO then we will be satisfied." Still another couple, seventeen years of age, present the same contrasts of appearance and the same determination. The writer has black hair, dark blue eyes and is "fair complected." Her friend "is also light complected. We hope you will excuse our impudence in doing what we are but it is our ambition to get on the stage and there we will get."

A young lady who is seventeen years old and five feet eight inches tall, "and take it altogether not a bad looking girl," hopes that Mr. Daly will not think it improper for a young girl to write to the manager of a theatre, but must make her wants known. "I have everything a girl could wish for but Papa wants to send me to a boarding school and *I won't go* and that *settles it*. I am willing to do anything no matter what for the sake of not studying in horrid old books." She offers to give "plenty of references" if they are desired and wishes it to be understood that she is not "some novel-reading girl." Another aspirant who adds the curt postscript "age 16," announces that she has seen in *Munsey's Magazine* that Mr. Daly has a "house or school for training young people for the stage," and that it has always been her desire to become an actress. Then we have a village lass who "has heard from friends that Mr. Daly is the manager of a theatre and that he is a Respectable Company", and "has often wished to be an actress if she could find a decent company." A dutiful child of sixteen writes with her father's

permission and can take comic and sad parts very good. A very precise young person informs the manager that she is exactly 15 years 3 months and 16 days old on the day she writes, that she is 5 feet tall and still growing, and that she would like to play all of Shakespeare's female characters except *Beatrice* and *Katharine*. "In fact," she adds, "I would like to play anything where I should die." She frankly states that if she should have to "drag around in minor parts" all her life she would give up all thoughts of the stage and enter a convent when she comes of age. There is a very confident juvenile who is "not afraid to take any caricor in any play."

Infant prodigies are described at great length by fond parents. A child of six years "plays a 10 cent harp with 3 sleigh bells on rubber at wrist and shakes a hoop with canary bird in middle," besides agitating in some mysterious manner a whirligig which makes a sound like a nutmeg grater, "but it sounds fine with the harp."

A youth of eighteen writes that if he goes on the stage he will of course have to run away from his parents; but generally the boys are not so rash as the girls, and are certainly more shy about disclosing their ambitions.

One adult writes that she is desirous of becoming an actress, "not of your limp namby-pamby kind but a whole soul artist whose fate it has been to inherit a volcanic temperature." She goes into the best society and has a good home, but her love for art overpowers her. Another lady tells us that she does not rely upon the fact that her family is one of the most aristocratic of the state, but upon the facts that she is well educated and considered a beauty — she "is a brunette, though not a typical one." A third who also goes into the best society puts the startling query, "Can any one live a Christian and be on the stage?" On the life of an actress she seems to be

fully posted, for she writes that she *has* a faint idea of what getting up at two or three after going to bed at eleven and twelve must be, but pluckily guesses she could stand that and "riding in freight cars." A young person who sings admits frankly that "the more I spread myself the flater I become." She aggressively concludes: "You have some regular 'sticks' in your company. I can't be any worse than they are and maybe better." Completer justification for addressing a manager could not be disclosed than that of one who, at 26 years of age and happily married, says she would never think of embracing a theatrical career if she had not "transcendent genius." More modest and very candid is the lady who says she is not particularly brilliant, and has not the spirit of a Siddons nor the beauty of an Anderson, and is not a good actress, but is simply the "victim of ennui and dolce far niente," and wants to be amused!

The stage is one profession that ought as a rule to be entered before maturity. Some society beauties have successfully made a mature début, but then they have probably been acting almost all their lives. Women or men who wait until a ripe age to gratify a secretly cherished longing for the boards, forget that they offer their attractions in a market well supplied with youth, beauty, and experience. We can fancy the fate of such an applicant as the "single lady of 35 who could easily pass for 25 years"; or the "broken-hearted woman of 31"; or the lady who "believes, nay knows" that she has in her "the elements of as fine a tragédiene as ever appeared in this country," who would prove a fortune to the manager who brought her out, and whose only fear is that in acting tragic parts her emotion, which "is apt to carry her away, may prove perilous to the gentleman who plays with her." And it is not difficult to prophesy

regarding the dashing, brilliant, and beautiful widow whom twenty persons have pronounced a born *Lady Teazle*, but who feels that she is "impregnated with the spirit that characterizes *Camille* in her scene with *Duval père*"; or the lady who asks the manager to name his own price for bringing her out and guaranteeing to give her "a leading roll"!

A touching *naïveté* is disclosed in the letter relating how a gentleman, patron of the writer's telephone booth, told her that Mr. Daly ought to see her, for "such a face and figure ought to be behind the footlights and not wasted on the desert air of a huge office building"; and how many gentlemen have told her that she had missed her calling and "ought to be an actress instead of an operator." It is reassuring to learn, however, that this young person has kept her head and "will not give up her position for an uncertainty," and that if a personal interview cannot be granted she can be "rung up" and talked with "a few minutes." It was, of course, in England that the "two friends" who wished "to get on the stage" and who enclosed a stamped envelope for reply, were by present occupation barmaids; and it was in America, of course, that a young person described herself as a sales-lady. It must be admitted that only in the female sex are instances of complete frankness to be found; e.g., one married lady candidly writes "I am stage struck"; and a maiden with admirable simplicity describes herself as "hankering for histrionic honors" and determined to get them, although, as she declares, "it seems to be as hard to get on the stage as to enter paradise."

The mature male is not cursed with diffidence. One writes "with cool deliberation" that he has seen Booth, Barrett, and Davenport play *Hamlet*, and believes himself "capable of surpassing them all"; but handsomely offers,

if Mr. Daly after hearing him recite a few passages says he is not capable of filling a position on the stage, to abandon the idea forever. A hero, undismayed by any possible discouragement, is determined to go on the stage at all hazards, because he has "a genius for it, and will keep on trying" until he is "90 years of age." Another is looking, not for a situation, but for a capable manager to bring him out as *Hamlet*; and a young man "gifted with many talents wishes to plant the germ at once — but where?" After discussing the playhouses of the period and dismissing the Union Square as too monotonous, Wallack's as encouraging none but "dropping-lidded Englishmen," and the Madison Square as weak, he concludes that Daly's is the school, for the reason that it is "sentimental." A *ci-devant* college professor and ex-minister of the Gospel, "and quite successful too," confides that he has outgrown most of the religious beliefs of the day and has now decided to try the stage as a profession, but not, like other ministers who have gone on the stage, "to advertise himself." Another infatuated writer has the idea that with "a little practise" he could "speak blank verse."

Other communications must have been intended for Barnum; notably one from a lady 3 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and one from a gentleman, incredible as it may seem, "10 $\frac{1}{4}$ feet tall."

As to the amateur playwrights: An Egyptian semi-historical spectacle founded upon the discovery of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter is described in a letter detailing its fourteen tableaux, in the course of which the comic interest is to be supplied by a captured gorilla, whose "hoarse roar" is imitated by a mechanical contrivance to be furnished with the literature. The author modestly offers his production as "a work apart in the class A1."

Some writers furnish more than a mere synopsis, and quote from their pet lines: "Are they, those wondrous orbs, just only light, The ineffectual tinsel of Nights Garb?" "No, love; they are advertisements of the Proud Skies. Sometimes when I do think on them I do turn good."

An industrious writer explains that he has just completed within the year an historical comedy-drama; a comedy founded on the "Pickwick Papers"; and the plan of a drama "on a still more popular book"; and that he is now at work on "a couplet," which he has "material for as I can write it fast or slow as I wish." This, he opines, is "just the play for the Daly Co.," and will receive the author's "tenderest care," as he is in love with his heroine himself and "hates to part with her." The vagueness in respect of facility in composition which is here discernible is not the fault of another correspondent, who says he has written two dramas, and "can write very good poetry at an average of 70 lines an hour"! A gentleman whose play has been returned, savagely retorts, "I tell you distinctly that it is equally as good as 'The Merchant of Venice' or as 'As You Like It' and is so pronounced by as good judges as yourself of the drama." A playwright will let the manager have his piece "for one, two and even three months, But sir, I could not do so other than with your signature to a receipt." Another author will meet Mr. Daly and read a play to him, observing "to send it, that's out of the question, for such is not business." The wound inflicted by such a want of confidence was, however, to be happily healed by an offer from another quarter to submit a piece valued tentatively by the author at \$15,000, accompanied by the declaration, "I trust to your honesty. If you do not want it return at my expence"; and by such handsome compliments as

this, which we find on a post card: "I once heard an author say that you were the only *gentleman* who controlled a theatre in N.Y. because you answered him promptly and without equivocation or double entendre although your reply was No."

The young lady who demanded as royalty "twenty cents on each ticket sold for a reserved seat at each performance" had evolved a new idea. Another dramatist offers the manager who will "fix up" and bring out his play a half interest in a gold mine; and still another, with a "system of plays," "blending every scientific, social, political and financial avenue of society," proposes a "business alliance with some party skilled in writing plays to help fill up the characters as they occur in their order." The offer of a deposit of \$5000 "as guaranty" must have tempted the manager greatly to "come or send some one" to a distant city to read a play. A master of circumlocution asks: "Could I be capable of being informed where I would accomplish a first class man that would have the supplementary powers to place a powerful drama on the boards?"

Modesty seems rare among budding dramatic geniuses. "A boy not yet seventeen years of age," who has written "a tragedy in blank verse similar in form to the classics of Shakespeare and contemporaries," and who appraises his production at the reasonable figure of \$30, boasts that he is "resolution's slave," and will study dramatic writing at any cost notwithstanding parental discouragement. One feels that it must be a very young man, too, who has written a certain "Tradegy," and that they were two boyish aspirants who composed together "The Priest of Appolo, a short comedy of two acts." The literary professor who, they aver, characterized their work as a proof of uncommon ability, must have over-

looked something. Any guess at the age of the gentleman who informs the manager "I have a book that I wrote, it is of a play description," would be futile; but we must suppose it to be a very callow person who inquires whether "a drama wherein comedy constitutes a prominent part should be written in dialect or grammatically written allowing the producers the liberty of the interpretation of the dialect."

Vast possibilities are opened by "a Drama of the Solar System," representing the 8 larger planets, all the planetoids, the satellites, some of the comets, and showers of meteors. The author tells us that 350 or 360 persons will be needed in the play, the satellites and planetoids to be represented by children from 3 to 14 years of age. Relative magnitudes (Jupiter's moon Ganymede being larger than Mercury) and relative rates of speed should be maintained. He suggests a final grand march of orbs, comets, meteors, and bolides (how would one costume the bolides?) and says that they "might be made intensely interesting." It seems superfluous for him to have added "All rights reserved."

The crowning wonder, however, was indicated mysteriously by a writer who submitted (1894) a play which, he said, was "just such as Sir Francis Bacon intended should celebrate the culmination of the greatest intellectual feat ever performed by man. Three centuries ago he spoke into a phonograph that is just now giving forth the tones of the greatest dramatist and most wonderful genius that ever trod on earth. Don't for a moment entertain the idea that I am mistaken. I can prove to any one beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Bacon wrote all of the plays known as Shakespeare's. The play will be the most sensational ever put on a stage and as Bacon says, 'pile up thousands in a trice.'" The title of this

stunner was to be either "A Voice from the Dead," or "Birnam Wood has Come to Dunsinane." The author, as appears from a subsequent letter, was much nettled at Mr. Daly's surmise that the play was intended to be a joke.

My brother's correspondence discloses some schemes for getting free admissions that are extremely amusing. A young lady (a total stranger), who expects the Daly Company to play in her town, confides to him her regret that no one there ever thinks of asking a lady to go to the theatre. She could easily *buy* seats and offer one to an escort, but it would fill her with pride to be able to say, "A friend has sent me some complimentaries; will you accept one?" A young salesman studying for the stage, who needs to visit the theatre often to complete his education, appeals to the manager for a pass, adjuring him,—"Oh answer me! Let me not burst in ignorance!" A "plain straightforward business man," noticing, as he says, remarks in the papers about a free list and passes, suggests that it is time for some of the latter to come his way, and adds, "Two orchestra seats for next Saturday night will do."

To conclude this catalogue of oddities, I will mention a pious correspondent who, reflecting, as she says, that in this great metropolis thousands cannot perhaps find time to breathe a prayer, will, for a small remuneration, devote many hours a day to prayer for those who have neither leisure nor inclination to pray for themselves. As advertisement of the project in the daily papers is thought advisable, a small contribution for the purpose is solicited.

CHAPTER XL

William Winter's book on Ada Rehan. Her letter and Coquelin's. Interdiction in France of Sardou's "Thermidor." "The Prayer" played at Notre Dame University, Indiana. Visit to Rome. Venetian holiday. Third visit of the Daly company to Paris. Sardou and Daly. Remarkable correspondence. How to deal with two rival managers. Fifth visit of the Daly company to London. Success of "The Last Word." Daly's Theatre, London. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's dinner. The Marlowe Memorial unveiled. Celebration of Mrs. Gilbert's seventieth birthday. Lord Tennyson gives Daly his "Foresters" to produce in America. Daly's alterations for acting purposes approved. The story of *Katherine* and *Petruchio* treated by a Frenchman. Madame George Sand's improvement upon "As You Like It." Plays by Paul Blouet, Paul Leicester Ford, Henry Guy Carleton and Oscar Wilde. Return to America.

IN January (1891) Mr. Daly had Mr. William Winter's book, "Ada Rehan, a Study," printed for presentation only. The limited edition in quarto was embellished with twenty-one portraits. Miss Rehan wrote to Mr. Daly on receiving a copy :

"164 W. 93rd St.

My Dear Dear Mr. Daly,

I have thought often of how I am to thank you & what I am to say for the beautiful tribute you have paid me — but such acts of kindness fill the heart too much. Such generosity speaks for itself, and for you & me when we are no more. I will steal a few lines of Herrick, which is something like what I wish to say :

'Well may my book come forth like Publique Day
When such *a light as you* are leads the way,
Who are my work's creator, and alone
The Flame of it, and the Expansion.

And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted Fire.
So all my morne & Evening stars from you
Have their existence — and their Influence too.
Full is my book of Glories ; but all these
By you become Immortall Substances.'

Forever gratefully yours
Ada Rehan."

Feb. 25/91.

Coquelin acknowledged the receipt of his copy in a letter which also tells of the interdiction of Sardou's "Thermidor" by the Government censor. Here is a translation of it:

"Friday, February 13.

Cher ami Daly,

With all my heart I thank you for the handsome book I received from you yesterday evening. It is an exquisite monument built in honor of your greatest and most loved as well as most admired artist. All the different sides of Miss Rehan's talent, so supple, so deep, so distinguished, so deliciously versatile, are brought out in this book in all their brightness, and it is a veritable charm to turn the leaves of that album, where she is to be found in all her characters. . . .

. . . If I have not written to you for a long while, my dear Daly, it is because I have had every annoyance imaginable, and was no more inclined to talk about them than to complain of them. What a funny country mine is! It is perhaps, apart from very great theatrical curiosity, the only one that had any reason to greet that play¹ as a lesson of history, and it is the only one where the play is forbidden. It had scored an immense success, and I had found in it my best part, the most complex, the best developed ; the one in which I could best express my love for my profession ; and through an idiotic, stupid, shameful order, a whim of the *canaille*, the play is stopped. Yet I hope the last word has not been spoken, and

¹ "Thermidor."

that Sardou's drama will be given back to us together with his Labussière — but it has been a hard blow to me, as artist and as Frenchman. I never felt so humiliated. What shall you do this summer? Will you come to London and Paris? If so, I shall see you this time in both places, and be happy to meet you again.

Give my respectful love to Miss Rehan, tell her of my joy at having seen her again in your beautiful book, and accept my affection and cordial devotion.

Coquelin."

Before sailing for Europe the company played in several American cities, and made a flying trip to South Bend, Indiana, to give a performance (June 15, 1891), at Notre Dame University, of Maurice Francis Egan's "The Prayer." The author was then a member of the faculty of the University.

On July 1 the company left New York. Mr. and Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan went for a vacation to Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Padua, Verona and Venice. I never saw enjoyment greater than my brother's during this Venetian holiday. It was enjoyed with boyish glee. An hour of such pleasure wiped out for him a year's worry.

The third appearance of the company in Paris began August 31, 1891, and lasted a week, during which were played "As You Like It" ("Comme Il Vous Plaît"), "The School for Scandal" ("L'Ecole de Médisance"), "The Railroad of Love" ("Le Train d'Amour"), "A Night Off" ("Une Soirée de Première"), "Taming of the Shrew" ("La Mégère Apprivoisée") and "The Lottery of Love" ("Les Surprises du Divorce"). In advance of the performances the Parisian journals devoted many columns to theatrical affairs in the United States. Readers were informed that New York alone had any organized company with a fixed abode, and that Boston, Phila-

adelphia, Washington, San Francisco, and Chicago had theatres but no companies.

A fine house welcomed the company at the Vaudeville. This time the Parisians were in considerable force. "As You Like It" was studiously followed, book in hand. The acting was declared natural, subtle, and careful; *Gil Blas* observed that the players "not only delighted the Anglo-American colony, but interested the entire Paris public. Their success was marked."

"The Lottery of Love" was familiar to the Parisians as Bisson and Mars' "Surprises du Divorce." M. Mars came to see it, and declared the American version "very good indeed" and the piece excellently acted. He thought Drew played more "in the style of comedy" than Jolly, who created the part. There was no doubt about the public appreciation. The receipts of the week were over 27,000 francs. But more gratifying still was the demonstration of regard by the eminent French artists of the day, who were regular visitors to the performances.

Sardou was to come up from Marley to dine with Coquelin and accompany him to the Vaudeville to see "The Railroad of Love." He wrote on September 1:

"Marley le Roi, le 1^r Sept. '91.

My dear Daly,

I intended, as I wrote to you, to go this evening to the Vaudeville and applaud you and your interpreters; but an unexpected incident prevents my doing so, and I have asked De Gelbach, with whom I was to dine in company with Coquelin, to present my regrets and my apology. I intend to go and see the Lottery of Love on the 5th — that is, Saturday — *en famille*. Will you be kind enough to save a large box for me on that day — we shall be ten!! I should have much preferred to see another play of yours, but I have to reckon

with my children, who want to be there; and they won't be free till Saturday. I counted upon seeing and talking with you this evening. I should not go to Paris till Saturday.

Sardou."

Mr. Daly, as we know, had been for two years awaiting a play from M. Sardou suitable for the Daly company. The following correspondence relates to the subject; I anticipate a little in giving it here. Mr. Daly's letters are from drafts or copies I find preserved with M. Sardou's epistles, of which this one is evidently in answer to a communication of September 1 or 2:

"Marley le Roi, Jeudi, 3d Septembre, 1891.

Dear Daly,—

Dora is a dramatic comedy, Fédora a bourgeois tragedy, les Pattes de Mouche a light comedy of intrigue. A play that savoured of all three at the same time would be something like a haunch of venison and shrimp sauce, covered with chocolate cream. I shall never manufacture such a dish, either for Frohman or for you!

The next play we have contracted for *after it shall be produced either at the Français, the Vaudeville or the Gymnase*, will be written as you wish, I hope, and in the form that has so often been successful to me. . . .

You will readily admit, my dear Daly, that since we made our contract, I have had no play produced at the *Gymnase*, at the *Vaudeville*, or at the *Français* except *Thermidor*, which did not answer your ideas, which I loyally offered you, and which you refused — a fact that neither surprised nor angered me.

Thus I remain absolutely faithful to the letter as well as to the spirit of our contract, with the very great desire to fulfill it to our mutual satisfaction.

That is what I intended to tell you Saturday, when I called on you at the Hotel. But you did not answer me on that point

My friendship to yourself and all around you.

V. Sardou."

"My dear Daly

I should not have a free moment if, in addition to French newspaper paragraphs, I should have to correct American *canards*. I have been asked if I had signed a *new contract* with you. I answered that I had *not*. That's all there is in it. Nothing is simpler, and you may correct the facts.

As for the offensive comments, I hope, my dear Daly, that you do not associate me with these villainies, and I need not even defend myself in that quarter.

Yours most affectionately,
Sardou."

"London, Oct. 8, 1891.

My dear Sardou.

I am sorry to detain you a moment with a thought of my affairs; but the case seems vital to my interest & to your word of honor.

When I was in Paris and made some demur to your writing a play for another American manager while you had an unfulfilled contract to furnish me a new play, a contract already over two years old, you informed me then in self-justification that this was an old play of yours written eight years or more ago.

Did you not say this to me that day you called on me at the Vaudeville Theatre?

In the face of this comes to me the following report from New York giving a very full translation of a very long letter of yours — describing the new play which you say you are writing for the other manager; a play which is positively on the very lines & plan which you and I discussed at Marley nearly three years ago, and which you were to furnish me for my Company.

Am I not justified (after reading this report, which I enclose for your own edification) in feeling that I am badly used & that you are giving another what you had already sold or contracted to sell to me?

I beg a reply at your convenience."

“Paris, 9 October, 1891.

My dear Daly,

I did not tell you that at all. I did not tell you I was giving Frohman an *old play* — I told you very distinctly that it was a play I was writing for him, on a scenario that I had had in my mss. for a long while, — which is not at all the same *thing*. I contracted with you for a new play *to be produced in Paris*; which is very clear, and not at all for a play to be produced for the first time outside of Paris, in New York.

We never spoke together about any plot or any *plan* whatever!! — You asked me to contract for a play, the *first* comedy that I should get produced in Paris, and that would contain a part for Miss Rehan; that is what I am under contract for, and I am sorry to tell you that your letter is a great surprise to me.

I am giving to nobody what I was to give you, and I permit you neither to think it nor to say it, and answer, as you ask me to, *at my convenience*, that I remain strictly and honestly within the terms of my contract.

I owe you the *first play, in four or five acts, that will be produced in Paris* and that will contain a part for Miss Rehan.

That is all I owe you. I never bound myself to ask your permission to write another play, *at my convenience*, for any American manager or actor that I chose, and whose first performance should take place in N. Y. — *Never!*

You have therefore nothing to claim, either in law or in equity, save what is in your contract, and I hold myself to this.

A thousand friendships.

V. Sardou.”

“Oct. 10/91.

My dear Sardou,

I cannot permit one instant to pass after the receipt of your last letter without a reply thereto; for I will not suffer for a moment that any one should charge me with the lie as you have done without a most emphatic answer.

I have a most competent witness as to what passed between us at Marley and again at Paris; and I assert again

that at Marley we conversed directly on the subject & character of the play I wanted — which was to be in the character of Dora or even more dramatic, such a play as might first be produced at the Français, or Gymnase, or Vaudeville. And I assert again that when we met at the Vaudeville & I referred with some feeling to the new play which you were said to be writing for another American manager — you told me the play you were giving him was an old play.

However — I see very plainly that I am not dealing with a very conscientious man.

You have had 20,000 francs of mine for over two years as guarantee for the refusal of the first play you would write which would suit my purposes. By a quibble you give the play to another. By a quibble, I say — for if you should have produced this new play of yours first in Paris, I could & should claim it under my contract. It is to be done in America first — & I am in a manner defrauded of my right.

But there is a way to end all this. I decline to have any further dealings with you. You may keep the money of mine you have — for I shall claim no play from you, if it was the best one you ever wrote.

Augustin Daly."

“Paris, Oct. 12, 1891.

Let me first observe that my letter was most courteous and that I simply desired to rectify the facts in a friendly way, without ever using the word *lie* — which I leave to you, and which you only use to envenom matters purposely, and to give you a pretext to break off.

But since you assume this tone, I shall not hesitate this time to speak the same language as you.

It is *false, absolutely false*, that I said to any one that the play I destined to Frohman was an old play. What I said, and what is quite different, is that it was a play planned long ago, in form of scenario, among my manuscripts, and which I had not written for France as it was too weak for the present taste of our Frenchmen, who want something more *spicy*.

It is *false, absolutely false*, that between us we decided upon a *subject*, a *plan*, for the play I was to write for you. And I defy you to say what that alleged *subject* consisted of, that imaginary *plan* you are inventing for the purpose of suiting your end.

We merely spoke of the *kind* of play, which is quite another thing. Plays may be written of the same kind, with different *subjects* or *plans*. You wanted your particular play to be of the *Dora* kind or even *more dramatic*, as you admit yourself.

The contract furthermore stipulated that the play should first be produced in Paris, at the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, or the Français. And lastly that the leading part should be destined for Miss Rehan.

Such are the facts, the agreements, such is the truth!!

Now the play I have written for Frohman is not destined to be first played in Paris, at the Gymnase, the Vaudeville or the Français.

It is not of the *Dora* kind — nor dramatic. It is a pure comedy in three acts with but one single scene in the third act of some dramatic character, which disappears again at once.

And lastly, the principal part, a *young girl*, would not suit Miss Rehan, who is a *woman*.

This play, accordingly, answers none of the conditions of our contract, and if I had offered it to you, you would certainly have answered that it did not suit you, contending, to justify your refusal, that it was not to be first played in Paris.

Consequently it is not the play destined to you, *your play*, as you say! And the one of us who fails in the contract is not I — it is *you!* who are taking up a quarrel for the sake of breaking.

Well, let us break! — I offered to do so amicably a year ago, and to refund the money. A few weeks ago, at the Vaudeville, I should have done the same if you had expressed the desire. But today, in presence of the letter you dared to write me, there is no more question of friendship. I stick to my right, I accept the break, and I keep the money.

Your servant!
Vict Sardou."

Augustin's disappointment in the Sardou matter came, happily, while he was having success in England and was also occupied with plans for Daly's Theatre in London.

On their return from the gratifying week in Paris, the company opened at the Lyceum Theatre, which had been hired for fifteen weeks at £400 per week from Mr. Irving. The play presented on September 9 was "A Night Off," already very familiar to the London public. Augustin wrote me on the 12th:

"We opened here on Wednesday night to one of the largest audiences I ever had in England. But 'A Night Off' is voted beneath the Company now (especially beneath Miss Rehan) and so it has failed to draw. The scenes for *Last Word* are not ready, so we can't change until Saturday the 19th. Last year everybody cried for 'A Night Off,' but the success of 'As You Like It' and other plays put it off. Six years ago at the Strand it was my great card. Today London turns its back on it.

Our season in Paris was successful in every way. The receipts of the six performances were within a fraction of 25,000 francs, nearly \$5,000. The work was too great, however, and the anxiety too wearing. I shall not play in Paris again. We are all well, although . . . Mrs. Gilbert suffers from the bruises and hurts she had through a wardrobe in her room in Paris falling over on her."

"September 18th, '91.

Business has picked up a bit with the cooler weather. I hope the *Last Word*, which we produce tomorrow night, (19th), will please better—or rather draw better; for *Night Off*, though it was scored by the press and has comparatively light houses, has gone with all the old time laughter & calls. . . ."

"The *Last Word*" was an astonishing success. The New York papers of September 20 contained cable

despatches announcing the fact. Augustin wrote on October 1:

"The papers you sent hardly express half the sensation which The Last Word has made here and the tumult which Miss Rehan's performance creates every night. If I were a London manager I would (on the strength of this success) take half a year's holiday."

In this their latest production the Daly company attained the summit of dramatic reputation abroad. With regard to Miss Rehan's acting, one writer declared that "There is no English speaking actress who at the present moment exercises anything like the charm that belongs to the leading lady of Daly's Company . . . who has taken London by storm."

This prodigious success, the culmination of so many others, resulted in the building of Daly's Theatre in London, which became necessary since Irving declined to give the time wanted for 1892, as did the management of the Haymarket. The corner-stone was laid October 30, 1891:

"Gaiety Theatre, Strand, London W.C.

Mr. George Edwardes requests the pleasure of — company on the morning of Friday next, at 12 o'clock, to witness the ceremony of laying the Foundation stone by Miss Ada Rehan of the new Theatre which he is constructing for Mr. Augustin Daly. Entrance in Coventry Street.

R.S.V.P.

Mrs. Bancroft christened the new theatre.

During this long and pleasant stay in London, Mr. Whitelaw Reid made up a party for dinner and the opera on Augustin's birthday. The Marlowe Memorial was unveiled at Canterbury in September, and the Mayor invited Mr. Daly and all the company to be present.

A delightful episode was the celebration of the seventieth birthday of Mrs. Gilbert by Mr. Daly at the Savoy Hotel. The famous Mrs. Keeley was there, now eighty-five years of age, and regarding "grandma Gilbert" as a mere girl. Mrs. Mellon (Miss Woolgon, the original *Tilly Slowboy* and *Fanny Squeers*), Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Genevieve Ward, Mrs. Farjeon (daughter of Joseph Jefferson), Henry Howe, in his eightieth year (perhaps the only Quaker in the profession), and Harold Frederic were among the guests. All the ladies responded prettily when toasted, and Mrs. Bancroft proved to be an accomplished after-dinner speaker.

Lord Tennyson had recently placed in Mr. Daly's hands for production a pastoral comedy founded upon the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and it was the poet's wish that Miss Rehan should create the part of his woodland heroine and that the first production should take place in New York. He entertained Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan at his place in Surrey to discuss the projected venture and to hear Miss Rehan read his lines; and intrusted the shaping of the play for theatrical purposes to the American manager, consenting in advance to such changes as Mr. Daly's experience should suggest. The dramatic poem had not been composed with a view to stage representation; it had, however, attracted professional attention, and it was said that Miss Mary Anderson was prevented only by her marriage from introducing it to the public. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" had been produced by Irving in 1876; "The Falcon" afterwards, by the Kendalls; "The Promise of May" by Mrs. Bernard Beere; and Miss Ellen Terry had created the part of *Camma* in "The Cup" at the Lyceum Theatre in 1881.

Great as the compliment was, Mr. Daly had accepted a task of no common difficulty. The play had charm,



AUGUSTIN DALY



but no strength. He prepared an acting version from the author's copy, had it typed, and sent it to Mr. Hallam Tennyson, who conducted all the correspondence of his father, then eighty-two years old. On the title-page Mr. Daly made two memoranda — one related to the title itself, which originally stood "Under Green Leaves; or the Foresters and Maid Marian"; he proposed to change it to "The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian," saying :

"My dear Hallam Tennyson: Whatever title Lord Tennyson finally selects I will abide by. I give you my preference here."

The other memorandum ran as follows :

"This copy is simply my suggestion for the acting play; or for the work as it can be acted understandingly. I may have omitted too much. Restore again what you positively wish to go in, but I think the shaping of the piece should stand as I give it here."

The changes as they left Mr. Daly's hands were more than the mere customary "omissions for representation" familiar to students. There were transpositions of scenes and incidents, including a material change in the principal episode; the dream of Robin Hood and the fairies' visit were transferred to Maid Marian. It is enough to say that the author did not question the propriety of the change, and that he immediately rewrote the scene. In the published edition of the poet's work the reader will see the passage as originally written. On September 20, 1891, Hallam Tennyson wrote :

"By all means prepare yourself for a visit any day early in October, and will you tell Miss Rehan that my Father and Mother would like her to stay here any Sunday night that would

be convenient to her. There is a 7 o'clock train from London on Sunday. *He* would like to talk to her about Maid Marian. Ought not the play to be called 'Robin Hood and Maid Marian'?"

On October 5 Mr. Daly's manuscript was received by Lord Tennyson and the alterations were taken in hand at once. By this time the English papers were full of the subject, and every rumor was immediately published, including a story that Irving had suggested the idea of the piece to the Laureate. He did not authorize any such assertion. But there was much "gabbling," as Hallam Tennyson called it, in the papers.

Questions of copyright having been submitted to counsel and settled, the formal agreement, portentous in size, was drawn by the author's English solicitors.

This abstract and brief chronicle would be incomplete if it did not record some of the journalistic humor evoked by the Poet Laureate's ready submission to the Daly suggestions in preparing the work for the stage. Two effusions will suffice as specimens :

"If I have overwrit, and laid —
It may be here, it may be there,
The fat too thickly on — with care
To cut it down be not afraid." (Punch)

"Air 'Patience.'
Lately, aye and Daily, I the poet T—
Worked at a play which seemed to suit A. Daly.
I may say at once 'tis a kind of comedee,
Just the thing for Daly, O!
Plot I don't much care for,
Only language, therefore
Thought I, that's the thing for Daly, O!"

There was much more as valuable, in prose and verse. While Daly was in London, a unique experiment was

interesting the Parisians. Ever since M. Coquelin had seen Miss Rehan in "The Taming of the Shrew" he had dreamed of enacting *Petruchio* to her *Katharine*, and if that seemed impracticable, owing to the confusion of tongues, then of creating a *Petruchio* of his own. The dramatist Delair was encouraged to prepare a version of the "Shrew" for the Comédie Française in which *Petruchio* should be the leading character — not the brute that Shakespeare drew, but a gay and *spirituel* farceur, subjugating Katharine by Italian finesse and sixteenth century buffoonery, until she was wearied, worn, and tricked into submission. She, in turn, was not to be the majestic termagant abhorrent to Parisian taste, but a spoiled child indulged by her parents — otherwise all that a young person should be. This play, Coquelin wrote, was having an immense success, crowding the theatre at every performance. He got M. Delair to accept 7500 francs for the American rights (Mr. Daly's offer) in the hope of either playing in it with Miss Rehan or of creating the new *Petruchio* alone under Mr. Daly's management if she did not fancy herself as this bonny *Kate*. Madame George Sand, by the way, prepared in 1856 a version of "As You Like It" for the Français in which she interpolated two love scenes for *Celia* and the melancholy *Jaques*, described by the French press as "of great charm and exquisite tenderness."

Paul Blouet had written a comedy for Forbes Robertson which he wished Daly to do in America; and Fitzgerald Molloy, the author of a popular life of Peg Woffington, had finished a comedietta, "Saucy Kitty Clive" (his first play), which was accepted. Harold Frederic dramatized his novel (published in 1887), "Seth's Brother's Wife," and offered it with a new part added for stage effect; and Oscar Wilde wrote:

"12 Tite Street, Chelsea S.W.

Dear Mr. Daly,

I send my play 'A Good Woman' (four acts); I should so much like you to read it and let Miss Rehan see it also. I should sooner see her play the part of Mrs. Erlynne than any English-speaking actress we have, or French for that matter. Anderson tells me you have kindly promised to let me have it back on Monday morning. Would you, if it would not too much trouble you, let me have it by a messenger. I will be at home at 12 o'clock and receive it from him. Accept my warmest congratulations on the great success of your season, and with kind regards to Miss Rehan

Believe me
Oscar Wilde."

Henry Guy Carleton was in the field with two plays. One had been acted already, and he candidly enclosed to Mr. Daly "one of the bad notices — the worst in fact it had received." Paul Leicester Ford submitted a comedy, "Cupid's Insurrection."

On the 15th of November the Daly company sailed for home, whither the manager had preceded them.

CHAPTER XLI

Season of 1891-1892. Three revivals and two new plays before the production of "The Foresters." New additions to the company. Pinero's "Cabinet Minister." A new comedy from the French, "Love in Tandem." "The Foresters" produced. Success cabled to Tennyson and Arthur Sullivan. Theodore Watts. Sullivan's labor with the music. His letter. Messages from Tennyson. Tennyson and the omissions from the text. The "deer speech" restored. Eugene Field's views about writing prologues.

THE home theatre was now practically reconstructed. The stage had been increased in depth, the foyer staircases enlarged, and the foyer and auditorium redecorated. These improvements, and the prolonged season at the Lyceum Theatre, had delayed the New York opening until November 25, 1891, when "The Taming of the Shrew" was revived with Tyrone Power as *Christopher Sly*. Then followed "The School for Scandal" with Eugene Jepson as *Sir Oliver*, "The Last Word," and "As You Like It." Crowds came to see these revivals.

Pinero's new comedy, "The Cabinet Minister," was given on January 22, 1892, with two newcomers, Miss Percy Haswell and Miss Louise Sylvester. The play was a delight to a few, but the verdict on the first night was not encouraging. The absence of Miss Rehan from the performance doubtless threw a shadow upon it. Pinero wrote to Augustin on January 26, 1892 :

"My dear Daly

I am indeed sorry to learn that *The Cabinet Minister* has served you so bad a turn. A combination of circumstances — to which the unhappy author has contributed his full share —

has evidently settled the play on your side of the water. I think with you that the wise course is to dismiss disasters from one's mind. After a while the process becomes a mechanical matter and it is possible to defy misfortune. . . . ”

On January 19 “Nancy & Co.” was revived, and “Love in Tandem,” from the “Vie à Deux” of Henri Bocage and Charles de Courcy, was produced on February 9. The run of this brilliant comedy had to be curtailed for the production of “The Foresters,” which was now ready.

On March 17 an expectant audience gathered for the first representation. It was known that the aged author awaited the event with solicitude, and had been so concerned by idle rumors concerning it that on January 16, 1892, he cabled Mr. Daly :

“Is report true that Miss Rehan retires from your Company?
Tennyson.”

It was the production of Pinero’s play without Miss Rehan that had afforded paragraphers a chance to startle the Daly public and alarm the author. Mr. Hallam Tennyson was solicitous about the English as well as the American copyright, and being advised that both would be secure if a performance could be given in England on the same date as that of the American production, sent the following message on February 7 :

“Cable exact date of performance in order to engage theatre here.”

He repeated the request on March 8. Arrangements were made with Henry Irving for the use of the Lyceum Theatre for the single copyright representation. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry were spectators, and Irving cabled to Daly on the 17th :

"Foresters successfully produced. Public performance ten o'clock this morning. No critics present.

Irving."

It is not easy fully to convey the expectancy of the audience at the rising of the curtain on the first night of Tennyson's play. There had been an idea that the charm of the acting and the wealth of decoration might not serve to conceal the dramatic deficiencies of this work of the poet, who had never shown himself an effective dramatist. It was therefore a gratification to watch the simple legend of Sherwood Forest unfold itself with easy grace and charm.

The acting of Miss Rehan in the part was anticipated by Theodore Watts, "the friend of poets and their most valued critic," in an interview in London after a visit to Tennyson, during which he had heard the new play read. He said (*London Times*, October 4, 1891):

"Never did the poet reveal his sympathy with the spirit of the English woodlands more deeply than in this comedy, over which hangs the magic of the fairyland of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' Nor would it be easy to imagine any character more suitable to bring out the peculiar and fascinating piquancy of Miss Ada Rehan's acting than that of the heroine of this play. Of this acting the special quality is, perhaps, that when her forces are fully focused in a dramatic situation, as they will be in many a one in this play, her command over all bodily expression, both of face and limbs, is so perfect that it is impossible to say whether the movement is born of the word or the word of the movement, and although the dramatist had not this actress in his mind when he drew the heroine, the character harmonizes with the unique charm of her genius as entirely as though it had been created for her."

One of the surprises of the play was the song "Love flew in at the window," sung by Miss Rehan in the first act, the only time that an audience had heard her singing voice since her first entry upon the stage of this theatre in 1879, when she appeared in "Love's Young Dream." Tennyson's words and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music were touchingly rendered by her. Praise was bestowed, without reserve and without exception, upon her performance and that of Mr. Drew and the others. After the third act Daly was called for, and appeared to receive one of the most rapturous demonstrations in his experience. He did what was uncommon for him—addressed the audience, concluding, "In Lord Tennyson's name I thank you for your most favorable reception of his comedy, and in the name of Miss Rehan, of Mr. Drew and of my entire company I thank you for your hearty and sympathetic reception of their endeavors."

As soon as the curtain fell upon an assured triumph, the news was cabled to the Laureate and immediately acknowledged by him :

"Warmest thanks to yourself and Miss Rehan and all who have taken so much trouble. Our congratulations upon the splendid success.

Tennyson."

The members of the company were photographed in costume, singly and in groups, and a set of the plates was sent to the author. Mr. Hallam Tennyson wrote from Farringford, Isle of Wight, on April 14:

"My father's warm thanks. He admires Miss Rehan in the armor and with her big shield most; and when she is pointing so boldly, bow in hand. What a beautiful Titania you have! The pictures are all very suggestive of capital groupings, and the dresses look splendid. Robin looks a handsome

fellow and athletic to boot. The best reviews of the play in England have been the *Daily News*, *Saturday Review*, and *Athenæum* this week."

The costumes were designed by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, and a collection of the photographs was mailed to him. He wrote from Sandhills, Witley, Godalming, on April 19:

"They will have for me an additional value as remembrances of your kindness & sympathy with my work. I am delighted to hear from Miss Rehan of the continued success of the 'For-esters.'"

Sir Arthur Sullivan was also cabled to on the night of the great success. An elaborate letter, too long to quote here, written to Augustin as early as December, shows his conscientious and minute care in every matter of preparation. Upon the music for the fairy scene, which he says bothered him a good deal, he had been in correspondence with Lord Tennyson, and wished he could have had a half hour's consultation with Mr. Daly. He had the parts copied by his own copyist and staff, who understood every indication in the score. He had calculated the minimum for the orchestra, and had omitted cornets, trombones, and drums, but said there would be needed "2 flutes, 1 oboe, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, 1 triangle for the fairy scene, 6 first violins, 4 second ditto, 2 violas, 2 cellos, and 2 double basses." Good men should be chosen, "as two good strong double basso players, for instance, produce more tone and a better musical sound than four duffers." When the news of the success came to him, he had just been through a distressing illness, and wrote a long letter which is given here in part:

"Villa Masse, Turbie sur Mer, Alpes Maritimes.

27 March, 1892.

Dear Mr. Daly,

In the first place please forgive my writing in pencil, but as I am still in bed & very weak I dare not risk the damage which I might do to the sheets if I used ink! Besides, the labor is greater. I was delighted for every one's sake when I received your telegram announcing the success of 'The Foresters'— afterwards confirmed by all the newspaper reports. Author, composer, actors & last but not least, manager, seemed to have scored a success, and that is always satisfactory. I was too ill to write or take any active part (by suggestion &c.) in the production, but none the less I was keenly interested in it & had many practical ideas on the subject. But when one is racked by physical pain, and then in the reaction prostrated by weakness, it is impossible to show active interest in anything, and I really have had a very bad time of it lately. . . . This is all about myself, nothing about the 'Foresters' yet, but I am sure you will forgive this little egotism. I am especially delighted that the fairy scene was so successful — because this is the most important musical number in the piece, and, although I have not read any detailed criticism, I expect your stage managed it exactly as I had figured it to myself. It wanted delicate handling, and by a practical stage hand to make it effective, and as originally planned by the 'Bard' would have been dull and difficult. By the way, I should be much gratified if you would send me two or three of the best-written criticisms. I can't get them over here. I am surprised that the 'Buzz' song made such a success. I didn't expect it, as it was only a bit of word painting. I suppose it was transposed for Miss Cheatham, as it must be too low for her in the original song. . . .

I hope to be back in England in a fortnight from now, so please address there, not here.

With my kindest remembrances to Miss Rehan, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

Arthur Sullivan."

The interest felt in England is shown by the arrangements made by English newspapers for cable despatches. There were private messages as well. Mr. Hallam Tennyson wrote Mr. Daly on July 10 that Lady Martin had sent to Lord Tennyson "a charming letter from Mr. Horace Furness about the play, which pleased my father greatly. 'That,' he says, 'is exactly what I feel about it.'" Brander Matthews, writing to Augustin after the first night, while reserving his opinion as to the dramatic value of "*The Foresters*," says:

"But there can be no doubt as to the beauty and the adequacy of the interpretation it received at your hands . . . we were both especially pleased with the song Miss Rehan sang in the first act and with the very artistic simplicity with which she sang it."

The weeks following this delightful first night were enlivened by a continued flow of critical appreciation and by the illustrations of the scenes and personages in the journals. *Harper's* and *Life* published dainty sketches.

Although Tennyson had left it to Daly's discretion to alter the play for representation, he nevertheless scrutinized the changes with an anxious eye. We have seen that he consented to the transfer of the Fairy scene,—the most poetic and spectacular in the play,—from *Robin Hood* to *Maid Marian*, and he also acquiesced in the transposition of it from the end of the second act to the end of the third. The curtailment or omission of lines was assented to except in two instances. A cable of January 25 from Hallam Tennyson read:

"Stage copy approved. Insert deer speech."

and a letter from him followed on January 27:

"The two fine speeches of Marian must not be omitted — that about 'Strong against the stream' & that about the deer at the end. The public would blame you when the play appears."

The "deer speech" was retained by Augustin, and will be found in the acting copy as well as in the original. It is as follows :

Marian

. . . Pity, pity! — There was a man of ours
Up in the north, a goodly fellow too.
He met a stag there, on so narrow a ledge —
A precipice above and one below —
There was no room to advance or to retire.
The man lay down — the delicate-footed creature
Came stepping o'er him so as not to harm him.
The hunter's passion flashed into the man,
He drove his knife into the heart of the deer;
The deer fell dead to the bottom, and the man
Fell with him, and was crippled ever after.
I fear I had small pity for that man.
You have the moneys and the use of them,
What would you more?"

The stage copy when it came back from Lord Tennyson bore a marginal note in pencil, by Hallam, in the place where the lines had been cut out by Daly :

"Good heavens! Put in the most beautiful speech in the play for Marian about the deer."

Other details besides literary ones were submitted to the author. On the question of presenting *Marian* at the last in bridal dress, or robing her and *Robin* so as to emphasize the restoration of his rank and title by *Richard*, a letter of January 27 contains a postscript :

"The earl and countess robes will never do at the end of the play. If anything is wanted my father says that Marian might be hastily arrayed in bridal white with veil, or the crown (presented to her as queen of the woodland), while Robin is parleying with the Knight. My mother is now flat against the short kirtle for Marian, but we think that a short, but not too short, kirtle in one scene would be very effective. You must arrange all these points, my father says."

The cast was as follows :

Richard Coeur de Lion	Mr. George Clarke
Prince John	John Craig
Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon . .	John Drew
Sir Richard Lea	Charles Wheatleigh
The Abbot	Thomas Bridgland
The Sheriff of Nottingham	Charles Leclercq
A Justiciary	William Gilbert
A Mercenary	Wilfred Buckland
Walter Lea, son of Sir Richard . . .	Ralph Nisbet
Little John	Herbert Gresham
Friar Tuck	Eugene Jepson
Will Scarlet	Hobart Bosworth
Old Much	Tyrone Power
Young Scarlet	Lloyd Daubigny
First Friar	William Sampson
First Beggar	George Lesoir
First Retainer	Power
Kate, attendant on Marian	Miss Kitty Cheatham
The Old Woman of the Hut	May Sylvie
Titania, Queen of the Fairies . . .	Percy Haswell
First Fairy	Miss Massoni
	and
Maid Marian	Miss Ada Rehan

The season closed on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, with a revival of "As You Like It," preceded by "A Woman's Won't," so that all the favorites of the

Daly company might appear on the same stage for the last night.

It appears that my brother had had the idea of opening this season with some sort of prologue, and that his first thought was of his friend Eugene Field, who fearfully declined. Field proposed a substitute in one of his model epistles, which resembled a leaf out of a fifteenth century manuscript, with the initial letter in color and the rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin :

"Dear Mr. Daly: I never wrote a prologue in all my life, and I have not the courage to try to write one. I would to God I felt differently about it, for I should like to be of service to you. Why not get Andrew Lang to do the work? He would do it in scholarly and graceful wise and *cheap* too. I have a letter he wrote to a magazine publisher in which he complains of having been overpaid for a certain poem! Lang lives at No. 1 Marlowe Road, Kensington, and you may tell him, if you are pleased to write to or call upon him, that I am hoping that he will do the prologue. Clement Scott *might* answer your purpose, but I fancy not. *I* think his poetry is simply awful. But Lang is just scholarly and cranky enough to suit such maniacs as you and I are. You see I take an interest in this scheme of yours and I want to help you out with it. With sincere regards

Ever Yours cordially,

Eugene Field.

Chicago, July the 24th, 1891."

CHAPTER XLII

Sir Edwin Arnold, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Thomas Nelson Page. Richard Mansfield and Daly. Mansfield proposes a joint enterprise. Characteristic letters. Daly's extra-illustrated copy of the Bible is completed in forty-one volumes. English and American inlaying. Mark Twain and bath tickets. Mr. Daly asks for a play from Henry James. Letters on the subject. The Players. Death of Florence. Last glimpse of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Open-air performance at Lake Forest. San Francisco. Last appearance of John Drew with the Daly company.

ON January 12, 1892, Sir Edwin Arnold began a course of morning lectures and readings at Daly's, but suffered so from grippe that he had to break off with the third lecture. On the 10th of February, 1892, he wrote:

Dear Mr. Daly,

"Feby. 10, 1892.

Most heartily do I thank you for your kind letter, & right gladly wd. I accept the pleasant invitation it extends were it not that my doctor still commands me to keep indoors as much as possible so as to gather strength for the long journey to Japan. My reading on Monday will be an effort, inspired by gratitude and regard towards all my kind & generous friends in America, among whom you have shown yourself one not to be forgotten.

Yours always truly,
Edwin Arnold."

On February 13 he gave his final reading and made a farewell speech, saying, "I came to America her friend; I go away her champion, her servant, her lover."

Readings by F. Hopkinson Smith and Thomas Nelson Page began on February 11. A letter from Thomas

Nelson Page upon his return to Richmond on February 25, 1892, thanks Mr. Daly for the gift of a copy of "Wof-fington":

"You have told the story charmingly and there could not be a more beautiful monument to a beautiful and accomplished woman. I tender you my warm congratulations upon the work, and I shall prize my copy both for its merit and because it is the production of one whom I admire and whose friendship I prize."

On September 12, 1892, Richard Mansfield brought his own company to Daly's with a dramatic version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." This distinguished and erratic performer rendered the stage a great service, not only by his art, but by his outspoken criticism of the commercialism which threatened its development. He had enterprise, daring, discernment of the public taste, and convictions of the demands of art. His individual impersonations were unequal; but in almost every part he undertook, he surpassed expectation. It had for some time been his desire to play in Daly's Theatre, and he first proposed it in a letter to his friend William Winter, written on March 13, 1892:

" . . . I wish now to ask you if you would see Mr. Daly for me—I have never met him—& whether you would interest yourself in a project I have been for some time revolving in my mind (that is if the project seems feasible to you). I am greatly hampered for want of a Theatre & at the same time I fear to load myself with its responsibilities, when I have already so much on my hands. It occurs to me that the following arrangement could be made. That Mr. Daly should divide his season equally between Miss Rehan & myself, *i.e.*, that he should produce, for a part of the season, plays in which Miss Rehan would be prominent, & that she should then (greatly

to Mr. Daly's advantage) visit the principal cities — when I would come in & produce, in conjunction with & under Mr. Daly's management, such plays as we might mutually agree upon & devise. I think in this way great plays could be done at Mr. Daly's Theatre. We could go into all the archæology of the things & we could paint & dress our plays as they have never been dressed & painted before. I should be associated with a man who is certainly sincere in his devotion to the Arts. Of course Miss Cameron would be with me as my principal support — but outside of that Mr. Daly's forces would assist me — *i.e.*, Mr. Daly would have a sufficiently large army to support Miss Rehan & myself & he would be able to change them about in accordance with the exigencies of the plays produced. I draw very large houses in the country & I would of course give Mr. Daly a handsome percentage of my earnings out of the metropolis.

I purpose for my first appearance next season presenting *Cagliostro* — a theme of great power & beauty. I propose following this with — certainly — 'Mazarin' & perhaps 'Dean Swift.'

If such an arrangement as I propose could be effected with Mr. Daly I should be of course under Mr. Daly's management, & we could always play to advanced prices in the country, & I think Mr. Daly would be master of the strongest, the two most powerful organizations in America.

N.B. I may add that I am urged to this combination with Mr. Daly very largely by the fact that upon every side new Theatres managed by speculators only are springing up, & that Mr. Daly is the only man in this Country who seems to have the interests of Art at heart, & that I must stand shoulder to shoulder with the older man."

Mr. Winter's good offices were employed with success.

"4 West 28th Street.

April the 5th, 1892.

My dear Mr. Daly,

Mr. Winter was good enough to forward to me your gracious invitation to luncheon, which I was forced to decline, as we

meditated giving a matinée on Wednesday, but now I have been compelled to postpone that — I cannot play 'Nero' twice in a day. So if you are still of a mind to have me, I shall be glad to join you. Still I rarely eat at that hour, & I drink not at all during the day and a quiet chat and the pleasure of meeting you will suffice for me.

I am quiet *here*, if you would honor me?

Very truly yours,
Richard Mansfield."

Mr. Mansfield developed his idea more fully in a letter to Mr. Daly dated April 8 :

" . . . One thing is very distinct in my mind and that is the impossibility and the inadvisability of making an appearance here otherwise than as a star of the first magnitude — I owe that much to the managers of other cities who render me 65, 70 & 80 per cent of the receipts. Otherwise I am glad and happy — (more happy than I can say) to make any arrangement whereby I should gain the benefit of your advice and experience & your admirable management. It seems to me that as I should have to travel with the production instantly upon the termination of the season at your Theatre, I should be supported by the Company that has played with me there. It seems to me that that Company should be selected & engaged by *you* — and that they should be under your direction — of course the Company should be engaged with a view to its ability to play my repertoire, as many cities require me to play such plays of mine as have become popular, & in very many cities I have not yet appeared at all. I think *I* should like: Mr. Richard Mansfield supported by Mr. Daly's Company and under the management of Mr. Augustin Daly.

It seems to me that with my strength in the country this combination would be as successful as the late Barrett & Booth arrangement — & more satisfactory in New York proper. I am satisfied with a salary — or any arrangement you would make.

I should stipulate that Miss Cameron should always appear in my support if there is any suitable part.

It's a great pity I may not see you. I do not think letters are satisfactory — there is so much to be said pro & con. I leave to-morrow at 4:30 from Weehawken — If you *would* be very gracious & take a day off? I have my car & we would settle everything & chat quietly — but as I have already said any arrangement whereby I am enabled to give all my attention to *acting* & which does not lessen my position but which must heighten my position, is satisfactory to me.”

“Los Angeles, May 20th, 1892.

My dear Mr. Daly,

I thank you for your letter which I was awaiting with impatience. I quite comprehend all you say & I wish with all my heart that it could be otherwise. I would very gladly give up a large share of my profits to be with such a master as you and to be guided and directed by you. But I cannot sink my identity and I cannot give up the little I have accomplished in the past years of incessant labor. My name must be upon my banner as the actor; — the *management*, and all authority and *authorship* I will joyfully relinquish. I am exceedingly ambitious & I confess it — I desire to produce great plays and to play them greatly and with God's aid I shall accomplish this. If I could have such a man as you by my side it would be accomplished sooner. I have no Theatre, I have no workshop — I have little or no management. I should like to acquire the management and the workshop & I should like advice and guidance. I cannot very well see myself always — which is as unfortunate as it is fortunate. The scheme I had in mind does not seem to meet with your approval. It was simply that when your own special Company was away from your Theatre, you should play me & my Company, or *me* supported by a company of yours. But failing this, I shall be glad to play in your Theatre & I shall be very glad & very grateful for your advice. If this meets with your approval all that remains is for us to arrange the time — & to settle on the play.

If for the latter you can advise me or if you can supply me I should indeed be glad. I had almost ventured to hope that you would take sufficient interest in me to find the play & the Company, and whatever terms you might indicate I should be most happy to accept.

My books are always open to you and you will see that I make an average profit (with an expense of \$2200-\$2300 a week) of from \$1000 to \$2000 a week; my responsibilities in the past have been very heavy and are so still & I could not therefore afford to do less well than I have been & *am* doing.

Please believe me to be, dear Mr. Daly, with great regard,
always yours truly,

Richard Mansfield."

"The Hollis St. Theatre,
Boston, May 31, 1892.

My dear Mr. Mansfield,

I think that eventually you and I shall agree on a basis of mutual interest which will be entirely satisfactory to both of us. I do not want to submerge your individuality or personality or fame in any way — but at the same time I cannot afford to be less than Commander in Chief of all my forces from the highest officer under me to the humblest. Only in this way can I lead you on to victory — the victory which we both would desire.

Now let us make something of an experiment.

You say you have four weeks open which you can play at my theatre from Sept 5th. Now suppose you make up a company of your own to play during that period; and let us share the receipts equally. I will furnish you the theatre and all attachés, lights, stage forces, and the orchestra. You furnish yourself & the performance. I have a play which I think would serve as a *sensation* for part of the time; it is Coquelin's version of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' I have his copy and *mise en scène*, and all the American rights. There are some new and original effects in the piece. It is showy in the extreme. It might require one new scene to be painted. The costumes might be hired. The piece costs me 5 per cent. of the Gross; if you care to experiment with it I will be willing to halve this extra

(*i.e.* the royalty) with you. I think the novelty will be great. It will not clash with my version and the cast is not large. The play is only crudely translated as yet; but I suppose I might get some one of our rising dramatists to work at once. If the piece makes a hit and you wish to take it on tour I shall charge you seven per cent of the gross receipts whenever and wherever you use it, for one year.

My suggestion would be for you to give seven performances each week; and to open with Brummell for one week; the next week to do 'The Shrew' and let it run for two weeks (or 3 if a great success) or during the last week do other plays. By that time I may have another more modern play to try you in. I have one in mind now. It is Jerome's version of *Die Ehre*, which he calls *Birth & Breeding*. The part Possart played might suit you.

Now if you like I will send you both of these plays to read. Then you can telegraph me 'terms accepted' and write your views; and we will make a regular contract for this experimental engagement — with the option of others to follow.

Sincerely,
A. Daly."

"Portland, Ore., Monday, June the 6th, 1892.

My dear Mr. Daly,

I am in receipt of your letter, for which accept my best thanks — I have said I shall be delighted to play with you and under your direction. With regard to M. Coquelin's version of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' It occurs to me that it would be quaint to play a Frenchman's version of Shakespeare translated back into English. It seems to me 'une chose impossible.' I might play it in French & I should be glad to do so — but in English no — it would be too queer. I fear there could be but one cry: What is the matter with Shakespeare? Then too who could play 'Katharina' after Miss Rehan? Who *would*? I fear this is not to be done unless — as I have said — I did it in French. Jerome's translation of 'Die Ehre' on the other hand seems an excellent idea & one

I should be glad to entertain if after reading the play I find the character I should have to present, suitable & interesting — which since *you* think it so, no doubt it is. (I interject a little idea here — some day, when we want to sweep the Country, let us play ‘The Merchant of Venice’ — Miss Rehan as ‘Portia’ & for me ‘Shylock,’ with an ideal Venice. Lewis as Launcelot Gobbo, etc., etc.)

The terms you mention are perfectly satisfactory. It would be in my opinion — & I speak from experience — idle to open with Beau Brummell or any of my well-worn plays in New York — we need more than a success *d'estime* — we need money, & Beau B. will not, for a year to come, draw one dollar in New York. Nor any of my plays excepting Richard III., & of that I have no longer the scenery.

I have an idea, which I advance with considerable hesitation & which has been in my mind for some years — & in which, from what I can gather, there is a large amount of money, — but it will in its execution demand an enormous amount of care & thought, some literary effort & some money. It is ‘Napoleon Bonaparte.’ I should call the play simply ‘Napoleon Bonaparte,’ & I should deal with the subject from the period of his assumption of the Imperial purple to the time of his lonely death on the Island of St. Helena.

I wonder if you would help me with this? It would make a great popular play — it would appeal to all classes and all peoples. I should make Mme. Récamier the heroine, I should introduce the beloved Queen Louise of Prussia, Josephine, & Marie Louise of Austria. I beg you in any event to consider this suggestion absolutely confidential, & it is, I feel, hardly necessary for me to say this. I do not know where to address this, so I send it to the Hollis Street Theatre in the hope that it may reach you.

I do earnestly hope I may be able to arrange to play in *your* house — but it has to be swiftly decided as others are waiting to hear from me with regard to that time (in September).

Most truly yours,
Richard Mansfield.”

The play finally chosen was a dramatization of "The Scarlet Letter" by Joseph Hatton. It was produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, on September 12, 1892.

Daly's library was enriched this year by his "extra-illustrated bible" of forty-one volumes, for which he had collected every known engraving suitable for insertion in a folio volume. The task of sorting these prints and putting them in order for the binder took Henry Blackwell's spare time for two years, not including the work of inlaying the smaller prints and mounting every sheet of the text (two copies of the Douai folio being used in the process), which was executed by the first artists in that line in America. Mr. George Trent, one of the experts, said that although English mechanical work as a rule is excelled by none, he never saw one of their inlaid books even decently done.

Some interesting ideas for plays were entertained by my brother this year. Mark Twain had once written a comedy called "Colonel Sellers as a Materialist," but when its prospects as a play proved hopeless, he rewrote it as a novel under the name of "The American Claimant." In its dramatic form Twain said Mr. A. P. Burbank "made two attempts to make it go, but it wouldn't." When the novel appeared, Daly, curiously enough, thought it good material to dramatize, and wrote Twain making the suggestion; the author, then in Bad Nauheim for the cure, wrote on August 13, 1892:

"You bang away and dramatize the book *your* way & that will be *my* way. . . . These are mighty good baths, & if you want to try them come here & I will treat to bath tickets."

At Mr. Daly's suggestion Henry James this year wrote a comedy for the Daly company:

“Hotel Metropole,
Brighton, September 1st, 1892.

My dear Mr. Daly,

I am much obliged to you for reading my play — as to which I think I may say that I haven't any illusions — any that prevent my understanding that you shouldn't be ‘satisfied’ with it. I am far from satisfied myself, but as the thing cost me, originally, a good deal of labour & ingenuity, I was unable to resist the desire to subject it to some sort of supreme probation. If it had a fault of which I was very conscious, I thought it perhaps had other qualities which would make it a pity that I shouldn't give it a chance — since a chance so happily presented itself. To tell the truth, now that I have given it this chance my conscience is more at rest, & I feel as if my responsibility to it were over. Its fault is probably fundamental & consists in the slenderness of the main motive — which I have tried to prop up with details that don't really support it; so that — as I freely recognize — there is a lack of action vainly dissimulated by a superabundance (especially in the last act) of movement. This movement cost me such pains — & I may add such pleasure! — to elaborate that I have probably exaggerated its dramatic effect — exaggerated it to myself, I mean. The thing has been my first attempt at a *comedy*, pure & simple, & as 1st attempts are, in general, mainly useful as lessons, I am willing to let it go for that. At any rate I am far from regarding it as my necessary last word. You will wonder perhaps that as I defend Mrs. Jasper so feebly I could still care to talk with you about her. But this will give me pleasure, all the same, & I shall avail myself of your leave to do so. I am spending a few days at this place, but I shall be in London to-morrow, Friday, & if I hear nothing from you, here, to the contrary, will call on you at (say) three o'clock. I can't forego any opportunity of seeing a manager! Believe me

Yours very truly
Henry James.”

"September 8th, 1892.

34 De Vere Gardens, W.

Dear Mr. Daly,

I am moved to let you know, as it may, before you sail, be a convenience to you, that these last days have enabled me to judge that I shall be able, at no very distant date, to send you a 'Mrs. Jasper' materially reconstructed and improved — purged at any rate of the worst of her errors. I have been taking the problem seriously in hand and I think light has broken upon me. I shall despatch you the *part*, at least, very considerably ameliorated — & shall probably be able to let you have the whole thing by the last of October. I have it at heart to mention this by way of farewell — for a very limited time, I hope, — to Miss Rehan. Will you very kindly convey this friendly goodbye to her & believe me, with the best wishes for your homeward journey —

Yours very truly,
Henry James."

The production of the play was postponed for a year with the intention of putting it in rehearsal for Daly's new theatre in London. As the time approached the solicitude of the manager led him to propose further revision, and the author wrote (November 6, 1893) :

"I have given very earnest consideration to the text of my play, but with an utter failure to discover anything that can come out without injury. It was in the extremity of my effort at concision and rapidity during my writing of it as it now stands that I took out & kept out everything that was *not* intensely brief — & this effort seems to me to have left nothing behind to sacrifice — nothing that can be sacrificed without detriment to elementary clearness — to the rigid logic of the action & the successive definite steps of the story. The few eliminations are, in short, the only ones that are in the least practicable — every line being in such close relation to every other line and to the total. Moreover, as it stands, the thing

appears to me to go — as if at least it *ought* to go — with remarkable brightness and quickness. If the public don't feel in it the *maximum* of that quality the public will — I can't help thinking — be a bigger ass than usual! If later, when we can talk of it — you are moved to *show* me any definite place where anything can be, to your sense, spared, I shall of course be very happy to consider it. I don't think we need have any fear in respect to the *duration* of the 1st & 2d acts, considering what they are & what the interpretation will make them. I noted a couple of nights ago, with what serenity the audience at The Garrick accepted the 55 minutes apiece of each of the two first acts of *Diplomacy* & I don't fear to declare that our play is very fundamentally brisker! I shall keep myself wholly open to impressions at rehearsal & be only too eager to keep an eye on the text in the light of that test. I enclose a paper on which I have indited as many possible titles as I can think of — good, bad and indifferent. . . . ”

The discussion of titles (to supersede “Mrs. Jasper”) was thorough, and the list enclosed by Mr. James was of more than fifty names suggested by the leading points of the play. The result of all this care on the part of author and manager was disappointing. The piece was put in rehearsal and scenery purchased; but Augustin lost faith in “Mrs. Jasper,” and the attempt to bring it out was therefore given up. It will be found in Mr. James’ collections of plays published in London in 1894 and reviewed in the papers of June of that year.

Augustin was reelected vice-president of The Players on May 1, 1892. Brander Matthews was taken on the Board of Directors to succeed William J. Florence, whose death had occurred in the previous November. Florence was a great loss to the stage. The genial fire which had burned so brightly and so long in the soul of John Brougham seemed to have been rekindled in Florence, and the unselfishness of both men equalled their dramatic

gifts. The notes in my brother's box-office book tell of many other deaths. James Roberts, his first scenic artist, "the finest all-round painter in America," as Daly wrote of him, died on March 21. It was he who had painted the exquisite scenery of "Play" for the opening of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. There is a note of my brother's to me on November 20, 1891, telling of the burial of Michael Hall, "chief ticket-taker of all the Daly Theatres from 1869. Honest, faithful, loyal, & a good man." Old John Moore was at this time lamenting through a long illness because he could do nothing to earn the salary as stage-manager that was regularly sent to him. He wrote to Dorney that he had tried to get down to the theatre to show himself, at least, but had failed.

Daly begged off from a proposed dinner in his honor at the Lotos Club, but readily joined in a supper to Charles Gaylord, "the senior American dramatist," given by Bronson Howard.

A letter from a lady who at one time was a bewitching figure on the stage, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, regrets that, after calling to attempt "to thank you personally for your loveliness to me," she has to send only these lines in acknowledgment. She was giving readings from Shakespeare and modern authors this year, but had met with great disappointment.

While on tour in Chicago, the company played for the benefit of the Children's Home of the Columbian Exhibition, and at the invitation of the Board of Lady Managers gave an open-air performance of "As You Like It" in the grounds of ex-Senator Farwell, Fairlawn, Lake Forest. The scene was a grassy lawn and a semi-circle of giant oaks on a bluff eighty feet above the level of Lake Michigan.

The tour closed in San Francisco (Stockwell's Theatre, Powell Street) on July 30, 1892, with "A Night Off." This was the last performance of John Drew with the company. He had been all together sixteen years with Daly and thirteen seasons with the present famous organization, and would have been willing to remain longer if the terms which he had proposed the previous season had been agreed to. They would have been reasonable enough for a star, but they were not conformable to the expense of such a costly company as Daly's. Mr. Drew then accepted an offer from Mr. Frohman for a starring tour to begin in the fall of 1892. It was inevitable that, as each member of the company trained by Mr. Daly grew in popularity, the temptation to acquire him or her should be felt by other managers. Actors, too, naturally feel bound to make the most of their opportunities. Drew acted in an entirely straightforward way, and Daly had been fully prepared for his departure; but his regret was keen at this change in a company which he had kept together for a very long time. He was not reconciled even by the handsome tribute paid to him by Mr. Drew on his first appearance under the new management at Palmer's Theatre, on October 3, 1892. Being called before the curtain, Mr. Drew, after thanking the audience which, he said, showed itself composed of kind friends rather than of spectators, continued:

"But I feel that all these plaudits and this great greeting might not have been for me had it not been for one who taught me how to merit and deserve it—who from the beginning of my career has watched and guided my steps, smoothing the way to success for me and encouraging me in moments of trial and discouragement, and, in fine, striving to make me worthy of this honor tonight. I feel too that this poor and halting tribute of the heart is little to offer for the years of care and

trouble he has bestowed on me, but it is from the heart and I wish to offer it. I am glad too to offer it before you — his friends as well as mine. I see I need not name him — my friend and preceptor, Mr. Augustin Daly."

This speech, which was in excellent taste and wholly unexpected, was vehemently applauded; and many who had felt that they could never forgive the breach made in a company which had come to be looked upon almost as a family, were softened by it. Mr. Drew entered that night upon a career of prosperity which added to his development as a dramatic artist in the line of modern comedy. As a polished exponent of modern rôles, Drew was excellent, and invariably popular and attractive; but it was more than twenty years (1913) before he was afforded the opportunity to return to old comedy, in which, under the Daly management, he had been so prominent and graceful a figure.



EIGHTH PERIOD: 1893-1899

CHAPTER XLIII

Season of 1892-1893. "Little Miss Million." Arthur Bourchier succeeds John Drew. Death of Tennyson. Chicago World's Fair. Montana and the silver statue of Miss Rehan. Remarkable revival of "The Hunchback." Miss Rehan's great performance. Madame Eleanora Duse. "As You Like It." "The Belle's Stratagem." Miss Clothilde Graves and "The Knave." Death of Fanny Kemble. Charity benefits. "The School for Scandal." "The Foresters" with Bourchier as *Robin Hood*. Varieties of audiences. "The Taming of the Shrew." "Twelfth Night." Letter of John Hay. Miss Rehan and F. Marion Crawford. Opening of Daly's Theatre, London. Delays overcome. The first night. Financial strain. Another 'warning.' Death of Edwin Booth. "The Hunchback" put on and fails to draw. Daly's letters describe experiences of this trying season. "Love in Tandem" tried. Miss Rehan and her bungalow. "Dollars and Sense." Nothing draws the public. "The Foresters." Sullivan personally rehearses the music. It is produced, and disappoints expectation except in the artistic sense. A reason for the indifference. Burnand's "Orient Express" from the German another failure. "The School for Scandal" put on. Dark days follow repeated failures. Friendships. At last the tide turns. "Twelfth Night" captures London. A hundred performances. Comparison with Irving, who failed with the same play. Mrs. John Wood and modern plays. Letter from Furness. Joyous close of the season. Daly's Theatre, London, firmly established.

AFTER a holiday abroad, in the course of which a visit was paid by Mr. and Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan to Lord Tennyson at Aldworth, Mr. Daly returned home to arrange what turned out to be a season of jubilant success. Before offering certain important revivals which he had in mind, two original comedies from the German introduced a new leading man, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, whose experience before he came to Mr. Daly was gained in the

companies of Mrs. Langtry and Wyndham. His acting was found by the critics to be in entire accord with the spirit of the Daly company and to be distinguished by simplicity and good taste. The opening play was "Little Miss Million," from Oskar Blumenthal's "Das Zweite Gesicht." It was played with great spirit.

On the date of the production of the new play came the press despatches announcing the death of Tennyson. It deeply affected my brother, who had been so recently welcomed to the Laureate's home.

The city now began to swarm with crowds on their way to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The managers of the Montana Section intended to grace it by a statue of Justice, of heroic size, in silver, for which Miss Rehan was to be the model. Her photographs were taken for the purpose at this time and despatched to the sculptor, Mr. R. M. Park.

"Dollars and Sense" succeeded "Little Miss Million," with Gresham in Drew's old part. On November 10, "A Test Case" was brought out. This, adapted from Blumenthal and Kadelburg's "Grosstadtluft," was pure farce, but much more to the popular taste than "Little Miss Million."

"The Hunchback," announced for November 29, and once a favorite star piece, had for some years faded out of fashion. Yet the actress who created the part of *Julia* and played it to the author's *Master Walter* on its first production at Covent Garden in 1832—Fanny Kemble—was still living, and there were New Yorkers who might have seen its first American performance. Miss Rehan was *Julia*, Miss Irving *Helen*, Bourchier *Clifford*, George Clarke *Master Walter*, Creston Clarke *Modus*, James K. Hackett *Wilford*, Herbert *Tinsel*, Bridgland *Hartwell*, Bosworth *Thomas*, and Buckland

Stephen. The effect of the performance was magical. In the character of *Julia* Miss Rehan attained a height of passionate power not reached in any of her previous efforts. The press was enthusiastic. The power, beauty, and delicacy of her performance, its archness, pathos, disdain, scorn, and fire were the general theme. All the cast rose to their highest level. George Clarke's *Master Walter* was found to be admirable, dignified, romantic and full of feeling. Bourchier's *Clifford* was polished, convincing, spirited, and gallant. The humor of *Modus* and *Helen* was fresh and unconventional. The *Fathom* of Gilbert, on the other hand, was cast in the most conventional mould, for the archaic humor of this part will as soon move from its traditions as the stars from their spheres.

Many were the friendly words that came to *Julia* and her manager, in addition to the columns of journalistic praise. John Drew, then playing in another theatre, came to the first Wednesday matinée and frankly wrote to Miss Rehan that he only now fully appreciated her art.

No appreciation ever touched my brother so much as that of artists who knew the labor that goes with inspiration in such work as his. Eleanora Duse was to make her American début at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this winter. Her visits to Daly's were frequent during the whole season, and as he wrote me, she was "in raptures over everything, especially Miss Rehan."

The throngs that attended the representations were immense. The piece had been announced for one week, like all the revivals, but it had to be kept on for four. Then the programme as published was resumed with "As You Like It," in which Mr. Bourchier played *Orlando*, Lloyd Daubigny sang as *Amiens*, and Miss Lotta Lynne made her début as *Hymen*.

"The Belle's Stratagem," the second in the old comedy series this season, was produced on January 3, 1893. It is the only one of Mrs. Hannah Cowley's dozen comedies that lives, and, with much greater works, those of Sheridan and Goldsmith, has survived the eighteenth century. New spirit was infused into the performance by Miss Rehan as *Letitia*, Bourchier as *Doricourt*, Miss Prince as *Mrs. Rackett*, Miss Lynne as *Miss Ogle*, Gresham as *Flutter*, Herbert as *Saville*, Craig as *Courtall*, and Lewis as *Old Hardy*.

Presented with "The Belle's Stratagem" was a fantasy in one act called "The Knave," by Miss Clothilde Graves.

During the revival of "The Hunchback," Fanny Kemble died. She was eighty-three years old (January 16, 1893) and, as I said, the original Julia of sixty years before. In varied accomplishments (she published some five works, including "Poems" and "Life on a Georgia Plantation"), she was a most remarkable woman. John Moore also died this year at seventy-nine; he had been with Daly twenty-three years, as stage manager and prompter, and occasionally as performer of some minor part in a Shakespearian bill.

Many charity benefits were given during the season.

After "The School for Scandal," revived on January 18, "The Foresters" again appeared on January 24, with Bourchier as *Robin Hood*. Immense throngs again came to the play, but Augustin noted on one occasion that the audience was "frigid." Audiences differ strangely in emotion, and it is another of the mysteries of the theatre that people of one mind — enthusiastic or stolid — come, as if by appointment, on the same night. There is no such grouping, however, at matinées. Women and young girls usually only come to what they know they will like, and they show that they like it.

"The Taming of the Shrew" followed "The Foresters" on February 7. *Petruchio* was now played for the first time at Daly's by George Clarke, in a finished and romantic manner. Augustin recorded, "Play seems never to have been liked so well."

On February 21, "Twelfth Night" was announced as the last "revival" of the year. This was a modest advertisement of a production that was to take rank with the finest achievements of the American stage, and to be the admiration of London as well as of New York. Augustin recorded on that first night that the performance "created almost a sensation in the audience." This letter from John Hay is more or less a summary of public and private opinion regarding it:

"800 Sixteenth Street, Lafayette Square,
Washington, D. C. March 29th, 1893.

Dear Mr. Daly,

I hope I am not intruding too far upon the privilege of an acquaintance which was of the slightest and which may have been forgotten by you, to write you a word, not only of congratulation but of personal gratitude on your splendid success in 'Twelfth Night' . . . I felt that I must write and thank you personally for the pleasure you have given us. It is hard to estimate the good you are doing in putting before the public such a magnificent result of combined industry, liberality, intelligence and taste. Your 'Twelfth Night' is saturated with beauty and poetry; the most enchanting dreams of fairy-land are there, incarnate before our eyes. I hardly see how scenic art can go further. . . ."

The cast was as follows: *Orsino*, Creston Clarke; *Sebastian*, Sidney Herbert; *Antonio*, Charles Wheatleigh; *A Sea Captain*, Eugene Jepson; *Valentine*, James K. Hackett; *Curio*, Wilfred Buckland; *Sir Toby Belch*, James Lewis; *Fabian*, William Gilbert; *Clown*, Lloyd Daubigny;

Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Herbert Gresham; *Malvolio*, George Clarke; *Captain*, John Craig; *Officer*, Rankin Duval; *Priest*, Thomas Bridgland; *Olivia*, Adelaide Prince; *Maria*, Catharine Lewis; *Viola*, Ada Rehan.

The last night of the season was to be a leave-taking of the company for more than a year, during which they were to inaugurate the new Daly's Theatre in London. In Mr. Daly's parting address he spoke of a prospect of plays by Henry James and Marion Crawford. He was still anxious to use one of Mr. Howell's comedies, concerning which the author wrote (January 11, 1893):

"I have written a great many of them since you underlined the first so long ago, and they have had great acceptance all over the country among amateurs, without ever getting upon the stage. I do not say it is not their fault, but *The Mouse-trap* seems like something that might please the larger and severer public that pays for its pleasure."

Apropos of Crawford's play, the editor of the *Philadelphia Press* relates a dinner conversation between Ada Rehan and the novelist. Crawford contended for the supremacy of the author over the actor. After remarking that America had produced no great novelist, although Hawthorne "stood on the threshold of immortality," he asked Miss Rehan whether she could play her best before an undemonstrative audience, or whether she needed applause. She replied "Applause! We must have it. No matter how devoted to art an actress may be, without applause or without the quiet sympathy which is felt but not always heard, we collapse! I could not play my best without feeling that my audience was with me." "That shows," said Crawford, "how temporary the stage is. Hawthorne could write the greatest novel and wait twenty years patiently before he

saw it recognized and applauded." It may or may not be material to inquire how Hawthorne would have felt if he had *read* a story to an undemonstrative assemblage. Besides, the author writes for posterity. The actor lives and dies in the present.

The opening of the new London Theatre was announced for June, 1893, the contract with Mr. Edwardes having called for its completion by Lady Day, March 25; but there had been a strike of bricklayers throughout the United Kingdom in the previous year (settled, it is interesting to note, by conceding a nine-hour day, a Saturday half-holiday, and a half-penny an hour increase in wages), and when Mr. Daly arrived on May 13, he found hardly more than four bare walls and a roof. Architect and contractors informed him that it would be impossible to have the theatre ready by the time promised. Upon hearing their opinion he camped on the spot, established his office in the builder's shack on the street, and, as one paper said, "haunted the place day and night, brought in double shifts of workmen, and spurred everybody along at a most un-British rate of speed." On June 27 the opening took place. The auditorium was in dark red, relieved by gold ornaments on a ground of silver, the woodwork of mahogany inlaid with colored woods, and the curtains and hangings of crimson damask.

Irving wrote "Welcome," and on the opening night sent "Salutation and greeting!" The new Lord Tennyson telegraphed "All best wishes." There was a superb audience when the curtain rose, including Ambassador Thomas F. Bayard and his family, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. W. W. Astor and Mrs. Astor, Mr. Mackay, Baron Rothschild, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Percy Fitzgerald.

The company engaged for Daly's London Theatre was immense. There were sixty-one principals and nineteen in the chorus, as we learn from the "directory" of names and addresses posted in the prompter's office. "The Taming of the Shrew" was the opening piece, and was welcomed "with a passion of enthusiasm." Percy Fitzgerald wrote to Mr. Daly: "It was wonderful! We have nothing like it."

Notwithstanding so auspicious an opening, Daly was this year to face great disappointment and distress. The successes of less than two years before seemed now to count almost for nothing. It was hard for one thing to get the Lyceum public to go anywhere else. Daly's new theatre *had* no public; it had to make one for itself, and the process was bound to be slow. The adventurous manager was like Cortez in Mexico, only with more than one melancholy night before him. He had had previsions. Before the opening he wrote to me of certain omens:

"You remember, when I opened the Grand Opera House, the first day I occupied my office there I found a leaf from the bible blown in through an open window & lying on my desk, & reading it over I was quite struck with the last verses of that leaf. They were in Luke XIV, verses 28, 29, 30.¹ Now on my Shakespeare calendar I found on May 6th, the date of my departure to build up this new *Tower* in which I am now engaged, this verse — 'Wisely and slow! They stumble that run fast.' It is from Romeo and Juliet. And on the date of my arrival in England & London, May 13th, this quotation: 'It is the bright day which brings forth the adder and that

¹28. For which of you having a mind to build a tower doth not first sit down and reckon the charges that are necessary whether he have wherewithal to finish it. 29. Lest after he hath laid the foundation and is not able to finish it, all that see him begin to mock him. 30. Saying, This man began to build and was not able to finish.

craves wary walking'; from Julius Cesar. Both wise and timely warnings, don't you think so?"

After the opening, news came of the death of Edwin Booth on June 7 at The Players.

On July 11 "The Hunchback" was brought out at the new theatre, and the Londoners, like the New Yorkers, were enraptured with Miss Rehan's *Julia*. Some critics, however, could not restrain their indignation at the attempt to resuscitate so antiquated a play, though it was conceded that new life had been breathed into it, and one reviewer declared that Miss Rehan delivered "its foolish speeches with such purity of enunciation, such a rich variety of utterance and modulation that she charmed as a great singer charms." Nevertheless, it was declared that producing such a play was "one of the insoluble mysteries of management." But the manager shall give his own account of his experiences :

"Well — the Hunchback is out and on. You ask me how it goes. I can scarcely express the 'how' to myself. All who are sensitive to their own impressions seem to like it & to like it immensely. We have had several parties here twice already since Tuesday. But there are an equal number of playgoers who would have liked to like it, I think — but cold water has been thrown on their enthusiasm & they (those of them who have dared to come) have shown a sort of lukewarm pleasure. The piece and the performance were prejudged; several of the papers (Pall Mall, etc.) making a dead set against the choice of such a fossil from the start. . . . Miss Rehan and the company have held their own."

"Love in Tandem" was given on July 18 with Bourchier as *Dymond*, the part created in New York by Drew. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, a valuable addition to the company, succeeded Miss Prince as *Mme. Lauretta*. My brother wrote :

"A splendid audience on Tuesday and a most surprising second night, as second nights go here. The play did not go with roars, because — roared & roared through his part, & gored so many of his good lines — lines which led to others' points also — that I don't think more than half was understood. It was laughed over, however, (the play) and very heartily at times, and the curtain was called up twice after each act, and at the end they gave me a call. It was all enjoyed, I think, but considered light and frivolous. However, it is seasonable and may go a third (or extra) week to good business, & will be good for revival in the autumn in case anything should drop suddenly or fizzle out. I believe the greatest successes here, when they drop, drop to nothing suddenly & all at once — unlike our own, which give you timely warning of their decay. Ah! the study, the interesting study these two stages are — the English and the American. I have just opened your birthday letter. I don't feel 55 — but I suppose I am — yet since I came to London this time I've felt a hundred, now and then."

Miss Rehan spent her holiday this summer at "The Bungalow" on the sandy coast of the Irish sea between Seascale and Ravenglas, where it was her delight to entertain her English and American friends.

The autumn season opened with "Dollars and Sense."

"September 30, 1893.

. . . I was very glad to get your letter of the 18th, for I was (and am just now) quite as low in spirit as I have been at any time since the dark December days of 1873 and the equally dark days of 1879-80. Nothing so far seems to have been exactly what was wanted by the public in the new house. Taming the Shrew was only accepted for its memories & for Miss Rehan. The Hunchback seems to have been rejected on account of its memories — they have had enough of it, & even a Julia from Heaven would scarcely have stirred them from their prejudice against the play. Love in Tandem was

considered too trivial, and now Dollars & Sense is too farcical & too unworthy of Miss Rehan; and not even Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert can pull half a house in their favorite parts, and yet the reception of the piece on the opening seemed to be fairly favorable. . . .

. . . I am of course in the midst of preparation for *The Foresters*, which is to be produced on Tuesday next. There is as yet no public interest shown in the production. Tennyson's name & the success of Becket (at the Lyceum) have not helped it one atom. If it draws or succeeds it will be altogether upon the merits of the first night's performance. The rehearsals promise fairly. Bourchier alone is out of the picture. He is so modern for a poetic play."

It was given on October 3:

"October 6th, 1893.

Only a line — for my spirits are low. . . . All the notices were lovely. The calls & recalls and encores were most enthusiastic, and most people thought the thing was good for a fair run; but I felt from the first that it had no life — because there was no advance take, no preliminary interest. Tennyson is a dead lion, you know, and no one cares for him just now."

Everything had been done for the play. Sullivan rehearsed the music in person, having written as early as September 8: "I take the very keenest interest in the production of the 'Foresters,' & should desire to personally superintend the musical arrangements." The first performance was so warmly received that F. C. Burnand wrote Mr. Daly next day: "I think you ought to do well with the *Foresters*, which is beautifully put upon the stage. Its weakness is in the last act, & this is especially shown in the Sheriff (isn't he?) & Abbot. Of course the plot is not strong, but this is lost sight of in the beauty of the setting. . . . As it was, the verdict was most favorable, & 'charming' was on everyone's lips." This was

the first time that the new Lord Tennyson saw the play ; he wrote : "My mother has telegraphed our warmest congratulations on the triumphant success of 'The Foresters' last night. You deserve the thanks of all who care for a thing of beauty. Miss Rehan was excellent and looked noble." Charles Ollier wrote on October 15 :

"The reasons for its failure to draw the English public are, I think, not far to seek. 'The Foresters' is an abstract poem . . . but it is not a drama — very little story, very little human interest and hardly any 'situations.' The witch scene and the appearance of Richard are weak and commonplace. . . . To me the performance, with the exquisitely delicate accessories with which you have surrounded it, was a treat and a charm — while all taking part in the play were excellent, Miss Rehan was superlative. . . . "

On October 13 Augustin was forced to repeat :

"The *Foresters* has proven a very great failure. I am running it next week alternately with *The Last Word*. . . . I have put Burnand's play in rehearsal and shall produce it on the 25th. It reads very funny. I do hope it will pull me out of the mire."

"Oct. 23, 1893.

I do not know what to make of this apathy. But I suppose it is the old story of the new theatre which has to be built up."

Burnand's new play was "The Orient Express," an adaptation of Blumenthal and Kadelburg's farce "Orient-reise." Mr. Burnand worked hard on "The Orient Express." The manager was as hopeful as the author, but his letters record another failure :

"October 27, 1893.

The fates are still unpropitious. The Orient Express was produced on Wednesday to £175, on Thursday to £170 and

tonight to less than £100. I was sure the piece was not a hit on the opening, and was surprised to see so good a second night. The fun seems all to be in the first act, after that it goes to pieces. I begin rehearsing School for Scandal today: That is my next go. . . . I have wretched nights and dreadfully black awakenings — all seems such terribly uphill work. . . . I'm paying dreadfully for my ambition."

"Nov. 4, 1893.

The wintry fogs are on us and we have also had some wintry rains during the past week. Add to this condition the streets torn up (for over 3 weeks now) in front of the theatre & you have a picture of the outside view of things. As for the inside, we are quite as dismal. This week, the second of *The Orient Express*, we had on Monday £67, Tuesday £76, Wednesday £79, Thursday £61, Friday £80. I have to run it next week to get School for Scandal ready. This of course is my big hope — next to *Twelfth Night* — & if that fizzles I shall gasp."

On November 13 the "School for Scandal" was produced. Augustin wrote concerning it:

"November 7th, 1893.

The papers are evenly divided for and against our production & Miss R's Lady Teazle."

The "School for Scandal" was kept on until the end of the year, although the receipts decreased each week. My brother wrote:

"November 30, 1893.

The School for Scandal has made an artistic impression and does excite the enthusiasm of all — but alas! it does not turn hundreds away, as we understand that term in New York. . . . The month of December I hear is a dreadful time for theatres in London. . . . The impression here is that we have a great success. . . . There have been dreadful seasons in London heretofore, but I believe this is one of the worst they have had for years."

"Dec. 30, 1893.

The old year has given me some hard knocks, but as they have not yet floored me perhaps they have only hardened me for more to come. The light of better days does not throw any very strong or promising rays upon business over here; and on every side the howls of managers & 'backers' are heard. The pantomime at Irving's theatre" (Irving was playing then in America) "is almost a frost, & must have cost £8,000 to put on the stage, & must cost £1,500 a week to run it. The house last night was not half full & that partly paper — 4th night of production. Drury Lane pantomime is a fair success, but Covent Garden, 'Noah's Ark,' is a frost. These are the big seasonable shows; the little ones are frozen over & out of sight. . . . Dorney hopes I won't come home till Easter. Of course if I can live here I won't."

Perhaps all along the manager ought to have ascribed the absence of extensive London patronage partly to depression in trade, but his experience had been that an attractive entertainment is not affected by that cause; hence his concern at finding that what were but a few months before the most popular entertainers in London failed to fill their houses either with old plays or new. He felt the ground slipping from under his feet, and dreaded that each new production would add to the failures crowding upon him. But looking back upon this discouraging time there appear great compensations. To friendships then formed my brother owed encouragement which enabled him to keep his footing in the struggle, the uncertainties of which clouded the closing year.

On January 8 the turning in the long lane of disappointments was reached; the fascination exercised by "Twelfth Night" in New York was found as potent in England. Not all at once; the play that was to make the

unprecedented record (for "Twelfth Night") of a hundred performances, began at the bottom of the financial ladder.

Irving's production of "Twelfth Night" was in 1884, and the *London Standard* (January 9, 1894) recalling it, says, "It is inexplicable that in spite of the thoroughly appreciative study of *Malvolio* by Mr. Irving and the infinite charm of Miss Ellen Terry's *Viola*, the work is understood to have proved much the least attractive of the series of Shakespearean revivals for which playgoers are so deeply indebted to the manager of the Lyceum." And yet Irving, it is certain, omitted nothing that taste and experience could add to his production. "In these days," says the *Telegraph* (January 9, 1894), "it is very difficult for a manager to persuade his public to take Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' seriously. Yet Mr. Augustin Daly has performed the miracle with admirable success."

Letters on "Twelfth Night" were received from Burne Jones and from Linley Sambourne (who brought John Tenniel to the play), Julia St. George, who had studied under Samuel Phelps and Macready, Mrs. Crowe (Kate Bateman), who wrote of coming with her old friend Emma Marble, whom she was sure Mr. Daly must "remember about 100 years ago in Brooklyn"; and Mrs. John Wood, who was to bring the famous Mrs. Keeley, and who predicted what was coming to comic actresses in the new "problem play" tidal wave:

"I think my next piece should be Mrs. Rip Van Winkle after the 100 years sleep. It is not my fault I've not acted — it's the authors who are to blame. They won't be funny, and they are driving me to tradegy — I can't even spell the word, how shall I act it? But what is to become of me? I thought *Emilia* in *Othello* would be a nice easy part to begin with. She

walks on and off so much I could get used to the stage — and my black velvet train! Think about this and tell me to-night."

Ambassador Bayard wrote immediately after the first night to sound his "note of admiration in the great chorus." Furness exulted from the other shore:

"Bless thee, bully Daly — it does me good to see your copper-plate handwriting again. Of the success of you and yours in 'Twelfth Night' the cable has already apprised us, and my heart did so joy thereat that I echoed Walt Whitman and gave a barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

The exciting first season in the new theatre closed on May 5, 1894, with "As You Like It." In addition to the arduous duty of appearing in eleven productions in as many months, the actors had participated in several charitable performances and had played again at Stratford. Before leaving England Mr. Daly made an arrangement by which Mr. George Edwardes was to occupy the London theatre with one of his musical productions, but earlier engagements were filled by Mme. Eleanora Duse (June 11) and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt (June 23), and were extremely profitable. The new Daly's Theatre was now firmly established. Mr. Daly's lease ran to Christmas, 1913.

CHAPTER XLIV

Dorney in charge of Daly's, New York, for the season of 1893-1894. Rosina Vokes. Her death. Keller, the magician. Mme. Pilar Morin. Sol Smith Russell. De Koven and Macdonough's "Algerian." James A. Herne and "Shore Acres," — a novelty and a success. Return of Mr. Daly. His new policy. Musical comedies to share the Daly season, and the dramatic company to be divided. Dixey joins the company. The new musical comedy from London, "The Gaiety Girl." Congratulations from abroad on its success. Its great run. "Twelfth Night" with Dixey as *Malvolio*, his first Shakespearian part. The Laetare Medal. Newcomers — Frank Worthing, Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Cecilia Loftus. "Heart of Ruby." Miss Oldcastle. Seventh great Shakespearian revival, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." "A Bundle of Lies." "A Tragedy Rehearsed." The season concludes with the revival of "The Honeymoon."

WHILE Mr. Daly was away Mr. Richard Dorney was left in charge of the home establishment, and had his troubles. Not, however, with Miss Rosina Vokes in her cheerful season, — her last here, for she died at Torquay in January, 1894. Mr. Keller, the prestidigitator, came next, and with him "The Loan of a Lover," with Miss Catharine Lewis, William Gilbert, James K. Hackett, Eugene Jepson, and Wilfred Buckland, made up the bill. Dorney next engaged a company of French pantomimists led by Mdlle. Pilar Morin in a revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue," and then Mr. Sol Smith Russell in "Peaceful Valley," "A Poor Relation," and "April Weather." Then came "The Algerian" by De Koven and Macdonough, and "The Fencing Master" by De Koven and Smith. Up to this time, December, 1893, the season had been running behind financially, but Mr. Dorney was now also to experience

"the Governor's" turn of luck. On Christmas Day Mr. James A. Herne brought his company to the theatre in "Shore Acres." Henry Irving, then playing in New York, paid a visit to Daly's and was delighted with it — Herne as dramatist, actor, and stage manager showed uncommon skill. Stoddard was having a still greater success in the mornings with his illustrated lecture upon a visit to Oberammergau and the Passion Play. It drew crowds, and was given at night when the dramatic season was over.

With the return of Mr. Daly a new policy was announced. During the long visit to England he had been convinced that musical comedies were destined to be permanent attractions everywhere. He arranged with George Edwardes for American seasons of that gentleman's productions, intending to divide the theatrical year between them and his own dramatic season. His company was to be divided for touring purposes, Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert to head one division and Miss Rehan, as a star, the other. The versatile and gifted Henry E. Dixey was engaged for "A Night Off" and "Seven-Twenty-Eight," and both plays were given at a summer season at Daly's.

The first of Edwardes' musical plays now arrived, and its success confirmed Mr. Daly in his purpose of making such entertainments a regular feature of each season. This had been his idea in 1879 when he brought out "The Royal Middy," and was in fact a very old policy revived; for the theatres of a past age maintained companies for drama, music, and even pantomime. For the "Gaiety Girl" Edwardes sent over his own company, a particularly bright one. The enormous success of the piece was cabled to all the London papers, and the news produced telegrams of congratulation from "the London Daly boys and girls" — now playing in the same piece at the London theatre — to their brothers and sisters "the New York Daly boys

and girls." The receipts were immense, and the piece continued until the opening of the regular dramatic season on November 27.

Both dramatic companies united in a revival of "Twelfth Night." Dixey was *Malvolio* (his first Shakespearean part), Sybil Carlisle *Olivia*, and Francis Carlyle *Orsino*. My brother notes in his record that there was "a splendid house" to greet the company after a year's absence. He showed me, by the way, a handsomely engrossed letter signed by the twenty-four members of the staff employed in "the front of the house" at Daly's Theatre, London, wishing him and Miss Rehan and the company "health and success and a safe return to your English home."

While "Twelfth Night" was on the boards, an interesting event took place one afternoon (December 16, 1894) at the Archbishop's house on Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street in the presence of a large number of well known New Yorkers. This was the presentation to my brother by Archbishop Corrigan of the "Laetare Medal," which had been awarded to him by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, on Laetare Sunday (mid-Lent) 1894. On that day the Golden Rose is presented by the Holy See to some sanctuary or to some illustrious personage, according to a custom the origin of which is lost in antiquity; and the University of Notre Dame on the same day awards the honor of a medal to persons in the faith who are distinguished for eminent services.

On December 7 Augustin gave a home-coming supper in the Woffington room to old and new friends, among them Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, Jr., who had very recently come to America with his wife, formerly Miss Cecilia Loftus. She was now with Mr. Daly's company.

The present season at the home theatre turned out

to be one of the hardest working years of its manager's experience. No less than five new pieces were prepared and presented alternately with the revival of nine favorites of past seasons, all staged in the most elaborate fashion. After "Twelfth Night" there was a revival of "Love on Crutches" with Mr. Frank Worthing, the successor of Mr. Bourchier. Then followed "The Taming of the Shrew," and after it came the elaborate production of Madame Judith Gautier's Japanese dramatic spectacle, "La Marchande de Sourires," which had enjoyed a success at the Odéon in Paris, and was adapted by Mr. Huntley McCarthy for Daly's and called "Heart of Ruby." It introduced another new member of the company, the beautiful Miss Maxine Elliott, as *Heart of Ruby*. On the first night the Japanese Consul, Mr. Hashiguchi, and the Japanese Minister to Great Britain, Mr. H. E. Kato, witnessed the play, and the consul, after praising the costumes and speaking of the success of the play in a letter to the manager, added : "The scenery reminded us of our sweet home. During the whole evening I was transported to Japan." The beautiful spectacle, interpreted with rare beauty and intelligence, was, however, thrown away. Its magnificence and novelty did not even excite curiosity, and it was promptly withdrawn. "The Railroad of Love" succeeded it, and was followed by "The Orient Express." A matinée on February 7, 1895, introduced to the public Miss Oldcastle (Countess Castelvecchio) in an entertainment in which she was assisted by a former member of Daly's, Miss May Fielding, and by Mr. Daubigny, Mr. Dixey, and Mdlle. Marco.

The Shakespearian revival of this season, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," took place on February 25, 1895. This play was quite unknown to the modern American stage, having been last seen at the old Park Theatre

in 1846 when Charles Kean and Ellen Tree included it in their repertoire. George Clarke now appeared as *Duke of Milan*, Frank Worthing as *Proteus*, John Craig as *Valentine*, Sidney Herbert as *Thurio*, Maxwell as *Eglamour*, Gollan as *Antonio*, Leclercq as *Panthino*, Lewis as *Launce*, Gresham as *Speed*, Tyrone Power as the *Host*, and Bosworth, Bridgland, and Maclauhran as *Outlaws*. Miss Rehan was *Julia*, Miss Maxine Elliott *Sylvia*, and Miss Carlisle *Lucetta*. The costumes were designed by Graham Robertson and the scenery by Ernest Albert.

Charles Wheatleigh had been cast for *Antonio*, father of *Proteus*, and rehearsed it on February 14, but the same afternoon was taken ill at home and died. His departure, like that of Fisher, was a great loss. He was succeeded later at Daly's by Mr. Edwin Varrey. On March 11 the decease of a celebrated personage, not of the theatre but in one way closely connected with it, was cabled from Paris. This was Worth, who had for so many years draped society and the stage with equal taste and daring.

"Two Gentlemen of Verona" was by no means as popular as the previous Shakespearian revivals. It was alternated with "Nancy & Co." On March 28 a new German farce from the original of Carl Laufs and Wilhelm Jacoby, called "A Bundle of Lies," was produced, and on April 1 Mr. Daly's version of "The Critic" in one act, called "A Tragedy Rehearsed," was revived with Dixey as *Puff*.

All this went on while Mr. Daly was preparing from the repertoire of the past one of those favorites which the modern theatre has unaccountably ignored. This was John Tobin's "Honeymoon." Miss Rehan was absolutely at home in the rôle of the high-spirited and resentful *Juliana*, and so was James Lewis in *Jaques* (the mock

duke). Worthing was a masterful and cynical *Aranza*, and Miss Elliott and Miss Haswell were spirited and beautiful as *Volante* and *Zamora*. Clarke was *Rolando*, Herbert *Montalban*, Owen *Balthazar*, Leclercq *Lampedo*, Sampson *Lopez*, Bridgland *Campillo*, Sheppard *Pedro*, Wharnock *Olmedo*, Miss Voorhees the *Wife of Lopez*, and Mrs. Gilbert *The Hostess*.

The season closed on April 20 with "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After fourteen changes of bill, Augustin this year had not only shown undiminished capacity for incessant work, but his usual lavishness in the face of successive disappointments. "Heart of Ruby," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Honeymoon" received an outlay of care, taste, and invention from which no material return could be expected. He might almost have chosen as his motto at this time, "All for love and nothing for reward."

CHAPTER XLV

Scarcity of suitable plays. London. Luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress to Mr. and Mrs. Daly, Miss Rehan, and the company. Last performance of the Daly company in Daly's London theatre. Preparation of "Le Collier de la Reine" for Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in New York. Clement Scott's opinion of an actor's collaboration. Production of the play. Transition to opera—"Hansel and Gretel" brought to Daly's by Sir Augustus Harris. Another pantomime, "Mdlle. Pygmalion" with Mdlle. Jeanne May. Canada. Montreal. Death of Leclercq. Widmer, excellent chief of orchestra, dies. Regular dramatic season of 1895-1896 begins. A new comedy from the German, "The Transit of Leo," not a success. Bad business generally in theatricals. Richard Mansfield speaks his mind. Miss Maxine Elliott. Her sister Gertrude. "The Two Escutcheons." Project for combining the two parts of "Henry IV" into one play. The first success of this laborious season, "The Countess Gucki," from the German. German and English productions. The company on tour again, and Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in "Romeo and Juliet." Daly's letter from Norfolk, Virginia. Ruins of the old Avon Theatre. Reminiscences of boyish politics in the South. Rose Coghlan in "Madame," produced by Palmer at Daly's. Dinner given to Daly by the Shakespeare Society. Revival of the old Dunlap Society. Death of James Lewis.

DALY was destined to feel, in succeeding seasons, more and more the difficulty of acquiring plays which should fulfil his requirements; and there resulted a continuous strain with very little respite from anxiety.

His company played for six weeks outside of New York and then revisited the London theatre for a season, giving "The Railroad of Love," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Honeymoon," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; the last was a stranger to the later London

theatres, and made a distinct hit. During this visit Mr. and Mrs. Daly, Miss Rehan and the company were the guests of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at a luncheon at the Mansion House, at which were present Ambassador Bayard, representatives of the great London papers, and several London managers.

The season terminated with "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and when the company was enthusiastically called before the curtain at the end, my brother brought forward Mrs. Gilbert to share in the affectionate farewell. She was not in costume, having had no part in the play. This was the last appearance of the Daly Company in Daly's London Theatre. On July 25 Augustin wrote:

"We close here on Wednesday next & I shall not be sorry. If I can afford it I shall try & go to Paris on the 1st of September for a week."

His letter of the 13th of August from Sandhills, where he and Mrs. Daly were Miss Rehan's guests, gives some idea of a manager's vacation :

"I have been very busy the past two days getting *Collier de la Reine* ready for rehearsals in N.Y.—it is rather a tough job to get a play ready for rehearsal when you are on the spot to direct—but it is *rhinoscerian* when you are 3000 miles away from the spot.

I was in Paris for about 36 hours to talk things over with Mrs. Potter & Bellew, & I hope all will go well with them.

I came down here on Saturday last and it has taken me three days to get my head out of the whirl it was in before I left London. I am just today beginning to feel easy. The air is delightful, the quiet is heavenly. We go back to London on the 23rd or 24th. Winter is expected at the Metropole on the 22d. Look him up when you return.

Ever
Brother."

The allusion to Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew and the preparation of "Le Collier de la Reine" was with reference to the engagement of these well-known stars for a season at the home theatre, in a romantic play by Pierre Decourcelles which had had a great run at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. A version in English was made by Clement Scott and afterwards by Charles Henry Metzer for Mr. Daly, and was freely revised by Mr. Bellew himself. Scott's opinion of the value of actors' collaboration in such work is here very plainly expressed :

"My dear Daly :

Honestly I do not think that the First Act has been improved by Bellew's alterations. It may be well to mix up Cagliostro and The Poet — but Cagliostro was a fine bit of character after all. The omission of the scene *inside* the jeweller's shop is, I venture to think, a decided mistake, for the 'swindle' with the Portuguese was a genuine bit of comedy. There is nothing to take its place. The opening to the Porte St. Martin scene is to my mind simple bosh. It has nothing to do with the story. Now the jeweller's shop scene is directly *in* the story and applies to the interest of the Diamond Necklace. I never believe in a play *cut* by an actor. They think only of their own part, never of the play. The first act was too long, but the interest has been cut out and nothing takes its place.

Yours

Clement Scott."

The play was brought out on September 3, 1895, in Daly's New York Theatre, with expensive costumes by Worth, Maurice Hermann, and Mme. Jeanne Taty, and elaborate scenery. Mr. Daly's own company furnished the support for Mrs. Potter, who assumed the parts of *Marie Antoinette* and her supposed double *Olivia*. Mr. Bellew was *de Rohan*, Mr. James K. Hackett *de Charny*, Miss Hosford the *Countess de la Motte*, Henry St. Maur

Cagliostro, Redmond *Louis XVI*, Sampson *St. Landry*, Jepson *Germaine*, Gollan *The Portuguese*, Miss Haswell *Andrée de Taverney*, Miss Sylvie *Dame Clothilde*, and Miss Upham the *Innkeeper's Wife*, in a total cast of thirty-two persons. The stage was as brilliant as a coronation tableau.

The play was frankly made up from the romance of Dumas *père*. The New York papers variously dismissed its dramatic quality as "a wilderness of small-talk and absence of climax." Bellew's *Cardinal* was termed a mere sketch, of which he made the most by an impressive manner and graceful, if conscious, poses. Bellew was then one of the best-known actors on the boards. He was originally brought from England by Wallack to take the place of Tearle, who followed Montague, who replaced Lester Wallack himself as a leading man in the famous company. Mrs. Potter's *Marie Antoinette* was a lovely apparition, and looked, as one critic remarked, as if she had stepped from the frame of a Louis Seize painting. But her speech was marred by many faults of elocution. One writer described her as having "half an ounce of temperament and not a pennyweight of dramatic talent." The fact is that the pluck which sustained her through all the discouragements of her transition from society to the footlights did not impel her to surrender herself to a laborious stage novitiate. Hence she appeared season after season with her native defects uncorrected.

On October 7, 1895, Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" was brought to Daly's by Sir Augustus Harris, manager of Drury Lane. An augmented orchestra was conducted by Herr Anton Seidl.

A musical work of another kind was brought out at Daly's on November 18, 1895. This was Francis Thomé's "Mademoiselle Pygmalion," the book by Michel

Carré and Jean Herbert. It was a play without words, the second attempt made by Daly to produce pantomime. Mdlle. Jeanne May impersonated the two rôles of *Mdlle. Pygmalion*, the sculptor, and of *Pierrot*, the animated statue. The perfection of the company (perhaps half of them Americans) was especially commended. The pantomime was played one week at Daly's and then taken on the road by Mr. Arthur Rehan.

While the home theatre was thus occupied, the whole Daly company played from September 23 to November 18 in Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, Montreal, and Toronto, this being their first visit to Canada. From conservative Montreal I received a letter written on November 6, 1895:

"This place is a half dead-and-alive town — as far as theatricals go — and not over-interesting as a place to stop in, but of course you know it, you must have been here often. To me it seems reminiscent of half a dozen other places, just as the people are patches of other people. The French here are not French (except in sticking by each other & keeping aloof from the English) and the English seem half Scotch, or border-land English at most. Our houses have been miserable."

While the company was travelling this fall, Mr. Leclercq was not with them. An illness which had detained him at home terminated fatally on September 19, 1895, in New York. Another severe loss was sustained by my brother in the death of his *chef d'orchestre*, Henry Widmer, on November 23.

On November 26, 1895, with "The School for Scandal" the regular dramatic season of 1895-1896 began. After two weeks the old comedy was replaced on December 10, 1895, by the latest adaptation from the German, "The Transit of Leo," — in the original "Das Schösskind."

The acting in the play was deservedly praised. 'Mr. Worthing was said to be a worthy successor of Mr. Drew; and the press wrote of Miss Maxine Elliott that under Mr. Daly's tutelage she had "come to the front with a bound. She always was a beautiful figure of a woman, but in the last year she has become an actress." Praise of the acting at the expense of the play itself is the death-knell of a stage production, and we shall not be surprised to learn that "The Transit of Leo" was taken off after but ten representations. While it was on the boards Augustin wrote to me:

"The business I have done this week has been vile. Of course the fortnight before Christmas is always a desperate time, but this is really half the business I have ever done at this season."

There were similar complaints heard from all quarters. Richard Mansfield, who had taken Harrigan's theatre (now the Garrick) after Harrigan had failed in it, and who possessed, in addition to his dramatic talent, a gift for speaking very plainly to the public, abruptly closed his season about this time; and, being called before the curtain on his last night, advanced to the footlights and delivered himself as follows:

"It occurred to me, and it was suggested by some of my *entourage*, that we needed something to eat; and I didn't see that it was possible to obtain the wherewithal to get it so long as I remained in New York. I assure you that there is no place in which it is so difficult to win pecuniary success as in New York, and for that reason I am compelled to go to what you are pleased to call the provinces."

He might have added that there is no place where it is more difficult to retain the public favor after you

have, with infinite pains, succeeded in winning it. Indeed, you may include the whole Union in your statement and not be afraid of contradiction.

While Augustin put in rehearsal another new play, he revived "Twelfth Night"—Miss Rehan, of course, as *Viola*, Worthing now as *Orsino*, Miss Percy Haswell as *Maria*, and Miss Maxine Elliott as *Olivia*. This season Miss Gertrude Elliott was introduced by her sister to Mr. Daly, who heard her recite (she had never yet appeared on the stage) and was much pleased with her.

"Hansel and Gretel" was brought out again for the Christmas holidays on December 23.

On January 7, 1896, Blumenthal and Kadelberg's play "Zwei Wappen," adapted by Sydney Rosenfeld and called "The Two Escutcheons," was presented for the first time in English. Mr. Edwin Stevens, a new acquisition to the company, made his first appearance as the *Baron von Wettingen*. The play ran three weeks.

During the season Daly began to work out a favorite idea, the production of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth" with Part I and Part II combined in a single play, in order to present the character of *Prince Hal* rounded out, and to follow that inimitable creation *Falstaff* through all his amusing rascalities to the final scene of collapse under the rebuke of the new King. The elimination of much of the political matter that goes to make up the "History" would bring the play within the limit of an evening's performance. James Lewis was to be the *Falstaff*, and an idea for Miss Rehan as *Harry of Monmouth* was entertained but subsequently abandoned. A costly and appropriate set of costumes was designed. Furness approved of the plan of consolidating the two parts, and advised as to details. In the middle of the season, however, arrived the manuscript of a new play by

Franz von Schönthan, written expressly for Miss Rehan, and dedicated by the author to her. It was called "Countess Gucki," and was essentially of a high comedy order. Its production took place on January 28, 1896.

The new comedy gave a glimpse of military and official life in Carlsbad in 1819. Germany, lately recovered from the Napoleonic spectre, had resumed its formalism. "Countess Gucki," the witty and independent *Countess Hermance Trachau*, ridicules the method by which her timid, toad-eating sister-in-law *Madame Court Counsellor von Mittersteig* has procured for her simple-minded nephew *Rudolf* the post of Imperial Royal Commissioner for the inspection of Spas. She explains to *Rudolf*, to the consternation of the family :

"Here's the whole story. Your appointment had to come from the Burggraf Colonel von Ellbogen. With that gentleman your aunt had no personal acquaintance, but she did know Mrs. General Koglovich, for whose seven children she had stood godmother. Mrs. Koglovich didn't know the Graf either, but she did know a Mrs. von Hawlaczek, and Mrs. von Hawlaczek has a sister. Unfortunately the sister was not directly acquainted with the Burggraf, but it appears she had just made a present of an exquisitely illuminated missal to the Bishop of Zaym. The Bishop, when a boy, went to school with the Burggraf, and still sends him every year at Michaelmas a keg of gherkins. Well, with the last keg of gherkins went a letter of recommendation in your behalf, in consequence of which you have become Spa Inspector in Carlsbad. All of which proves that you owe the place not to anybody's influence, but to your own merits and those of your family, the Hawlaczezs, the Koglovichs, the sister, the Bishop, the missal and the gherkins, and the Burggraf Colonel von Ellbogen."

The lover, *Horst von Neuhoff*, was Mr. Charles Richman, the latest addition to Daly's company. He played

with ingenuous audacity the brilliant scenes with the Countess and with his uncle the Russian *General Suwatschekf*, Mr. Edwin Stevens.

Conreid's German company performed the original at the Irving Place Theatre while the translation was being played at Daly's, where it ran to the end of the season, which terminated on February 29, 1896.

The London theatre was now packed to the doors by a new musical piece, "The Geisha," so after their American tour the Daly company went to the Comedy Theatre in the Haymarket, where Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who had been excluded from Daly's for the same reason that kept its proprietor out, had been playing her annual London engagement. The Daly company remained at the Comedy Theatre for six weeks, giving "Countess Gucki" and "Love on Crutches." While they were away Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew came to the New York theatre in "Romeo and Juliet," which Mr. Daly produced for them. Mr. Bellew was undoubtedly the best *Romeo* then on the stage, but the journalistic reviews were almost altogether taken up with Mrs. Potter's *Juliet*. They were copious and generally flattering, but dwelt upon defective elocution, untrained voice, and bad method. The result of all the labor of manager and artists is recorded in a line to me from Augustin on March 18: "I cannot understand its dreadful failure. I have had a nightly cold chill as Dorney's telegrams have come to me."

This letter was from New Orleans, where his expectations were also disappointed; he wrote me that Irving had done poorly there too. From Norfolk, Virginia, he wrote (March 29, 1896):

"I cannot restrain the desire to send you a line from Norfolk. . . . I have been spending all my spare time in rambles over our earliest ways & byways. I have located Scott's school,

but I can't find the haunted house near the Old Fields in which our first circus was opened in the old cow shed. I have found the old frame house opposite the old churchyard (the churchyard is built over and a handsome new church is there) but the old porch is there in its pristine ugliness on which 'Cugger' (Cousin) hung lanterns of home make for our first political torch-light procession (Shades of Polk & Dallas rise up before me at the thought); and I even found relics in Dodd's Lane of the earliest house we lived in when we came from Carolina. The old theatre in which we saw our first play is razed to the ground, but the open space filled with broken bricks and huge splinters shows the spot. I had a delightful visit to Eliza Dodd's & they gave me a charming welcome. How brightly come up before me the memories of glorious Eddie Dodd, the hero of my childhood's days, who dragged you out of the marshy water on hearing my appealing cry."

That torchlight procession was in Cass and Butler's campaign against Taylor and Fillmore in 1848, not in Polk and Dallas' successful canvass of 1844, which was too early for our infant support to be availing.

"Romeo and Juliet" at Daly's was succeeded by a revival of "Le Collier de la Reine," on March 26, 1896, and this was followed on April 6 by Miss Rose Coghlan in "Madame," written for her by her brother Charles Coghlan and produced under the management of Mr. A. M. Palmer. After a run of three weeks Miss Coghlan's play was withdrawn, and the necromancer Keller entered upon a season now become as regular an event as that of poor Rosina Vokes used to be.

There were some compensations for the disappointments of a hard season. On April 22, 1896, the Shakespeare Society of New York, through its president Appleton Morgan and a committee, gave Mr. Daly a dinner as a public appreciation of his devotion to the highest standards of dramatic excellence, and, most especially, of his success

in mounting Shakespearian comedy. The dinner was held in Delmonico's on Wednesday, April 22, 1896. There were about eighty guests. Mr. Walter S. Logan presided, having Mr. Daly on his right and Mr. Appleton Morgan on his left. When the tables were cleared, Mr. Logan rose and said :

"We are here to honor the man who has done more than any other man that lives to give to the men and women and children of this generation a practical realization of what Shakespeare said and was."

After a speech by Appleton Morgan, Mr. Daly made an address, in which he said :

". . . It is easy to decide what is the right course to follow to keep the theatre up to high standards. There is no difficulty in deciding what is elevating and healthful, or what is morbid and degrading. The difficulty lies in adhering to your standard when at times it looks as if, instead of the people flocking to it, you had to flock all by yourself.

Some may say, as I have often said to myself, 'Don't give up the principle; be consistent; you know you are right!' but there is a cold cynicism about rows of empty seats which sometimes chills the warmest resolution. The difficulty lies in adhering to your standard in the face of discouragement. I have known every phase of the struggle to make the play-house what it should be: a place where the most thorough entertainment can be had while distinct encouragement is given to the highest literary and artistic efforts.

A man who has a clear purpose in what he does is apt to be a man of single purpose. To that single purpose, rightly or wrongly, all else is subordinated. Fortunately,—and unfortunately, sometimes, too,—everything is made to yield to that one object. Hence, complaints of the man's method of doing business, of his manners, and of his so-called 'peculiar ways.'

Perhaps it does not tend to make a man companionable or sociable or clubable to have engrossing ambitions and unsatisfied longings for still higher achievements, which apply a continual spur to exertion. It does not make a man tolerant of easy-going indifference, nor of critical raillery. It may, in truth, sow his path with small resentments. There are a great many more talkers than doers in the world. If the workers have little time to spend with the talkers, the talkers, being in the majority, make up a reputation for them the reverse of agreeable. But this is only by the way.

. . . I know what has been said about the great advantage to a country to have a theatre supported by a permanent fund and protected from the vicissitudes of fortune, owing to the fickleness of public favor. But I do not believe the end is obtainable. There are two propositions for such a theatre: One is an establishment by the Government. But that might as well be dismissed at once, for if it has not been established in Great Britain, which has produced the chief literary glories of the English stage and a succession of the most resplendent dramatic geniuses, under managers thoroughly imbued with the correct view of their duty; if a legislature of which one house includes men who might be called the hereditary patrons of every form of art,—if such a Government has not thought it wise or feasible to establish a national theatre, we have no reason to expect it in our own country.

There is then the other proposition: The endowment of a national theatre by private subscription. The laudable object in view, that is to say, the establishment of a theatre which should be kept open in all seasons of the year, so as to afford at all times rational and elevating dramatic entertainment, would, I am quite sure, be an inducement to hundreds of men of means to contribute to such a purpose; and, starting with that prospective, I could paint a most alluring picture of a dramatic millennium in this country.

I would picture, to begin with, five or more of our great cities having each endowed such an institution and placed it in charge of a competent manager! Because I do not for one moment

imagine that the end in view will be attained by one theatre in one city, any more than the establishment of one library in one city would satisfy the general need. Each city should, therefore, have its own endowed theatre.

Emulative of each other's efforts, the several managers would produce the most novel, the most original and the most resplendent effects, and these, after charming their own public, would be exchanged with the other theatres for their productions, so that the whole country would enjoy in succession the fruit of the highest culture in the most fascinating of all entertainments; and, amusement and instruction going hand in hand, the public would be gradually weaned from all lower and coarser forms of stage attraction. But an endowed theatre, like a silver purchase bill, would have a host of enemies from the start. And here would begin the outcry. Why not an endowed magazine or an endowed daily newspaper? Why give one favored profession, that of the stage, life offices at handsome salaries, while members of another profession have to struggle with the fickleness of the public? And you may imagine what it would be if the endowed theatre and the endowed manager did not possess the entire friendship of the press. The public would still be affected by the criticism of its favorite newspapers, and the whole effect of the national theatre would be lost if there were no concurrence of opinions favorable to its work.

I foresee for the manager of such a theatre a life of trials, a continual running the gauntlet of critical assaults upon the occasion of every fresh production — for his unfortunate choice of pieces too old or too new, for his unfortunate leaning to a particular school of the drama, for his unfortunate choice of performers, to begin with, by which with signal fatuity he selects for the luxurious ease of the endowed establishment the very last persons whom the writers would have named for that house (not that any two writers would themselves agree on this point); for his unfortunate distribution of cast by which Mr. Blank (who would have been an ideal Rosencranz) has been so oddly dumped, so to speak, into the part of Guildenstern, while the many

admirers of that tried and charming favorite, Miss Dash, will learn with regret that she has been gradually supplanted by Miss Starr, who has little besides her youth and a certain measure of good looks to recommend her.

I foresee also for the trustees of the endowed theatre a life of wretchedness, beginning with the choice of a manager. If he be a person of experience, then he is 'surrounded by his favorites,' and no beginner has a chance with him either as actor or playwright, and we shall be treated to his well-known method of 'overloading the classics with tinsel and noisy music.' If he be a person of no experience, then the novice is to be educated at the expense of the stockholders, whose money is to be frittered away in experiments.

Assailed by the stockholders, who are in turn tormented by dark insinuations from outside on all these topics, and as many more as your ingenuity may suggest, the managing trustees goad their servant, the manager, to frenzy, and the whole establishment becomes hopelessly at variance.

And when a production of the endowed theatre fails to win popular favor, what an outcry! And this is sure to be the fate of the productions there, for the process of educating the public is slow. Then comes the climax — resignation of managers, resignation of directors, stockholders selling out in disgust. The quarrels of the leaders distract the public, which silently repairs to the music hall again. And so the curtain is rung down on the endowed theatre.

Perhaps it will be said that I have dwelt upon the minor vexations attendant upon a great scheme, forgetting that great minds will be found to persevere under worse irritations. I grant it, and managers have persevered under some such afflictions, and have resolutely gone on and trampled upon difficulty after difficulty — disheartening criticism, covert attack, and what is harder to bear, the studied ignoring of the genuine effort of a whole lifetime. But such managers have not had endowed theatres. The mental and moral fibre that wins in such conflicts is formed by conditions of grave responsibility which cannot exist when the success or failure of the theatre does not

depend upon the favor of the public nor upon the personal exertion of manager and company.

An endowed theatre will be always subject to the same influences which affect state or court theatres in other countries. And the most potent are always the personal wishes and preferences of ‘the powers that be.’

. . . And what a debt does the manager owe the actor! Managers have not the reputation of recognizing this obligation. It would be entirely unjust to complain of the want of it in the ‘janitor manager,’ for he is not expected to know what an actor is. He deals with combinations only, and may know as little of their component parts as he does of the parts of his watch. It is sufficient for him that they go. I speak of the manager who has trained men and women in the higher walks of the drama, who has been more pleased to see the first dawn of promise in a beginner than to see growing houses, who has exulted in seeing his company play to great audiences, not because it means so much profit, but because it was the highest appreciation of his creation; and the creation of the manager is the perfectly acted performance. . . .”

General Porter ended his speech with these words :

“We owe a debt in this community — yes, a debt on two continents now — to Mr. Daly for his masterly Shakespearian achievements. He has won the title due to honor of which he can never be dispossessed. He will make his name venerable to posterity, and I think we may say to him what a character in Shakespeare said to another: ‘Sir, I have nought but thanks for you and so have my parishioners, for our senses have been well tutored by you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.’”

About this time the old “Dunlap Society” was revived by Augustin’s friend and early patron Douglas Taylor, for the collection and preservation of records relating to the theatre in America. Taylor was a lover of the theatre, an associate of most of the famous actors and

managers of his time, a well-known newspaper man, and once a political power in New York. The first publication of his Dunlap Society (1896) was a paper by the Honorable Charles P. Daly, entitled "First Theatre in America; An inquiry including a consideration of the objections that have been made to the stage." It was rewritten by the aged jurist from a paper read by him to the New York Historical Society more than thirty years before, and published at the time in the *Evening Post*, which issued it also in pamphlet form. Mr. Taylor wrote to Augustin that "the dear old judge took 8 years to write & rewrite it."

Before my brother left for Europe (July 1, 1896) he was much grieved by the loss of a faithful friend, his colored servant Romey Simmons. News of another death before his departure greatly shocked Augustin. Sir Augustus Harris, who had been in New York with him a few months before to produce "Hansel and Gretel," died at Folkestone on June 22. Harris became an actor in 1873 and manager of Drury Lane Theatre in 1879. While manager, he was elected Sheriff of London, and was knighted in 1891 on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Germany to England. He was popular with the press, and was the recipient of an address and testimonial in May, 1894, "in recognition of his services in reestablishing opera in England."

After the return of the company, including James Lewis, from England, news came of the death of that popular and esteemed actor at his country place in Westhampton, Long Island, on September 10, 1896, of an affection of the heart. His loss to the theatre was well-nigh irreparable, but it was as nothing compared to the void made in an artistic and friendly companionship of twenty-five years. He was of the same age as his



JAMES LEWIS

manager. In their long association there were moments of irritation on both sides, but the deep-seated mutual respect they felt made such differences trivial. Lewis regarded Daly as the creator of his career. Of all the thousands who witnessed Lewis' impersonations, none enjoyed them more than his manager. After some particularly good bit, Lewis and my brother, meeting for an instant behind the scene, would exchange a glance from kindling eyes. No words were needed to tell the artist that he had fulfilled the ideal of the author and director. Often, on the first night of a play or at a dress rehearsal, Lewis would surprise and delight the manager by the novelty and felicity of his make-up, of which art he was a born master. Without being grotesque or extravagant, his very clothes talked. He once appeared in a hat that was a whole comic almanac. Some critics have said that there was no variety in the tones of his voice, that whatever his disguise, he was always Lewis; but the singular fact was that no matter what his part might be, the voice suited it perfectly.

Glimpses afforded of his private life showed that his tastes were simple and altogether domestic. His record was that of a well-ordered life spent in giving innocent amusement to his fellow creatures.

The throng in church was a great representation of personal friends. No more sincere regard ever accompanied a public man to his rest. My brother wrote to Miss Rehan:

“Sunday Evening.

I went to his house last night after dinner. . . . I could not keep back my tears. He had been studying ‘Falstaff’ during Wednesday afternoon, & teaching the Drew & Barrymore children to dance in the early evening. . . .

Abbey and myself headed the band of Pallbearers: Drew and Clarke: Shoeffel and Sol Russell: Dr. Curtis & Sampson followed. . . .

It does not seem possible to me. . . .”

CHAPTER XLVI

Business depression. Mansfield closes the Garrick theatre and Palmer surrenders Wallack's. Daly's aptitude for staging musical comedies. Great success of "The Geisha." Miss Mabelle Gilman. Miss Isadora Duncan. The regular dramatic season opens late with "As You Like It." Death of Mrs. Mary Scott-Siddons, of Sarony and of Abbey. Revival of "London Assurance." "Memories of Daly's Theatres," by E. A. Dithmar. "The School for Scandal." "Much Ado About Nothing." "The Magistrate." "Guy Mannering" in a new dress. Forgotten music heard again. "The Wonder." Revival of "The Tempest" well received. Miss Rehan at first not in the cast. Last night of the season. Farewell speech. Miss Rehan has suffered from overwork. The manager grateful that any public exists for dramatic art. "The Circus Girl."

THE present season continued generally to be as unfavorable as its predecessor to the "legitimate drama." Mr. Richard Mansfield, one of the most gifted actors of his time, was not only forced to close his own theatre after three days, but had to give up his lease before he had enjoyed one of the five years of the term. Without citing all the instances of ill success this year and next, it is enough to say that early in the present season Mr. A. M. Palmer was compelled to surrender his theatre (formerly Wallack's) to Mr. Theodore Moss, the proprietor, who resumed possession, and on December 7, 1896, restored its old and honored name. Palmer had been in management twenty-five years and had occupied at least four New York theatres. He claimed to be merely a business man, and he was a judicious buyer of plays that had made their mark, and an employer of actors of established repu-

tation. He expended what was needed upon his productions, but spent nothing upon his theatres. He was a great favorite with the press, owing to his accessibility and affability, his time being at everybody's disposal and everybody being taken into his confidence. And yet he failed. At the last, he tried to organize among individual managers opposition to the trusts and syndicates which were then spreading over the whole theatrical field; but the fact was that those merchants in theatres were operating along his own line, only with greater capital and daring.

Daly's season opened on September 9, 1896, with "The Geisha," a pretty musical comedy which was still crowding Daly's Theatre in London. As far back as 1893 a New York critic (in *The Recorder*, February 22) had written :

"Mr. Daly alone of all our managers is the one qualified to establish comic opera in this city. Mr. Daly alone combines the essential qualities for dealing with both sides of the foot-lights. . . . He alone is an actual producer. He selects and often adapts his plays, assigns the various rôles, personally conducts every rehearsal from the first to the last, directs the painting of the scenery, supervises the making of the costumes and chooses every piece of furniture used upon the stage."

In the "Geisha" company was Miss Mabelle Gilman, who had been engaged in San Francisco on Mr. Daly's last visit there. She was but eighteen years of age, a graduate of Mills College, and a pupil of Mme. Julie Rosenwald. After her apprenticeship in the chorus of Daly's she was promoted to understudy the principals, and in a subsequent season was competent to take leading rôles, as she possessed, together with a fine voice, fine features, and great vivacity, a self-possession and endurance in exacting parts remarkable in one so young. My

brother's opinion of her ingenuousness as well as of her talent was freely expressed to me. Miss Isadora Duncan also made her début as one of the geishas.

"The Geisha" proved such a favorite that it was played 161 times during this season, and was even revived the following year. The public appetite for it in fact was insatiable. Towards the holidays Miss Nancy McIntosh and Miss Virginia Earle took the places of Miss Dorothy Morton and Miss Violet Lloyd when those ladies went on tour with the piece.

"As You Like It" on November 23, 1896, opened the dramatic season, and Miss Rehan was welcomed back by a large audience. Richman was *Orlando*, Stevens the *banished Duke*, Varrey *Adam*, and Herbert Gresham appeared for the first time in New York in *Touchstone*.

"As You Like It" had been produced in 1869 in the Fifth Avenue Theatre for the charming little Mrs. Scott-Siddons—Mary Frances Siddons. News came from Paris on November 19, 1896, of the death of that fairy-like *Rosalind*; only a few months before she had turned to my brother in a difficulty as to an old friend. In the same month also departed one of the best-known men in the theatrical world—Sarony the photographer, in his own line a great artist. Hardly more than a week before Sarony's death, Henry E. Abbey had died, a manager whose success was not equal to his merits. The present Knickerbocker Theatre was built for him, and opened as Abbey's Theatre in 1893 with Irving in "Becket." It passed into the hands of the syndicate early this year.

"London Assurance" was brought out on November 30, 1896, for the first time in many years. It was now presented in four acts instead of five, and with costumes not, as customary, in the current fashion, but of 1840, the period of the play. Why "London Assurance" should have

retained a hold upon the stage was as much a subject of discussion in the press as why it should be classed as an “old comedy.” It was a modern piece — its author Dion Boucicault was still alive. As to its popularity, its language is stilted, its sentiment hollow, and its incidents improbable; but its theatrical merit is in its actable rôles, especially that of *Lady Gay Spanker*, now presented by Miss Rehan for the first time. George Clarke was *Dazzle*, Stevens *Sir Harcourt*, Richman *Charles*, Gresham *Meddle*, Varrey *Max Harkaway*, Truesdell *Cool*, Herbert *Dolly Spanker*, Miss Haswell *Grace*, and Miss Rutter *Pert*. On the first night each visitor received a copy of “Memories of Daly’s Theatres,” a history of Daly’s productions written by Mr. E. A. Dithmar, and privately printed for the patrons of the theatre.

According to programme, “The School for Scandal” was revived on December 14, and followed by “Much Ado About Nothing,” splendidly produced for the first time by Mr. Daly on December 21. Devotion to dramatic art was never better shown than by so costly a production at such a time. The theatre might, with great profit to the treasury, have been given over entirely to the musical productions which now alone seemed likely to fill it. “The Geisha” had attained its hundredth representation when Shakespeare’s splendid comedy was produced.

The cast of the play presented Gresham as *Don Pedro*, Herbert as *Don John*, Craig as *Claudio*, Richman as *Benedick*, Clarke as *Leonato*, Power as *Antonio*, Hazeltine as *Borachio*, Bosworth as *Conrade*, McKay as *Balthazar*, Truesdell as the *Messenger*, Varrey as *Friar Francis*, Griffiths as *Dogberry*, Sampson as *Verges*, Pratt as *Seacoal*, Shepherd as *Oatcake*, Lewis as *Sexton*, Miss Rehan as *Beatrice*, Miss McIntosh as *Hero*, Mrs. Gilbert as *Ursula*,

Miss St. John as *Margaret*, and Miss Hathaway as *Imogen* (mother of *Hero*, and never before this time recorded as having been presented on the stage). The play concluded with a mediæval dance by the principal characters. The scenery was painted from the models of the Théâtre Odéon of Paris.

Within ten years prior to this production, "Much Ado About Nothing" had been played in New York by Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, by Madame Modjeska as one of her stock pieces, and by Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, and Madame Modjeska together in a special season at the Broadway Theatre in 1889.

It was remarked that the most striking of the male characters was Herbert's *Don John of Austria*. This mere sketch of a part grew by the actor's dress and demeanor into a finished picture of malignity. A lady who stepped in one night from light opera to the Shakespearian stage, Miss Nancy McIntosh, played *Hero* with sympathy. Miss Rehan's reading of *Beatrice* was based upon the descriptive lines "disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes," but nevertheless she had evidently been "born under a merry, dancing star." There was no attempt among the journalists to compare her impersonation with that of any of the distinguished actresses who had been seen in the part, and that was wise; for *Beatrice* is a rôle that takes on the personality of the player. We cannot but think her too fine a spirit for any of the men about her, and we cannot but feel that she knew it. During the preparation of the revival, Mr. Furness wrote to Miss Rehan:

"Wallingford, Delaware County, Penn.

Dear Ada Rehan,

A letter from him whom Mrs. Gilbert (bless her) calls The Master tells me that you are to act *Beatrice*, and it delights

me. A delight which is purely unselfish — for even if I see you therein, which is doubtful, I cannot hear a single word. Therefore I am all the more anxious for Beatrice's sake that you should not malign her and Benedick by wrongly emphasizing one little phrase, which, as far as I know, is universally misunderstood. 'Tis in the scene in the Church when Beatrice and Benedick are left alone after poor Hero has been led away by the Friar — Benedick asks 'May a man do it?' and Beatrice replies 'It is a man's office — not yours.' This is generally accepted as bitter sarcasm, which I think is utterly wrong.

It is really a confession of love, and should be uttered sadly — almost tenderly. Had it been sarcasm, Benedick would have been stung to the quick — whereas it elicits almost a declaration of love on his part.

It was a man's duty inasmuch as the quarrel should be taken up by a brother — or a cousin, or a very near relation. The privilege of that relationship Benedick had not then, but were he Beatrice's accepted lover — then he might claim the right of vindicating Hero's honor. And in Beatrice's words there should be heard the faint echo of an exquisite confession of love.

If course I am gabbing like a tinker to one whose thorough dramatic instinct had detected all this at once, but I tremble lest this instinct should be overborne by tradition, and hence the impertinence of thus writing to you. Forgive — tear this up and remember only that I am

Yours full of admiration
and regard
Horace Howard Furness.

II Oct. 96.

I have written in such a hurry I cannot think what I've said — re-read I dare not."

It would be agreeable to linger over the memories of this lovely performance of "Much Ado About Nothing," upon which my brother had expended himself, and of which he wrote to me simply, in reply to my letter of congratulation :

"I'm glad you liked *Much Ado*. The close application (including 3 nights of all night work) nearly laid me up."

The run of the Shakespearian comedy was prolonged until well into the new year, and was succeeded by a revival of Pinero's "Magistrate" on February 8, 1897, for the first time in nine years. Lewis' part (*Mr. Posket*) was first essayed by Mr. Edwin Stevens, and after he resigned from the theatre, by Mr. Tyrone Power. Drew's part was played by Gresham and Skinner's by Herbert — both with excellent effect.

Scott's "Guy Mannering" was given on March 12 under the name of "Meg Merrilies, or the Witch of Ellangowan," with the original music by Bishop. Miss Virginia Earl (*Flora*), Miss Haswell (*Lucy*), Miss McIntosh (*Julia*), Neil McKay (*Harry Bertram*), and Gresham (*Dandie Dinmont*) rendered the almost forgotten airs with inspiring effect. Tyrone Power was *Dominie Sampson*, Mrs. Gilbert *Mrs. McCandish*, Clarke *Hatterack*, Sampson *Muckle-thrift*, Craig *Colonel Mannering*, and Herbert *Glossin*. In the prologue a gypsy dance was executed by Misses Isadora Duncan, Mabel Thompson, and Helma Nelson. The prologue was a feature of Mr. Daly's version, and showed the destruction of the homes of the gypsy tribe, an act which inspired the then youthful Meg Merrilies with the hatred that smouldered in her spirit ever after. Miss Rehan played *Meg*, and presented vividly the contrast between the wild beauty and high courage of the young gypsy and her stern yet not repulsive old age. The new dramatized version was the work of Mr. Robert Chambers, and was based partly on Scott's novel and partly on the dramatization of it by one Daniel Terry, made in Scott's lifetime and with his approval, which was used by Miss Charlotte Cushman in the performances which are indissolubly connected with her fame.

"The Wonder: A Woman Keeps a Secret" succeeded "Meg Merrilies" and was produced March 23, 1897, for the first time in twenty years in New York, and nearly two hundred years after it came from the pen of Susanna Freeman Centlivre, whose posthumous popularity is greater than that of more brilliant contemporaries. Mrs. Oldfield was the first *Donna Violante*, and Ellen Tree one of the latest. It was a favorite part of Mrs. Jordan's. The part of *Violante* in Miss Rehan's hands was developed to the utmost of its enlivening possibilities. Richman as *Don Felix*, the perplexed and passionate, made a conspicuous success. The two waiting women, *Flora* and *Inis*, have always been conspicuous stage favorites, and became so again in the hands of Miss Earle (who gave a song in Spanish) and Miss Grace Rutter.

On April 6 "The Tempest" was brought out for the first time under the Daly management, and completed the important list of old plays promised for the season. It had been long in preparation. Percy Anderson designed the dresses. The music of Arne and Purcell was arranged by Mr. Frederic Ecke, together with the less known compositions of Karl Taubert prepared for Maximilian of Bavaria. This play had been produced as a spectacle in March, 1869, at the Grand Opera House under the lavish proprietorship of James Fisk, Jr., but the engagement of E. L. Davenport for *Prospero* lent the production dignity. Davidge was then *Caliban* and Frank Mayo *Ferdinand*. When Burton produced "The Tempest" in 1853 he was the *Caliban*, and the same character was chosen by that heavy tragedian, Edward Eddy, for his production a little later at the Bowery. Eminent comic and tragic artists are always attracted by the rôle. The expense of the necessary machinery for the wizard effects has restrained the frequent staging of this entrancing play.

George Clarke was *Prospero*, Richman *Ferdinand*, Herbert *Alonzo*, Craig *Sebastian*, Hazeltine *Antonio*, Varrey *Gonsalo*, Tyrone Power *Caliban*, Gresham *Stephano*, Griffiths *Trinculo*, Truesdell *Adrian*, Bosworth *Francisco*, Miss McIntosh *Miranda*, and Miss Earle *Ariel*.

Mr. J. Ranken Towse in *The Evening Post*, speaking of this being the first representation of the play for more than a quarter of a century, said that it must have been as great a novelty to the vast majority of the assembled audience as "it was a delightful entertainment to all who had the good fortune to witness it. The debt that the intelligent playgoing public owed to Mr. Daly for his preservation of many notable works from the oblivion to which they had been assigned by less enterprising and less discerning managers was already heavy, and it has been increased largely by this his latest and in some respects most notable and successful achievement, the ripe product of many long years of labor and experiment. It is probably safe to say that this fanciful work has never received more delicate, graceful or imaginative poetical treatment."

Miss Rehan was not in the cast, and the *Sun* said that the actual novelty of this first night was Miss Rehan sitting in front looking at the play.

The dramatic season closed on April 24, 1897. In the last week of "The Tempest" Miss Rehan appeared as *Miranda* and Miss Haswell as *Ariel*, Miss McIntosh and Miss Earle being fully engaged in rehearsing a new musical comedy. Of Miss Rehan's *Miranda*, it was said that:

"Simplicity, the most difficult thing in art and the loveliest, has not at any time been more completely sustained than by this artist in this most exacting trial of her resources and capacity."

On the last night "Much Ado About Nothing" was revived for the farewell, and everybody was called before the curtain. Mr. Daly said in part:

"I am glad you have given me this opportunity, ladies and gentlemen, to express my gratefulness for your support and encouragement. It has been a season of most arduous labor, and that we have found any public whatever for our efforts to maintain the best traditions of what is best in the drama is indeed a thing to be grateful for.

You will share with me I know the regret that Miss Rehan's health has suffered under the strain of the creation of five new parts, for that is her record since last October.

Before we return to you we shall have visited the principal cities of England, beginning at Stratford-on-Avon, where Miss Rehan will give an open-air performance of Rosalind in August.

Next winter we shall make two important productions — Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice,' and Joan of Arc in a new stage version of that remarkable history prepared expressly for Miss Rehan.

These hopes and promises, I trust, will help to keep our coming in pleasurable anticipation, and until then let me again thank you for all your favor this season, and to wish you for Miss Rehan and my company, good night."

A new musical play, "The Circus Girl," was brought out at once (April 23, 1897), and filled the theatre until the beginning of summer; its withdrawal then was only temporary, and its run was resumed before the autumn.

CHAPTER XLVII

Charity benefits. Poor Jennie Worrell. A theatrical critic of 1847 — Douglas Taylor. Oakey Hall and the blues. Gratitude of a débutante. A. M. Palmer takes a theatre in Chicago. The Shakespeare Society raising subscriptions to buy Poe's cottage. A reminder of "Horizon." The *Century Magazine* and Thackeray's correspondence. Seymour's drawings for "Pictorial Pickwickiana." A chief of police "drops into poetry." Sargent's portrait of Miss Rehan. Daly company in England. Open air performance at Stratford interrupted by a sudden shower. Loving-cup for Sir Spencer Ponsonby. Results of the English provincial tour. New York season of 1897-1898 begins late, with "The Taming of the Shrew." Drop in the business. Available plays, even from "the German," scarce. Daly's depression over the prospect. New play, "Number 9: Or the Lady of Ostend," a failure here, although a success in England. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" revived. Murder of Terriss. Daly as a bibliomaniac. January 1, 1898, the birthday of Greater New York. Mayor Van Wyck appoints Daly on the Celebration Committee. "Subtleties of Jealousy." Last performance at Daly's of "Twelfth Night," "The Country Girl," and "As You Like It." "Lili Tse." "La Poupée." Benefit for Rose Coghlan. Death of Mrs. Drew the elder.

It had been hard work to keep the theatre going during the past two or three seasons, and without the aid of the musical plays it might have been impossible; but Daly had as usual been able to give his theatre and company for several charity benefits, which netted large returns for their objects, and to alleviate the distresses of some of the waifs and strays of the profession; among others, poor Jennie Worrell, who often related her troubles to him in her wild way and terrible scrawl. She wrote at last:

"Dear Tony Pastor and yourself have been the only two fast friends which have stuck to me in the hour of need. These ladies have been more than kind but I cannot ask them too much. A little, dear Mr. Daly, will start me on the road of life once more and give me the chance to be something like the Jennie Worrell of old. . . . A line to let me know I am not forgotten by all. . . . With kindest memories."

Among the visitors to "The Tempest" was our old friend Douglas Taylor, who was not only president of the Dunlap Society, but as he said, "a theatrical critic of 1847." It may be noted here that Mr. Taylor survived until 1912, with his love of literature, the drama, old friends, and old associations undiminished. Another old friend, A. Oakey Hall, was always bidden to the Shakespearian first nights. This year he wrote to my brother, "Your cheery letter modifies my now habitual blues, for it is so hard to be a 'has been,' as in my 70th year, I realize that I am." He was a steadfast journalist to the last, however, and ever young in spirit. He died in October, 1898, and the journals of the day noticed at length the passing of a man associated in the public mind exclusively with the active politics of New York, but who cared far less for them than for books and the stage.

The manager's correspondence shows that in his dramatic company he had placed more than one protégé of old friends, among them Miss Marie Stuart, niece of Miss Blanche Willis Howard, and Eric Scott, son of Clement Scott. A letter from a young lady newly become a member of the company thanks him for the arrangements made for the comfort of the players while travelling; she supposes that "the company is so spoilt that they take it all as a matter of course"; but herself thinks "they have the kindest 'governor' in the world." A. M.

Palmer writes (December, 1896) that he has begun in a new field and taken the management of the Great Northern Theatre in Chicago. A letter from Mr. Garrison Grey Fiske states that the New York Shakespeare Society is raising by subscription a fund to buy the Poe Cottage; and Augustin is reminded of his early play "Horizon" by a letter from Mr. Atherton Burnett of the Boston Press Club, who believes that that play had served as inspiration for the authors of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Shenandoah," "Northern Lights," and other popular American dramas.

Augustin had the pleasure of obliging (or trying to oblige) his friends of the *Century Magazine*, who contemplated a paper on Thackeray's correspondence, by placing at their disposal his collection of the great novelist's letters to Mrs. Brookfield, which he had acquired a short time before from a London bookseller (Pearson). The consent of Smith & Elder, who had the copyright of Thackeray's writings, had to be obtained, and also the permission of Mrs. Ritchie, the novelist's daughter. The latter was not procurable, and the collection was returned to Mr. Daly. He also complied with the request of Mr. Frank Sabin on behalf of Mr. Joseph Grego for the use of his collection of Seymour's original drawings for "Pickwick Papers" (bought at Sotheby's in 1889) for Mr. Grego's book, "Pictorial Pickwickiana," which was to be published by Chapman & Hall, and which to be complete required the series in Mr. Daly's possession. It was "the most important and interesting feature of the publication," according to Mr. Grego, who thought that the last sketch, "The Pickwickians in Wardle's Kitchen," disproved the contention that Seymour's illustrations grew out of the narrative, because when the unfortunate artist put an end to his career there were only twenty-four

pages of *Pickwick* in type, and the scene depicted in the sketch occurs on page 50.

Those who believe, upon authority with which we are familiar, that a policeman's lot is not a happy one, must reckon with the instances in which those stern guardians are found courting the muses. When Mr. Peter Conlin was appointed Chief of Police of New York (February, 1896), my brother recalled that the appointee was the brother of William J. Florence, and was a small boy in the old days of Grand and Ridge streets when the Bryants and "Billy" were amateur minstrels thereabouts, and so wrote him a letter of congratulation; to which the chief replied in a handsome epistle, concluding à la Wegg:

"Those happy days of boyhood! I think of them
Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chains have bound me.

And it is then that

Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me."

And he thanks Mr. Daly again for his very kind letter.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Kate Whitin, Mr. Daly had the pleasure of exhibiting for a season in the lobby of the theatre Sargent's portrait of Miss Rehan. The photographs of this admirable picture do not convey an adequate idea of the artist's work.

The Daly company sailed for England in the summer of 1897. The English season began with the open air performance of "As You Like It" on the lawn of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford. The occasion was made much of by the London and provincial journals and by the American papers. Miss Frances Johnston went down from London to take pictures for *Harper's*.

A summer shower in the midst of the performance compelled the players and the audience to adjourn to the Memorial Theatre, which was immediately filled from bottom to top; a great throng had to remain in the lobbies. On May 10, 1898, Mr. Hutchings, Mayor of Stratford, wrote that the Executive Committee of the Memorial had "honored themselves and the institution" by making Miss Rehan a Life Governor, and wished Mr. Daly to tell her that

"we find she is now as thoroughly identified with our good old Town and all its prized associations as if she lived amongst us, as I know she does in spirit."

The Governors of the Memorial thanked Mr. Daly (October 23, 1898) for a bronze bust of Miss Rehan as *Katherine*, which they placed in the library building.

From Stratford the company went to Newcastle, Birmingham, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and Manchester. Performances in London were given at the Grand Theatre, Islington, for two weeks to audiences that filled that vast playhouse to see "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "The School for Scandal," and "The Last Word." These occasions, the last on which the members of the Daly company were seen together in Europe, received very appreciative notices and were graphically illustrated in the picture-papers. The English tour terminated on October 25, 1897, and the company returned to America.

Before he himself sailed for home, Augustin joined in the movement got up among theatrical people in London to present Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane with a silver loving cup on the occasion of his golden wedding anniversary. My brother's fifty-ninth birthday was celebrated by a little fête with friends in London. My letter

of congratulation reached him in time for a reply on the day itself. He speaks of convalescence after an operation, and says that he was up and out after it so soon that "they call me a very remarkable man. But you know out of doors is my best tonic;" and he concludes with reference to his coming season in New York:

"I think everything would go well with me at home if I had a new play — but I seem to search in vain for one."

Of the English tour just finished he wrote on September 23 from Edinburgh. "An original old Scotch mist -- varying between-times to a braw wee bit of a Caledonian drizzle" had settled upon the town:

"So far our English tour has filled our hearts with pride, but alas! our pockets (or mine at least) have not been filled with pounds, no, nor even with pence — emptied of both, rather. But we hear on all sides 'the country is poor.' Birmingham was an exception, there we had both praise and pence. Indeed the enthusiasm was almost London-like, while my receipts were quite as good as Boston gave me last spring and autumn.

I shall be glad to get home. Indeed I have been homesick any time the past month. Have had excellent health until the Newcastle week, when I felt the results of the open-air business at Stratford — a malarial fever and a cold. . . . I am quite over that, however, and am now feeling more myself.

I got two very good plays here: one an admirable farce comedy (German), one of a higher order (French). I want to open in one or the other Nov. 20."

The new plays of which Augustin wrote hopefully were "Number 9: Or The Lady of Ostend," and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont."

The New York season began on August 16, 1897, with the resumption of "The Circus Girl," which continued

until November 8, when, after a brief revival of "The Geisha," the regular dramatic season commenced. On November 29, "The Taming of the Shrew" was welcomed by a brilliant house. Wilfred Clarke played *Grumio*; he was an ideal impersonator of Shakespearian clowns. Augustin wrote me that the next night was "beastly bad." He sent me, with this note, a comedy by von Schönthan, "Jugendfreunde," just received. I found it enjoyable in dialogue, with contrasting characters, but of very light texture, and a plot not likely to excite serious interest.

On December 3 (when I got the customary birthday letter from him) I found that my brother was harassed by "a long rehearsal," and anxious about Miss Rehan's health and the state of business, but wondering whether he might not "rust into nothingness" if he did not "have two or three things at a time to worry about."

It was a rehearsal of "Number 9: Or the Lady of Ostend" that he found so fatiguing. The play was brought out on December 9, 1897. It was an adaptation by Sir Francis Burnand from the German of Blumenthal and Kadelburg, and the result was what in old days would have been styled "a screaming farce." A moving picture of the beach at Ostend discloses a gentleman (who has a wife at home) seated cosily beside a young woman who happens to be the betrothed of a highly sensitive professional pugilist. That jealous individual recognizes the group in a moving picture show, and thenceforth devotes himself with blood in his eye to the pursuit and discovery of the married gentleman. The play was for many years attractive to British audiences, but it made no impression at Daly's. It was exceedingly well acted by Richman, Joseph Herbert, Cyril Scott, Owen, Hazeltine, Pratt, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Irene Perry

(her first appearance at this theatre), and Miss Lettice Fairfax, who made in it her first appearance in the Daly company. Both young ladies were most favorably noticed by the press, and Mr. Richman was particularly commended for his playing of an Irish gentleman — always a popular rôle, by the way, on the American stage. The whole performance was on the plane of comedy rather than of farce. "Number 9" lasted three weeks, and "The Geisha" was put on until December 20, when "The Taming of the Shrew" was revived. Preparations were being pushed forward for the production, after twelve years, of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

In the month of December, 1897, William Terriss was assassinated at the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre, London, by a worthless character whom he had often befriended. The crime was the murderous impulse of a low intelligence degenerating into insanity. Poor Terriss was taken into the theatre, and there died, surrounded by his afflicted associates. His father was a barrister and his mother a niece of George Grote, the historian. In many of Irving's productions he was a striking figure, sharing with Irving and Miss Ellen Terry the affectionate regard of the Lyceum audiences. In the title rôle of "Henry VIII" he was a marked contrast, in manner and makeup, to the Angevine monarch whom he impersonated in "Becket," and all his parts showed versatility and accuracy. When Irving brought his company to America, the public looked for the coming of Terriss with almost the interest excited by the great stars. His death was deeply felt by my brother, whose relations of business and friendship with him dated back fifteen years.

"The Taming of the Shrew" and "As You Like It" were followed by "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on

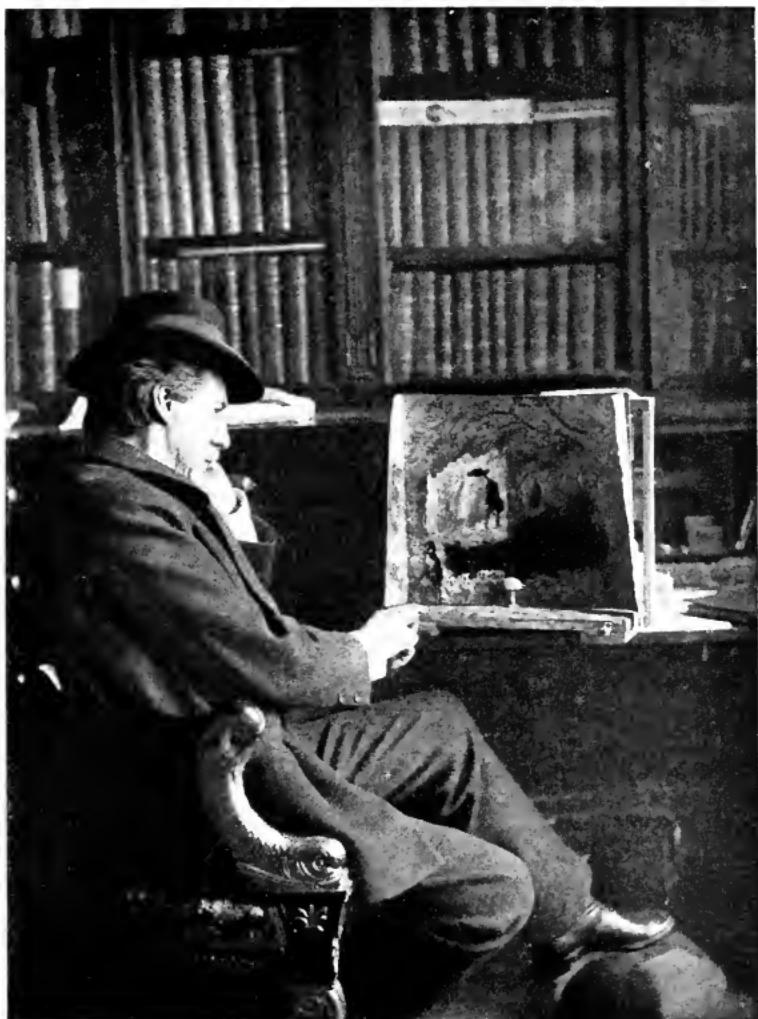
January 11, 1898. George Clarke essayed for the first time on any stage the notable part of the fat Knight. Miss Rehan's *Mistress Ford* and Mrs. Gilbert's *Mrs. Quickly* were all that were left of the cast of a dozen years before.

New Year's Eve was celebrated in the Woffington room as usual, with a few friends. My Christmas was marked by an interesting gift from Augustin, which came with this letter :

"When I was in Auld Scotia this year I got the Scott fever very bad. It took later the form of 'uncut and original boards' (because I got some bargains that way) but I had nearly recovered from the milder form (the form in which I turn it over to you) of first editions bound ; and, as you will see on examining into your 'case,' it was a nearly completed cure. Only one set is missing, which I am promised, and will send you when it comes. With my heart's best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

The first editions of Scott's novels, beginning with "Waverley" (three volumes, 1814), now sent to me lacked the "Tales of a Grandfather" series; but it contained the rarest of all the novels, "Waverley." Augustin was acquiring for himself, as he said, a set in the original boards. Some idea of the scarcity and value of that set may be formed from the price he had to pay for "Waverley" alone — £165. He obtained another set of first editions, uncut, gilt top, bound in full levant.

New Year's, 1898, was the birthday of "Greater New York," when the city was absorbed into an artificial metropolis including Brooklyn in Kings County, parts of Queens and Westchester counties, and the whole of Staten Island. Formerly cities became great by natural growth; but the modern way is to make them great by legislation. The *New York Herald* published on January



AUGUSTIN DALY IN 1808

1, 1898, a special page for which it requested from prominent citizens a sentiment for the occasion. Augustin wrote in substance that his best wish for the new city and the new year was more individualism and less corporate commercialism in the drama. Early in February the new Municipal Assembly authorized the Mayor (Robert A. Van Wyck) to appoint a committee on "celebration of the consolidation," and he appointed Mr. Daly, with others, on February 14.

"Twelfth Night" was revived, for the last time on Daly's stage, January 25, 1898. "The Country Girl," also revived for the last time, soon followed (February 11) with a wholly new cast in support of Miss Rehan's delightful *Peggy Thrift*. A comedietta from the French of Edmond Pailleron, adapted by Sidney Rosenfeld and called "Subtleties of Jealousy," preceded Wycherly's comedy, and was played by Miss Rehan (*Nell Yerance*), Miss Perry (*Henrietta*), Richman (*Paul Yerance*), and Hazeltine (*A Physician*). Subsequently a charming Japanese operetta in one act, "Lili Tse," succeeded the comedietta as "curtain raiser" to "The Country Girl," and was found quite fascinating. The book was by Wolfgang Kirchback and the music by Franz Curti. Misses Marguerite Lennon, Marie St. John, and Belle Harper, and Messrs. Frank Rushworth, Arthur Cunningham, and Clement Hopkins appeared in it. "The Country Girl" proved to be the most attractive of the old comedy revivals this season, and was played fifty-five times.

On March 16 "The School for Scandal" was put on, and on March 25 "The Geisha," for the last time in this theatre. A scene from "The Geisha," by the way, was given in December by the Daly company, at the request of Mr. Charles Frohman, for the benefit of Miss

Rose Coghlan at the Broadway Theatre. It was a marked indication of the low ebb of legitimate theatrical business that an actress so capable and valuable should be without a permanent engagement.

The last week of the dramatic season was made interesting by repetitions of "The Taming of the Shrew" (April 11) — in which a new member of the Daly company, Miss Blanche Bates, made her début in *Bianca* — and by the last performance of "As You Like It" (April 13) in New York by the Daly company.

The dramatic company went on tour until June 7, when it separated for the season, Mr. and Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan sailing for Europe. After the last Shakespearean night recorded above, Daly's stage was occupied by a musical comedy, "La Poupée," the music by Edmond Audran and the book by Maurice Ordonneau and Arthur Sturgess. The cast was excellent, Misses Earle, Lewis, Hornick, Harper, Rutter, Carlisle, Gordon, and Clements, and Messrs. Powers, Gresham, Joseph Herbert, Celli, Rushworth, Truesdell, Gilbert, Aitken, and Taylor having parts. After the second night Miss Mabelle Gilman substituted for Miss Earle in the principal rôle for two weeks, and went through the long and difficult part with a precision, confidence, and skill remarkable in so young an actress and singer. "La Poupée" was not a success. "The Circus Girl" had to be put on, and kept the boards until June 5.

During the past season the theatre in America had suffered the loss of a personage respected and admired for over half a century. This was Mrs. John Drew the elder, manager of the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia for thirty years, and the mother of John Drew and of Georgie Drew (Mrs. Maurice Barrymore). My brother had known Mrs. Drew as far back as the days of his earliest

dramatic success, in the sixties. Her biographers tell of her first appearance in 1818 (as an infant in arms in a farce) and of her last appearance in May, 1897, for a benefit. She was therefore before the foot lights practically all her life; and she was one of those gracious personages whose fidelity to the true mission of the drama has tended to preserve it from decay.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Clyde Fitch's "Gossip" and "Nathan Hale." Harold Frederic's play. An Italian author. José Echegaray's "Son of Don Juan." Olive Logan's untiring work; "Adzuma" by Sir Edwin Arnold; a play on the Edwin Drood mystery and one about Edgar Allan Poe. Paul Blouet. Melodrama of an extinct species. "Jarman's Own," by Hibbard, accepted; also "A King and a Few Dukes" by Chambers, and "Cupid's Insurrection," re-written by Ford. Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Rohlfs in the field. Thomas Nelson Page's "In Old Virginia." A. C. Wheeler to collaborate with John Kendrick Bangs. Mallory's "Kitty Clive." "La Belle Grêlée." "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." Pinero hesitates to compete with "The Great Ruby." Oscar Wilde. "Henry IV" in preparation. "Jeanne d'Arc" by Fabre. Scribe's "Tales of the Queen of Navarre." "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." Costumes for "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

WE have noticed that for some time past Augustin had been searching vainly for a new play suited to his company and worthy of its reputation. This summer the quest was renewed with no better result:

"London, June 28, 1898.

. . . I have been the rounds of the theatres since I arrived, but found nothing I could get that I would have, & nothing I would have that I could get. A bright play 'His Excellency the Governor' by a new author, produced just before I arrived, I found really clever & full of good situations and dialogue, but of course the syndicates had it. They have everything, & I believe it would take \$25,000 risked outright to break their monopoly of 'options' here. I have just finished going over Sans Gêne, & sent it to the copyists so Miss R. can get her part

to study. I have hopes of making a success with that. The musical plays that I have are good — but *The Slave Girl* is hardly a second *Geisha* and *The Runaway Girl* is much behind *The Circus Girl*, though it has a lot of good things in it. . . .”

The effort to find the right kind of play had been going on for five years at home as well as abroad. Clyde Fitch was at work as early as 1894 on a play for Mr. Daly which he called “*Gossip*,” altering it from time to time in accordance with the manager’s suggestions (Mr. Fitch acknowledged his indebtedness to a romance of Jules Claretie and to the collaboration of Mr. Leo Dietrichstein). The part of Mrs. Baird (designed for Miss Rehan) having been found not congenial, the play was returned, and the following year was produced by Mrs. Langtry at Palmer’s. In September, 1897, Mr. Fitch completed a drama on the story of the ill-fated Nathan Hale, but this was not in the line of Daly’s Theatre. In 1895 Mr. Daly received a play from Mr. Harold Frederic and one from Mrs. Annie Viventi Chartres, a distinguished Italian author, who was introduced to the manager by the Italian Ambassador Baron Fava. A Spanish play, “*The Son of Don Juan*” by José Echegaray, was submitted by Mr. John Graham. Mr. Daly thought it suitable for Mansfield, and advised that it be sent to him. Mrs. Olive Logan Sikes proposed a short play, “*The Librarian*,” in 1893; in 1894 “*Sunbeam*” with a part for Miss Cissie Loftus; and in 1899 a semi-political drama of the days of Henry Clay and “*An Adirondack Adventure*.” Interesting proposals were those of Sir Edward Arnold (1893) with his Japanese play “*Adzuma*,” of James J. Dodd with a new version of the Edwin Drood mystery, and of Henry Tyrrell with a one-act play of which the hero was Edgar Allan Poe. Miss Clothilde Graves (1893) thought that Maria Edge-

worth's "Castle Rackrent" afforded material for effective dramatization, and young Lord Tennyson proposed "The Falcon," in which the Kendals' rights had expired the year before.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) was not only giving his entertainment "On the Continong" in 1897, but was busy with plays,—one, "The Duchess of Glamorgan," adapted from a French play of Barbusse for Mr. Daly. A veteran newspaper man, Thomas B. Connery, offered a drama of his own composition, and a veteran stage manager, Leon J. Vincent, recalled the old Bowery days with an ancient manuscript entitled "The Spell of the Glen." Mr. George J. Hibbard's "Jarman's Own" was accepted. Mr. Robert W. Chambers' dramatization of his novel "A King and a Few Dukes" took the fancy of the manager, and after it had been worked over was contracted for. Mr. Chambers was also commissioned to try his hand upon two farces from the German. Paul Leicester Ford wrote, and at the manager's instance rewrote, "Cupid's Insurrection." Mrs. Craigie engaged to complete a play on a theme to be given her, and Mrs. Rohlfs (Anna Katherine Green), whose dramatic version of her own story "The Leavenworth Case" was a success, proposed other dramatizations of her popular works (1894). Miss L. M. Bedinger sent a spiritualistic-theosophical drama, and Miss Rosa Bates in the same year (1895) outlined a tragic play upon a theme whose attractiveness she admitted she herself was not assured of.

Thomas Nelson Page conceived a dramatic idea to be incorporated into a play which he intended to call "In Old Virginia." As early as 1892 he sent the manuscript with a line—"I hope it may really amount to something." Decision was not reached for some months:

Dear Mr. Daly,

"Richmond, Va. Novr. 14th, 1892.

I am to be in New York on the 18th. Don't you think you can read the play before that? In asking this I remind myself of a girl who sent me a story of 697 pages of closely written mss., with a peremptory demand to let her have my opinion by return mail.

Yours truly

Thos. Nelson Page."

The manager was authorized to "cut and slash it to suit."

A. C. Wheeler (for many years dramatic critic of *The World*) and John Kendrick Bangs agreed to collaborate in the production of a comedy (1897). Fitzgerald Molloy finished a play founded upon the traditions that have come down to us concerning Kitty Clive, and M. F. Mons of Paris recommended in the same year the latest success of the Théâtre de la République, a drama with a title which certainly sounds better in French than in our tongue: "La Belle Grêlée"—"The Beautiful Pock-marked." Mr. Hardy's own dramatization of his "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was sent to Mr. Daly by the Harpers at his request. Pinero expected to furnish a comedy; however (but this is anticipating), when he learned of the success achieved by melodrama at Daly's, he wrote ironically (March, 1899): "The Great Ruby is a more robust form of drama than I am likely to prove capable of providing; still, it is difficult to anticipate what is in store for us, and an idea of a strong kind may suggest itself to me."

In 1897 Mr. Daly wrote to Oscar Wilde and expressed a wish for a play from his hand. Mr. Wilde wrote on September 22, from Dieppe:

"Dear Mr. Daly,

I am very much flattered by your kind offer and I would like extremely to write a play some day for that brilliant and

fascinating genius Ada Rehan, whose own art is supreme on the English-speaking stage. It is rare to find such a personality combined with such perfection of artistic effect in method. But I have great claims on me from George Alexander and from Wyndham, and though they are not legal claims I feel bound — perhaps for that very reason — to regard them as paramount at present, and if I took your money I know I would simply have to return it in three months; but I will always remember your offer and later on I hope to think out something that you will like. I am not yet in train to work and have only done a poem, unfinished up to to-day. Later on I hope to get back the concentration of will-power that conditions and governs art — and to produce something good again. In any case let me thank you again for your generous offer, by which I am much touched.

Believe me

Yrs

Oscar Wilde.

I enclose a card with my name here & address in case you have occasion to write."

Later on, in December, 1897, Mr. Leonard Smithers, the London publisher, wrote Mr. Daly that Mr. Wilde (then in Naples) was ready to write a comedy for Miss Rehan, and that Miss Marbury would arrange the contract. But it seems never to have been written.

We have seen that a version of Shakespeare's "Henry IV" — both parts — was in preparation. The costumes were made in America by Arnold & Constable (at a cost it appears of over ten thousand dollars), and the royal crown of Henry IV — perhaps the most important "property" in any of Shakespeare's plays — was fashioned by Gutperle of Paris. A revival of "Cymbeline" was also contemplated by Mr. Daly, for which Grahame Robertson was designing the costumes. Another important work was also in hand — the tragedy of "Jeanne

d'Arc," an historical and spectacular play by M. Joseph Fabre, member of the French Senate (1897). Mr. Daly had Bianchini of the Grand Opera design the costumes, and E. Jakobowski of London compose the incidental music. Hearing of Mr. Daly's purpose, Mr. Johnson of the *Century* called his attention to Boutet de Monvel's pictures. An item in *Le Temps*, which the author cut out and sent to Mr. Daly, reads:

"We have recently announced that Mr. Daly, manager of the most artistic theatre which America possesses, will produce Jeanne d'Arc in London and New York. We learn to-day that it is Miss Ada Rehan, star of the company, who is to create the part of Jeanne d'Arc. Her talent is renowned. She is admirably beautiful and has a nobility of physiognomy that permits her to take the most diverse rôles. It may be said that a flame is in her eyes. She has been with her manager to see M. Fabre and inspect the designs for costumes which Bianchini of the Opera has in hand."

Augustin seriously considered reviving "The Tales of the Queen of Navarre," the famous comedy of Scribe and Legouvé, first played in 1850. It presents the lively Marguerite in a more genial light than Dumas does in his romances, and makes her the ruling spirit of an intrigue for the liberation of her brother Francis I from his Spanish captivity. Mr. Daly acquired the latest success of the contemporary Parisian stage, M. Brieux' "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," on hearing of its success, but though he very much wished to produce it he finally decided against doing so.

The classic "Adrienne Lecouvreur" was also underlined for revival on a grand scale, with costumes by Worth. The correspondence of the *modiste* shows his accuracy on the historical side of his profession. He is particular to

ask if Mr. Daly really desires the costumes of the period, with crinolines or *robes à paniers*, because, he explains, at the Théâtre Français the ladies' dresses in the play, though worn somewhat full, were really not as in the time of Adrienne.

CHAPTER XLIX

The last season: 1898-1899. An epitome of a whole life. Great resourcefulness, great successes, and great disappointments. "A Runaway Girl" draws the crowd. A revival of "The Merchant of Venice." Miss Rehan's *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Daly financially crippled by the seizure of the London theatre. Law-suit ties up funds. Death of A. Oakey Hall. His justification. Letter from Furness on "The Merchant of Venice." Sidney Herbert's *Shylock*. Remarkable observations upon the play by a Chinese actor. Contrast between the Eastern and the Western theatre. Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne" no novelty and no success. Importation of "The Great Ruby." End of the season. Ill health. Sails for Europe May 13, 1899. Death in Paris on June 7, 1899. Funeral in New York. Conclusion.

THE last year of my brother's life was marked by two very pronounced successes on widely different lines: a new musical comedy, "A Runaway Girl," produced on August 25, 1898, and the sensational play of "The Great Ruby." These successes, however,—at the beginning and end of the season,—rounded an interval in which he suffered keen disappointments, particularly at the fate of his most sumptuous Shakespearian revival, "The Merchant of Venice," and of his elaborate production of Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne."

The "Runaway Girl" drew crowds for nearly three months at Daly's and then, to make way for the dramatic season, was transferred to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where it continued its prosperous career several months longer in New York.

The dramatic company, while playing out of town, added a version of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" to

its repertoire. Miss Rehan was *Roxane*, and Mr. Richman *Cyrano*. This version was not given in New York, as Mr. Mansfield had announced his intention of presenting the play there. "The Merchant of Venice" was in preparation for the opening on November 19.

A word is necessary here concerning an unlooked-for event in London. When Augustin left that city in the late summer of 1898, his theatre was occupied by the new musical play produced by George Edwardes, "The Slave Girl." The two managers parted upon the most cordial terms, although there had been some discontent on Edwardes' part over Mr. Daly's disposal of what are called the "bar privileges" of the theatre. By immemorial custom, refreshments are sold over the counter in the English theatres, and the bar privileges are either operated directly by the manager or let by him to caterers. Mr. Edwardes wished Mr. Daly to grant them to a person selected by Edwardes himself, but as his arrangement for the occupation of the theatre was only from year to year, Mr. Daly decided to make a permanent disposition of the privileges, and did so. Immediately after his return to America, he received a cable stating that Mr. Edwardes had seized the theatre, under a claim that in granting the bar privileges Mr. Daly had committed a breach of the covenant of his lease against underletting. Although Mr. Edwardes was producing plays in Daly's Theatre by contract with Mr. Daly, upon shares, he still remained Mr. Daly's lessor under his original lease, which contained a clause against underletting. Daly immediately cabled instructions for legal proceedings to be instituted to regain possession of the theatre. An action was begun, and the Court directed that while the litigation was pending Mr. Daly's share of the receipts of the theatre should be deposited in Court. The con-

sequence of this seizure by Edwardes was therefore to deprive Augustin of the income from the property when it was greatly needed in New York. In this stress an English friend again as in 1893 helped and encouraged my brother in a way that was profoundly touching.

The death of ex-Mayor Oakey Hall occurred on October 8. His ability as an advocate was unquestioned. Literature and the stage were his amusements. His reverses came from loyalty to party and trust in individuals. His vindication was late, but was authoritative. It was widely published that Justice Noah Davis, who had presided at the trial of Tweed, declared subsequently, on a public occasion, that the prosecution of Mayor Hall was utterly baseless.

To return to the last dramatic season at Daly's Theatre: When Furness heard as early as September that "The Merchant of Venice" was in preparation, he wrote:

"Wallingford, Delaware County,
Pennsylvania.

My dear Daly,

Do you still purpose to bring out 'The Merchant of Venice'? Because if you do I am going to make a most brazen-faced offer. It is, to come to New York some day and read the play to your assembled Dramatis Personae, or only to you and Ada Rehan, as you think fit. I am arrogant enough to suppose that the interpretation of one who has cogitated as much on the play as I have, is not altogether valueless. Don't hesitate to decline — you can't hurt my feelings. In any case take the offer as an expression of the cordial good wishes of

Yours ever

Horace Howard Furness.

6 Oct. 95."

In this production Miss Rehan was *Portia*, Sidney Herbert *Shylock*, Charles Richman *Bassanio*, George

Clarke *Antonio*, William Owen *Old Gobbo*, Wilfred Clarke *Launcelot Gobbo*, Edwin Varrey, the *Duke of Venice*, Paul McAllister *Prince Morochus*, Harold Lewis *Prince of Aragon*, Herbert Gresham *Gratiano*, Rhoda Cameron *Jessica*, Mabel Roebuck *Nerissa*, Dewit Jennings *Jubal*, Joseph Greffs *Salerino*, William Hazeltine *Solario*, Jefferson Winter *Lorenzo*, John Taylor *Leonardo*, and Clement Hopkins *Balthazar*. The noticeable feature of the cast, after the important fact of Miss Rehan's first appearance as *Portia*, was the selection of Sidney Herbert for *Shylock*. In ordinary theatrical terms it was "casting a stock actor for a star part"; but it was one of the unexpected things the manager was accustomed to do without intending to surprise anybody. We saw that in the old Fifth Avenue Theatre days he took Louis James out of the ranks and gave him the tragic rôle of *Yorick*. Herbert was studious, earnest, and ambitious. He had unexpectedly made two small parts (widely different ones) prominent by his individuality — *Sir Benjamin Backbite* and *Don John of Austria*. He was not, however, the only member of the company considered for *Shylock*; my brother had discerned much promise in another young actor, Tyrone Power.

The result of the experiment seemed to show that the public wanted a star in the rôle of the Jew.

In connection with this performance it is interesting to read in the *Herald* of December 25, 1898, an account of the visit to Daly's of the actor who impersonated female parts in the Chinese theatre. He was Foo Chong Mai, the descendant of three centuries of great actors, and he was accompanied by the manager of the Chinese company and two of the other players. He was intensely interested in seeing a woman's part played by a woman. It was the first time he had witnessed a foreign drama.

After the fall of the curtain on the first act he said : "Here is the best that the world can give! Better than this is only in the realms of the Gods!" He found simplicity, naturalness, and sincerity the most striking features of the performance, contrasted with his native drama, which he termed complex and artificial. But he was keenly alive to the improbability in the trial scene that neither Portia's personality nor her sex should have been discovered by her husband or by the learned judges. All the rest of the play was so consistent and plausible that this seemed to be carrying stage license too far.

"But," he adds, "if the test of a great play is the ability to hold the observer even though he be a stranger to the language, 'The Merchant of Venice' as interpreted by Miss Rehan is supreme. Therein lay the charming actress's power, in my eyes — the ease with which she possessed me with the spirit of the drama and held me with it spellbound for two hours, even though I was a stranger to the letter. Her first words had a peculiar effect upon me, like that of the music of some celestial instrument, far reaching as the temple gong at midnight, yet rich, mellow and of inexpressible sweetness. I never knew before what roll and rhythm and fire there is in the cadences of your language, and that voice was a revelation. It was all the more amazing when upon meeting Miss Rehan afterwards behind the scene, where Mr. Daly accorded myself and others of my support the honor of a presentation, I discovered that this supernatural voice was really the natural — that it was not, as with us, a second voice brought to perfection for stage uses only, and never used save on these occasions. It was so spontaneous, so unforced. It was like Miss Rehan's acting, wherein she never rose so high but one felt that she could go still higher; never so sublime but that great reservations of power lay behind it. It was all so perfectly easy that it was easily perfect. And so joyous! She exhaled happiness even in the dread trial scene. It was there that I mused with

Kea-Paow in the folk legend: ‘with a smile like that may not a woman overthrow a city; and with another a Kingdom?’

After seeing Miss Rehan in the last act never again will I believe your national costume inartistic. That superb gown of royal splendor, worn with such distinction and charm, challenges our rarest creations of many hues, mellowed in tone with age, and embroidered with gold and silver in designs of the imperial dragon, flowers and birds. But music, which plays a large part in our great dramas, seems to have been ignored by your great master. I expected to hear Miss Rehan sing alternately between her fine phrases, but I listened in vain. Even upon her entrance there was not the sound of trumpets or cymbals which with us is supposed to have the power of waking the gods to the presence of the heroine. But the little music there was inspired me, though I was surprised to see the musicians use notes.”

The observant actor, in concluding his interesting remarks, pointed out the gulf between the Eastern and the Western theatre — the latter interprets life as it is, the former regards it “through the penumbra of tradition.” “Your hearts,” he says, “are in the present, your eyes on the future. Our reverence is for the past. We represent different worlds, times, and manners. Our paths will never converge.” But after seeing Miss Rehan he vows that he will never again say with She-King, the ancient law-giver, “Woman, that thou wert not born a man is owing to thy wickedness in a previous state of existence.”

On New Year’s Eve my brother had his friends about him as before, now drawn closer to him because of his difficulties. Among the letters received on this day he preserved one from Charles Richman, accompanying a loving-cup, in grateful recognition of the manager’s guidance of a young actor.

With the new year the need of change to meet the

public's taste became urgent, and Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne" was brought out on January 3. More than four years before (September 1894), Paul Blouet wrote to Augustin that Irving had secured this play for England, and that —

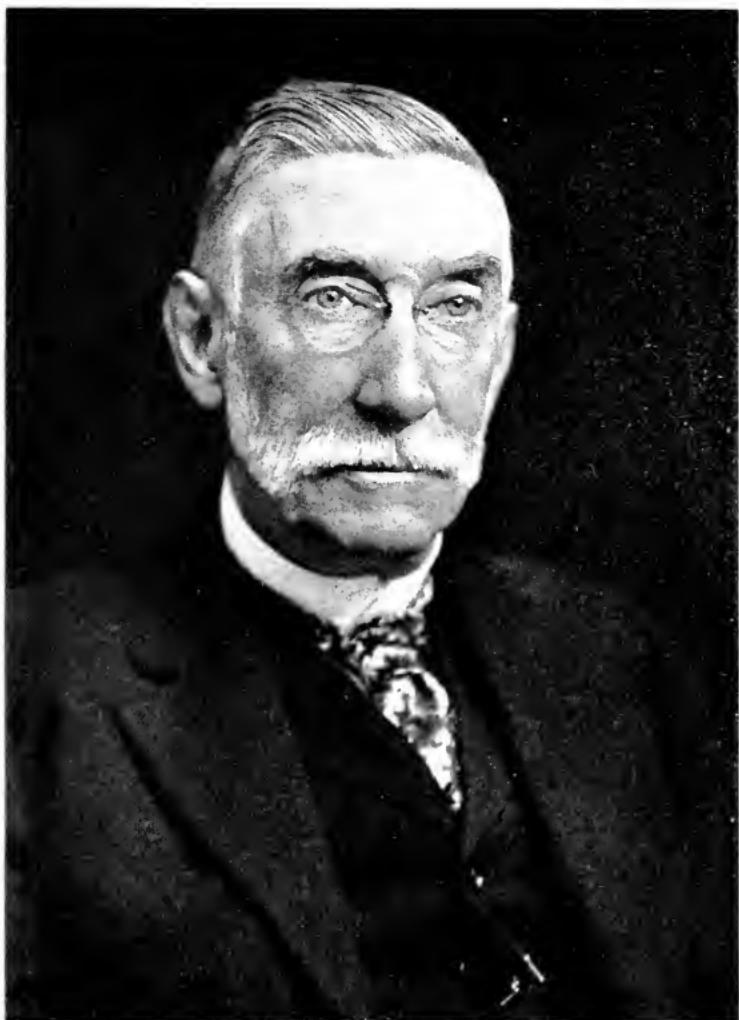
"No living English-speaking actress would do the title rôle like Miss Rehan. It would be the triumph of her career."

Madame Réjane brought the play to America with her French company in February, 1895, and a month before Miss Kathryn Kidder had produced an English translation of it in New York. Its novelty therefore had quite worn off when it was staged by Daly. Nevertheless, he expended upon it his customary care and lavishness of ornamentation, the scenery, costumes, and Empire furniture being remarkably fine. George Clarke was *Napoleon*, Richman *Le Febre*, Sidney Herbert *Fouché*, White Whittlesey *de Neipperg*, Owen Savary, Wilfred Clarke *Despréaux*, Howard Saint Marsan, Harold Lewis Rustan, Miss Marie Murphy *Mathurin*, Miss May Cargill *Princess Caroline*, Miss Mabel Roebuck *Princess Elise*, Miss Hazel Pughsley *Madame de Rovigo*, Miss Irene Perry *Toinon*, and Miss Rehan *Catherine*. But after two weeks the French comedy had to be replaced by "The School for Scandal" (on January 16), in which Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert resumed their original parts; Richman was *Charles*, White Whittlesey *Joseph*, and George Clarke *Sir Peter* — his first assumption of that character. It was a fair instance of growing old gracefully, to find Clarke playing *Charles* in 1874 and *Sir Peter* in 1899. "The Taming of the Shrew" was revived a week later, and then Augustin made the venture that saved his fortunes in this most unfortunate season.

"The Great Ruby" had made a pronounced hit at

Drury Lane, and its value was at once recognized by my brother; but he found that, like other desirable properties, it had been acquired by "the syndicate" for America. When he heard now, at the beginning of the year, that the purchasers had relinquished it, he instantly made an offer which the Drury Lane company accepted. The whole equipment of scenery and properties was brought over from London, and extraordinary rehearsals engrossed the stage, and, when that was invaded by machinists and carpenters, overflowed the lobbies.

The great audience which, on February 9, 1899, gathered for the rise of the curtain, was proof of "what the public wanted." A melodrama was a new thing for Daly's Theatre, but to Daly himself it was only a renewal of his youth. It might almost be thought that when he enlarged his stage in 1891 he prophesied the coach and four that was now tooled across it every night; at all events, he had then prepared for a limitless call upon theatrical resources, and it was declared that his production rivalled in effect the original in Drury Lane. The well-disciplined company fitted easily into the cast: Miss Rehan was *Lady Garnett*, a sort of Anglicised *Madame Sans Gêne*, shall we say? Gresham was *Sir John Garnett*, Mrs. Gilbert *Mrs. Elsmere*, Miss Blanche Bates the *Countess Mirtza Charkoff*, Sidney Herbert *Brett*, the detective, Richman the gallant and unfortunate young Indian prince *Kassim Wadia*, Whittlesey *Captain Dalrymple*, Miss Cargill *Brenda Elsmere*, Wilfred Clarke *Viscount Montyghal*, and Miss Roebuck and Miss Morgan the *Misses Denzil*, his daughters; other rôles were filled by Messrs. Owen, Young, Russell, Howard, Misses Edwards, Draper, Navarre, Caverly, Spinney, and Clinton. After the first night Miss Marcia Van Dresser was given the part of the *Countess*, Miss Bates having resigned.



JOSEPH FRANCIS DALY

Later, Miss Ricardo relieved Miss Rehan when she left for Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Daly on May 13, and the play continued until the theatre was closed on June 7, when the news came of my brother's death.

Hard work, unusually severe this year, disappointment at the results of it, pecuniary strain, and above all the anticipated ordeal of the lawsuit in London, upon which so much depended, had almost exhausted his strength before he left New York. He was seriously ill on ship-board, but on May 29 I had a cable from him in London, — "Much better. All danger over." On June 7 the news of his death was communicated to Mr. Richard Dorney in a message from Paris. An Associated Press despatch, published in the evening papers the same afternoon, carried the news to all parts of the country. Mr. Dorney closed the gates of the theatre and posted on them a notice of the death. Shortly afterwards the great portico was hung in purple and black, and these emblems of mourning remained for thirty days. The flags upon the London Theatre were half-masted. Before my mother and I had recovered from the shock of the news, the English mail brought me my brother's last letter:

"Fifteen Bayswater Terrace,
Kensington Gardens, W.
London, May 30, '99.

Dear Brother,

I am just able to resume writing now without a feeling of exhaustion. I have truly had a hard pull for life. The tremendous strain upon me in getting *The Merchant of Venice* produced, and subsequent disappointment at the small results, and the even greater strain to bring out *The Great Ruby*, had pulled me down greatly; and then the sudden drop in the Ruby receipts after Easter, and the worry of —'s action and some other financial anxieties at home with the anxiety about my

trial against Edwardes over here, have all kept the tension on my brain and body & nerves so strong that the result was inevitable. I simply collapsed, & was very sick Thursday and Friday before I sailed, & took to my berth the day I got on board & gave up. The ship's doctor (Dr. Johnson) was most competent to deal with the case, & smooth seas for 4 days helped me. The crisis came on Thursday at sea; a combination of pneumonia and brain fever were the foes I was fighting; and, thank God, by Thursday evening I had conquered both. I began to quiet down and pick up from that on. All wished me to stop over in Liverpool, but I insisted upon being brought to London, to my own house, & such medical care as I knew I could get there. I had to be carried from the ship to the invalid car which the R. R. kindly provided, and an ambulance met me in London and brought me home. Here I have been building up ever since. Today I feel entirely recovered, but still a trifle weak. It is not a bad record, however, to be up and about, walking and riding and taking lots of food and exercise $2\frac{1}{2}$ weeks after the attack began. But the lesson that has impressed itself upon me through the brain trouble of this illness is that I must let up a bit on the strain next winter; and the safest and most congenial way is to spend an hour a day or evening at the Club, where I may meet more people than I have heretofore done and get out of the theatre a bit. . . . My case here is not certain to be tried on the 20th of June. I understand it may be pushed over a week or ten days. I hear that — has weakened so far as to suggest arbitration, but I fancy the trial in Court would be safer & surer. . . . It all keeps me terribly anxious. Thank God, however, I am trying to brace myself in calmness & indifference as to results. But you must be with me in spirit. I will try and write mother by this mail."

Besides the attendant nurse, Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan were the only persons with him when he died, and I am indebted to Miss Rehan for this account which she was able to give me later:

"He was taken ill at the theatre the Friday night before we sailed; complained of chill. Dr. Biggs was sent for and came to his office. He afterwards saw me in my dressing room and said he could not tell what was the matter with Mr. Daly—that it would take twenty-four hours to develop. He asked if Mr. Daly could not be persuaded to postpone his departure for Europe. I went in and asked Mr. Daly, but he said it was impossible. I knew that he had been ailing for several days, but this appeared to be a culmination. Until late that night he sat in his office before the grate fire without moving.

Next day on the steamer he remained on deck dozing in his chair. Mrs. Daly and I did our best to persuade him to go to his cabin, but he refused. When he finally went to the cabin his face looked so dark-colored that I asked him if he did not feel ill, and he said he did. The doctor was sent for. After seeing him he told me he was a very sick man, that he feared pneumonia. That night it developed. He suffered for a week—raving—out of his mind. When he began to recover he told me he had had frightful dreams—recalling his experience in London in 1886 'when Emma¹ died.'

He was able with support to leave the vessel at Liverpool. About three days after I joined his party again in London. I was stopping at Lady Barrington's then. He was sitting up and apparently well. He afterwards lunched with us at Lady Barrington's once or twice. He had engagements every day with the doctors, and also with the lawyers preparing for his case against Edwardes. I was to play at Drury Lane that winter in the new play, and he came one day and told me he was arranging for rooms for me at the Lincoln's Inn Hotel, and he would show me how to get to the theatre from there. He walked all round Lincoln's Inn Fields with me until I was tired out. He talked very much about the lawsuit, and he dreaded the experience of a trial in court. He had such an experience in a case brought against him by Collinson & Locke about the decoration of the theatre, and he thought the treatment by the lawyers was brutal. . . .

¹ His sister-in-law.

He called upon us at the Barringtons' Sunday afternoon, and left to make preparations to go to Paris next day. We were sitting by the fire when he returned, and said he thought he'd like to come back and sit a bit. This was about June 4. He sat with us, but said little, at which we were surprised. During his stay in London he and Mrs. Daly were at their own house, 15 Bayswater Terrace. Monday morning we started for Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Daly, her maid Anna Wiegands, and myself. Lady Barrington and Mr. Farrington saw us off. We arrived in Paris that evening. He appeared very well when we left London, and was cheerful and chatty. He was reading the Dooley Papers aloud to us, and was laughing over it. He however slept considerably. I noticed that he looked unlike himself.

We were to leave Paris the Thursday following for London, for the trial of the Edwardes suit. The trip to Paris was to see the new opera 'Cinderella' at the Opera Comique. I think it was Collins of Drury Lane who wanted his opinion of it. We went to the Continental Hotel. Mr. Daly had the corner suite on the Rue Rivoli on the fourth floor. My room was down the corridor. The English doctor had prescribed morning walks after an early coffee, and he asked me if I would get up as early as that and walk with him. We set out for a walk, and he said we would go and find Dr. Herbert (a brother of Lord Pembroke) who had been called in for me when I was ill on a previous visit to Paris. We found Dr. Herbert, who came again in the afternoon to see him. Mr. Daly thought Dr. Herbert did not understand his case, and was impatient because Dr. Herbert ordered a nurse to be engaged. The nurse, an English girl, was engaged, and came to the hotel. Grivaz, the artist, had secured a box at the opera for Tuesday night, but Mr. Daly felt too ill to go. He was then in bed. Dr. Herbert asked for a consultation with another physician, to which, after some objection, Mr. Daly consented. They came Tuesday evening as I was going to the opera with Mr. Grivaz by Mr. Daly's direction. . . .

Next morning at eight he sent for me, and I went to his room.

His face was as white as paper. He had a look of strange youthfulness, although his complexion was waxen. He asked me to tell him about the opera. I described it, and told of some of its effects, which he had already produced in *The Foresters*, and that it required operatic singers. He was amused at my want of appreciation of the work, and said that we would both see it when he got better. He then said 'Now run away, child. I am tired and need a little rest.' At nine o'clock Dr. Herbert came in and told me the result of the consultation. They had discovered a complication about the lungs and heart; he feared Mr. Daly was in a serious condition. I proposed cabling to the family. He said 'Wait until I see him again this afternoon.' After the doctor left I went to Mr. Daly's room. He was restless, turning and moaning. . . .

Mrs. Daly ordered luncheon, and I remained at it with her in the next room. While we were there and it was about one o'clock Mr. Daly from the next room called out, 'Send for the doctor, quick!' I went straight to the hall and sent a message for the doctor. I returned, and as I entered the room from the sitting room he sat up in bed. He looked so anxious. . . . I said 'It's all right. I have sent for the doctor. . . . Everything will be all right.' His gaze then seemed to go beyond me into space — then he lay back — straightened himself out perfectly straight. . . . I turned to the nurse with an inquiring look. She inclined her head. . . . Mrs. Daly was crying. All was over. I took Mrs. Daly from the room and returned. His face in death was inexpressibly youthful and noble. . . ."

My brother's funeral was held at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on June 18. His coffin bore the plate placed upon it in France: "Augustin Daly, décédé à Paris le 7 Juin 1899 a l'âge de 61 ans." A great crowd filled the church. The pallbearers were Joseph Jefferson (president of The Players), William Winter, St. Clair McKelway, Joseph Howard, Jr., Roger A. Pryor of the Supreme Court, George Clarke, Richard Dorney,

Richard M. Henry, Theodore Moss, John B. Schoeffel, Nelson G. Green, Oliver L. Jones, John A. Sullivan (president of the Catholic Club), George B. Robinson (president of the Catholic Protectory), and John D. Crimmins (of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum). The Mass sung was Cherubini's "Requiem Æternam."

* * * * *

Just a year before Augustin's death the *Century Magazine* (June, 1898) contained a paper on his theatre as "An American School of Dramatic Art." The first part, "A Critical Review of Daly's Theatre," was by Mr. J. Ranken Towse; and the second part, "The Inside Workings of the Theatre," by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. In the course of his review, Mr. Towse said that Augustin Daly was something more than the leader of his class; that, as student, author, adapter, director, and man of business, he was the last representative of the type of managers who formed, developed, and preserved the best traditions of the stage and justified the claim of the theatre to be numbered among the arts; that his theatre was the richest repository of the best dramatic traditions, and the only true school of acting in the United States; and that in a time of great depression and disgrace he had set up a bulwark against the tide of frivolity and corruption which had threatened to overwhelm the profession.

With the announcement now that this career was ended came an extraordinary outpouring of appreciation. He was described as "a noble character"; "grave, strikingly individual, aggressive and purposeful, never a jester, never 'popular' in the common sense, but always respected"; and declared to be practically the only man in the country to whom the term "theatrical manager" in its better sense was applicable; one who had done more for

the popularization of the artistic, poetic, and literary drama than any other man of his time. Given over wholly to his theatre, loving it so that what others followed as a means to an end was an end in itself to him, owing everything to a pertinacity of purpose and a strength of will that no discouragement could weaken, he had been "the most powerful factor of his day in winning respect and tolerance for an institution not high in general favor when he first became a disciple and worker therein."

There was no period of his life in which he settled back in contented contemplation of his achievements, satisfied with the riches he had laid up in fame or money, and invited his soul to ease. The past to him was at no time anything; the present was ever but a starting point. When he rested, it was because "in a short space he had fulfilled a long time."



APPENDIX

A

AUGUSTIN DALY's will bore date January 20, 1898, and was wholly in the testator's handwriting. The opening was characteristic: "In making this my last will and testament I ask the forgiveness and prayers of any whom I have injured at any time and freely forgive any and all who have injured me in any way whatever; and I pray that Almighty God may be merciful to us all." He gave all his personal effects, life insurance, real estate, and library to his wife. She was to pay his mother an annuity of \$300 and to leave her a choice of some personal memento. To his nephews and niece a memento was to be given by his widow. To Miss Ada Rehan the widow was asked to present in her name and his the Empire furniture in his private office at the theatre and any pictures there which she might select, "to keep in remembrance of the many years in which I have benefited by her unselfish interest in my concerns and as a faint token of my heartfelt recollection and appreciation of her unfaltering faithfulness on every occasion." In another clause he makes further bequest "to Miss Ada Rehan, to whose unswerving devotion to the interests of my theatre I owe a great share of its honor and prosperity." In the event of his wife and brother — who were named with Mr. Dorney as executors — dying before him, the friends who were appointed in that contingency to act in their place were directed to close up his busi-

ness when "in consultation with Miss Rehan it may be deemed advisable — her counsel to prevail." Personal mementos were to be given by his widow to James C. Duff, Richard Dorney, Arthur Rehan, John Farrington, Richard M. Henry, Alexander Milne, George Clarke, Mrs. Gilbert, Herbert Gresham, Sidney Herbert, Michael Ryan, Henry Hoyt, Thomas Mangan, Patrick McCarthy, Richard Redding, Owen Gormly, Anna Wiegands, Lizzie Simmons, and Anne Stringer. Mr. Ryan was the music librarian; Hoyt was the scenic artist; Mangan, machinist; and Miss Stringer, wardrobe mistress at the theatre. Similar mementos were to be given to all persons who had been in his employ for five years or over.

The two Daly Theatres — in New York and in London — both being in the possession of the testator when the will was made, were disposed of as follows: The executors were to carry on the business of each theatre as long as they thought proper, and while they did so they were to set apart each year forty per cent of the profits to divide among Miss Rehan, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Richard Dorney, John Farrington, George Clarke, and Sidney Herbert — Miss Rehan to receive one-half of the forty per cent, and the remainder to be distributed in proportion to the salaries of the recipients. Of the remaining sixty per cent, ten per cent was to be divided equally among seven charitable institutions named by the testator, ten per cent was to go to his brother, and the remainder (forty per cent) to the widow. The executors were authorized, however, whenever they deemed it advisable, to close up the business of either or both of the theatres, and sell the leases and other property connected therewith, and the proceeds of such a sale were to be paid: ten per cent to the same charities, ten per cent to the testator's brother, twenty per cent to Miss Rehan and

the remainder (sixty per cent) to Mrs. Daly. If Mrs. Daly died before the theatres were sold, the proceeds of sale were to be divided differently — one-fourth was to go to the charities, one-fourth to the testator's brother, one-fourth to Miss Rehan, and one-fourth to be distributed equally among Mr. Duff, Mr. Dorney, Mr. Farrington, Arthur Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Clarke, first deducting and paying from such fourth five hundred dollars each to Gilbert Gordon (who had charge of the box-office of the theatre), Patrick McCarthy, Richard Redding, Anna Wiegands, and Lizzie Simmons.

The testator's copyrights and stage rights were to be sold, leased, or licensed by the executors, who were to invest the proceeds as a trust fund, the income of which was to be received by his wife, mother, and brother in certain shares; but this accumulation of income in trust was found to be void, and the intention of the testator could not be effected.

All the testator's letters and papers, books of account, and scrapbooks were given to his brother for biographical purposes.

The charitable institutions named by the testator were societies for the care of the poor, of orphans, of incurable consumptives, of children and young girls, of the aged of both sexes, of immigrant girls, and for giving employment to women released from prison.

B

DISPOSITION OF THE THEATRES

THE problem immediately confronting the executors was to determine whether the business of the New York theatre should be carried on. The London theatre was tied up in litigation, and while in that condition its receipts were accumulating in Court, and there was nothing the executors could do about it but press the lawsuit to a determination. But the New York theatre, if it was to be a going concern, must be opened in the autumn, and preparations for the opening must begin immediately. It appeared that Mr. Daly had acquired the latest success of the London theatre, "The Greek Slave" (or "The Slave Girl") with the intention of producing it with his musical company and the famous dancer, Miss Adeline Genée, then known to America only by her reputation as a London favorite. The scenery and properties had been purchased by Mr. Daly and were on their way to New York, and the principal members of the musical company were ready to engage for it. Another and perhaps more important question arose with regard to the dramatic company. Mr. Daly had planned a tour with "The Great Ruby," but without Miss Rehan, who had been promised by him to the Drury Lane Theatre to "star" in the new play which Mr. Collins was preparing for the coming season. Her acquiescence in this arrangement was, however, dependent upon her approval of the "star" part.

The problem for the executors was whether Daly's Theatre could be conducted without Mr. Daly to direct it, and, in fact, as a personal venture of the executors themselves. It must be borne in mind that the members of the Daly companies were released by his death, and that if they were to continue, they must be engaged by the executors upon their own joint-and-several responsibility. The salaries as well as the rent of the theatre and all other expenses would become personal debts of the three executors. The estate had no capital with which to conduct so hazardous a business; on the contrary, it was heavily in debt, the arrears of rent of the New York theatre alone being upwards of fifteen thousand dollars, and other liabilities amounting, as then ascertained, to over two hundred thousand dollars. In fact, the official inventory of Mr. Daly's estate disclosed that at his death its value did not exceed its debts.

The executors took the matter into consideration at the urgent suggestion of Mr. Oliver L. Jones, the owner of the theatre, who offered to be one of five persons (if the others could be found) to contribute \$10,000 each as a working capital. Miss Rehan (still in Europe) made a similar offer, Mr. George Clarke was prepared to do likewise, and the balance was obtainable. The members of the company, with the utmost loyalty to the memory of Mr. Daly and the institution with which they had been identified, stood ready to reengage, and refused all offers until the decision of the executors should be known.

I had not been consulted by my brother before he prepared this particular will, but he had some years before its date submitted to me a similar testamentary scheme with regard to the New York theatre (the only one he then managed), and I had, as I thought, convinced him that it was impracticable. The reappearance of the plan in

the ultimate testament indicated, I think, rather his ideal than his expectation. The conclusion that the executors arrived at was that the chances of success were against the said undertaking on their part and that it would be more just to the company, who were willing to trust their future into our hands, and to the creditors of the estate, to dispose of the theatre with the reputation Mr. Daly had given it undiminished, than to be compelled subsequently to place it upon the market after a possible season of failure. The members of the companies were immediately notified.

As soon as the intention of selling Daly's Theatre lease became known, three applicants appeared; Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger secured it by a prompt offer of fifty thousand dollars. This was certainly the best sale of theatrical property so far known in America. On August 1, 1899, the theatre was delivered, and the purchasers immediately installed as manager Mr. Daniel Frohman. He conducted Daly's Theatre for several seasons with a notable stock company until his new Lyceum Theatre was erected in Forty-fifth Street. After he left Daly's it passed into the hands of the Messrs. Shubert.

The London theatre litigation terminated successfully for the estate after Mr. Daly's death under the conduct of Sir Eric Barrington as English administrator. Mr. Edwardes appealed even to the House of Lords, where the judgment was affirmed without calling upon the counsel for the estate to respond. The executors, after resuming possession, continued (with the consent of all legatees) Mr. Daly's policy of contracting with Mr. Edwardes for the production of musical pieces, until the end of the lease, December 25, 1913.

The scenery and costumes which had been made for the production of "Henry IV" and never used, were sold

to Mr. Richard Mansfield. The musical pieces were put in charge of Mr. Duff, who operated them under various impresarios for some seasons, and the copyright plays of Mr. Daly were put in charge of Mr. Dorney, who still continues to license them to managers throughout the country.

C

SALE OF THE LIBRARY AND COLLECTION

THE library and furniture of Mr. Daly were sold at auction at the rooms of the American Art Association. The sale began on March 19, 1900, and continued through twenty sessions, afternoon and evening, until March 29. The catalogue was in three parts and comprised 6131 lots. A portrait of Thackeray by himself, in the frame of which there had lain concealed for years a letter from him to Lady Molesworth, brought \$350; the plaster cast of his right hand, which Sir Henry Thompson, his physician, had caused to be taken by Brueckner, brought \$110; the portrait of Ben Jonson by Gerard Honthorst, from which the engraved likenesses have been made, was sold for \$300; and the portrait of Shakespeare owned by the actor Conway and sold in 1821 with his collection, brought \$95. The chief ornament of the "Woffington Room," in Daly's Theatre, Hogarth's portrait of her (a charming face and pose), which came from the Lonsdale Collection, went for \$1100. Another portrait of Mrs. Woffington, attributed to Hogarth, sold for \$60. Both had been engraved for Mr. Daly's "Woffington"; the last named is the frontispiece. "Nell Gwyn" by Wolfsen was sold for \$265, Naegle's "Forrest" for \$100, and the same price was paid for the portrait of Junius Brutus Booth in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach* (by an unknown artist). A miniature (full length) of Rachel by Gérôme fetched \$270, and Inness' miniature of Jenny Lind \$52.50.

An interesting document, the original petition (1842) for the erection of a statue of Washington in New York, bearing the autographs of Washington Irving, Chancellor Kent, FitzGreene Halleck, Henry Brevoort, Edwin Forrest, Moses H. Grinnell, N. P. Willis, William Cullen Bryant, Samuel F. Morse, and other well-known New Yorkers, was sold for \$25. A collection of musical instruments (20) went for \$156, including three antique harpsichords which sold respectively for \$18, \$27.50, and \$40—the latter made by Pietro Locatelli of Rome in 1660, and restored in Genoa, 1839, by Vittorio Duclaud. It had two banks of keys, and the inside of the case was elaborately decorated with paintings of flowers, landscapes, and social scenes. One of the other instruments (sold for \$27.50) was made by Johannes Pohlman Leuclen in 1775. The case was mahogany inlaid.

The arms and armor, including a full suit for horse and rider (Joan of Arc), a suit of chain armor, a suit of plate armor, and eight dress swords brought \$312. Relics of Edmund Kean,—Shylock's bond, scales, and knife, properties used by him and his son Charles,—in a glass cabinet, were sold for \$115. A finely wrought set of chessmen, in silver and silver gilt, with board, went for \$55. David Garrick's dressing-table and cabinet brought \$550. McDougall's portrait of Mary Taylor went for only \$5. The richness of this collection exhausted, it would seem, buyers interested in the former favorites of the New York stage.

A drawing by Watteau brought \$17, two by Bartolozzi \$32 and \$22.50, two by Gainsborough \$25 and \$30, and one by Sir John Thornhill \$12.50. The mezzotints were Garrick in *Hamlet* (\$12) Kean in *Sir Giles Overreach* (\$11), Mrs. Siddons after Sir Thomas Lawrence (\$105), Mrs. Jordan as the *Comic Muse*, colored (\$45), Kean as

Richard III (\$15), Matthews in four characters by Henry Meyer after Harlow (\$13), Miss Mellon as *Mrs. Page* by W. Say (\$21), and Miss O'Neill as *Juliet* by G. Maile (\$13).

The furniture comprised the antique carved and gilt pieces, oaken library and dining-room pieces, etc., in Mr. Daly's residence, five Empire specimens from the theatre, carpets, curtains, book-cases, etc., and a number of framed water colors and engravings. The total received for the 909 lots in Part I was \$23,718.25.

The library comprised a total of 3787 lots and many thousand volumes. Twelve sessions were consumed in disposing of them. There were the four Shakespeare folios, all good copies bound uniformly,—the first by Bedford and the others by Bradstreet, in red levant with gilt edges, each in a levant morocco case. The first folio measured $12\frac{7}{8}$ by $8\frac{1}{8}$ inches, and is perfect except that the verses opposite the title are inlaid and the title and last leaf are partly remargined. The portrait is brilliant and the text sound throughout. It brought \$5400. The second folio measured $12\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. \$650 was bid for it. The third folio is a perfect copy, 13 by $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It brought \$1400. The fourth, $13\frac{3}{4}$ by 9 inches, brought \$410. The total obtained for the four volumes was therefore \$7860, a veritable bargain for the purchaser. The only quarto in the collection was "Love's Labour's Lost" (1631), the second edition and of great rarity, in old calf, for which \$205 was paid. There were two sets of the quarto facsimile, Ashbee's in 42 volumes half morocco (\$64.50) and Furnival's in 43 volumes half morocco (\$58.50). A fragment of the second folio, four plays separately bound, "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "Much Ado About Nothing," brought \$80.

There were three editions of Shakespeare's plays extra-illustrated — Boydell's royal folio, 19 volumes (1802), in half red morocco by Bradstreet, in which were inserted 1300 plates, many on india paper, embracing over 70 fine portraits of the poet, historical portraits (Vertue), and the engravings after Fuseli, Smirke, Stothard, Thurston, and Taylor; Cruikshank's *Falstaff*, *Miranda*, and *Cassandra* by Caroline Watson; *Portia* and *Nerissa* by Stubbs, Macready in his various rôles, *Kemble* by Dawes, *Coriolanus* by Burgess, and *Macbeth* by Reynolds (Mezzotints); a signed document of Clement VII; and much other matter. The 19 volumes brought \$551. The Irving and Marshall edition (1888) extended from 8 to 42 volumes and bound in half leather with inlaid backs, gilt tops, and uncut edges, contained 5000 extra plates which exhausted all the regular illustrations known to collectors, and embraced besides a profusion of portraits of actors, views and scenes from the plays, playbills, and autograph letters. The bid was \$860 for the 42 volumes. Johnson and Stevens' edition (1793) in 15 volumes was illustrated with the Harding plates (proofs), and brought \$120.

The unique copies of separate Shakespeare plays included Mr. Daly's own privately printed editions of his revivals, on large paper. There were fifteen of these volumes. Four were embellished in a delightful manner by Eugene Grivaz with water-color illustrations in the text, and eleven were extra-illustrated with photographs of the company of Daly's Theatre in character, together with a great number of engraved portraits of actors of other days in the same rôles. Five of these eleven copies were further augmented by the insertion of the original colored drawings of costumes designed for the Daly productions. These five last-named volumes brought \$610, the four Grivaz volumes \$552.50, and the six others \$550.

There were the Halliwell folios, 16 volumes in the original binding, which brought \$256, thirteen volumes of Furness' *Variorum, 1871-1898* (\$58.50), the Appleton Morgan edition, the comedies with Edwin Abbey's drawings (\$30), and many separately published plays. A collection of engraved Shakespeare portraits gathered by Benjamin Moran and bound in 9 volumes folio brought \$562.50; Nathan Drake's "Shakespeare and His Times" (1817), the original two volumes inlaid and extended to five volumes folio by the insertion of 500 plates, brought \$300; "Shakespeare and His Commentators," a remarkable collection of portraits and letters in one folio volume sold for \$55, and another collection of Shakespeare portraits and engravings in two volumes, royal folio, brought \$95. There were five collections relating to those singular forgeries perpetrated by William Henry Ireland over a century ago, concerning which his confession was published in 1805. Three volumes were made up of the orginal forged documents, soiled, scorched, and mutilated for the purpose of deception; texts of "Kynge Lear" and "Hamlet" and the whole play of "Vortigern," together with autographs, drawings, &c., all fabricated. The three volumes brought \$900. Another volume, the printed confession, contained other of the forged documents and brought \$100. Ireland's own account of his deceptions, in manuscript, with the pretended indentures of Shakespeare, Anne Hathaway's love letter and lock of hair, and other curiosities including some Chatterton matter, bound in one folio volume, obtained \$410. Ireland's original manuscript of nearly 200 pages brought \$50 and Macready's copy of the published forgeries (1796) \$30. The total of the sums realized from the Shakespearian items was \$13,400.

The old comedies produced by Mr. Daly were repre-

sented in the sale by his privately printed copies (10) illustrated with the portraits of the members of the cast photographed in costume, and by engraved portraits of famous actors and actresses in the same plays. These volumes were elegantly bound by Stikeman in half levant, and sold in the aggregate for \$597. A collection of large paper copies of twelve of the Daly productions of Shakespeare and old comedies bound in two volumes without extra plates brought \$40. One of his copies of "The Foresters" as produced at Daly's Theatre, with 220 portraits and 42 drawings of designs for costumes, with letters of Lord and Lady Tennyson, brought \$112. Another copy, with 28 water-color drawings by Grivaz in the text, brought \$95, and the Daly copy of the pantomime "L'Enfant Prodigue," with photographs of Miss Rehan as *Pierrot*, obtained \$35. One copy of "The Hunchback" was embellished with 20 water colors in the text by Grivaz. It brought \$105.

Theatrical biography was represented by a collection of the first importance. Mr. Daly's own work, "Woffington," was in several shapes. A copy extended to three volumes and enriched with 600 plates, among them water-color and india drawings, rare mezzotints (over 50), other important prints, autograph letters, etc., sold for \$2850. A second copy, extended to two volumes, illustrated with 50 pen-and-ink sketches in the margin by D. E. Cronin, with water-color drawings, mezzotints, contemporary newspaper cuttings etc., brought \$300. A third copy, which in addition to extra prints and drawings contained over 100 water-colors by Grivaz in the margins of the text, fetched \$750. A fourth copy with 450 plates inserted, including a rare group of mezzotints of the greatest value, brought \$2100. A fifth copy, embellished with nearly 150 water-color drawings in the margins by Alfred

Thompson illustrating, fancifully, the text, brought \$125. Other theatrical biography with extra illustrations included the Memoirs of Harry Angelo (1828), 4 volumes (\$124); of John Bannister (1839), extended to 4 volumes from 2 by the insertion of over 200 plates and letters (\$112); of Mrs. Bellamy (1786), with 77 plates and play-bills (\$50); of Thomas Betterton (1888), large paper with 35 portraits (\$12); of Mrs. Billington, inlaid to folio with 116 plates and drawings (\$195); Boaden's lives of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Jordan, and Kemble, 8 volumes, with rare plates (\$89); Broughton and Pulham's "British Stage" (1817-1821), 5 volumes, the characters portrayed by Cruikshank and others, mostly colored (\$90); Alfred Bunn's "The Stage," with many portraits inserted (\$45); Colley Cibber's "Apology" (1740), extended to 3 volumes, with 350 plates (\$585); another copy of the same edition with 85 portraits, 2 volumes (\$240). There were 31 volumes, besides, of publications relating to the Cibber family uniformly bound in half morocco (\$85.26); two volumes of Colman letters with plates and portraits (respectively \$55 and \$145); Peake's Memoirs of the Colman family (1841), 2 volumes with 117 plates, etc. (\$58); Cunningham's "Nell Gwyn" (1852), inlaid to folio and extended to 4 volumes with an amazing collection of brilliant engraved portraits (\$4300); another copy of this edition in the original shape but extended to 2 volumes and extra illustrated (\$110); the same work, New York edition of 1883, 4to size, printed on one side of the paper only and embellished with 62 water-color drawings in the text by Grivaz (\$230).

A very remarkable collection, the original title deeds to Nell Gwyn's house in Pall Mall with three signatures of Nell (initials only) sold for \$1100 (Mr. Daly paid much more for them); Doran's "Annals of the English Stage"

(1864), extended from 2 volumes to 8, with 1000 portraits and plates, for \$208; Fanny Ellsler's "Letters and Journal" (1845), inlaid from octavo to folio and illustrated with 134 plates and views, for \$90; "The English Spy" (1825), with many inserted plates in addition to Cruikshank's colored illustrations, for \$218; Fitzgerald's "The Kembles," 2 volumes, with extra portraits and playbills, for \$13; that curious publication "The Fly," with which is incorporated "The Wonder and Novelty," a dramatic and literary weekly (1838), 63 numbers in one 4to volume, for \$31; Arthur Murphy's Life by Jesse Foot, 2 vols., 8vo, with 225 plates, for \$72; and "Lives of the Players" by John Galt (1831), 2 volumes extended to 5, with over 200 portraits and autograph letters, William Upcott's copy, presented by the publishers, for \$80.

The David Garrick items included his life by Arthur Murphy and his "Private Correspondence," extended to 10 volumes, 4to, morocco extra by Rivièrē (\$1950); Garrick's "Life and Letters" (1831), 2 volumes, 4to, extended to 6 by the addition of 385 fine portraits, views, etc., marginal notes by J. W. Croker, bound in green morocco by Rivièrē (\$1020); "Garrick, his Portrait in New York and its Artist" (New York, 1857), extra illustrated with 117 portraits, etc. (\$150); Garrick's Life by Percy Fitzgerald (1868), 2 volumes extended to 7 with over 600 plates (\$112); a manuscript of 46 pages entitled "Tit for Tat, the first and second season of Mr. G—k's Management" (an attack upon his administration of Drury Lane [1747] with an account of the nightly receipts, etc.), evidently intended for the printer but never published (\$50); and Thomas Davies' memoir of Garrick (1780), 4 volumes, 8vo, with over 300 portraits (\$48).

D

RESULT OF THE ADMINISTRATION

THE settlement of Augustin Daly's estate was delayed by litigation in England and America until July, 1903. After debts had been paid amounting in America to \$149,076.57 and in England to \$93,038.40, a balance was declared of \$184,194.38.

INDEX

A

Abbey, Henry E., 367, 469, 476, 602
 Abbott, Mrs. C. D., 115
 "Adrienne Lecouvreur," 627
 "Adzuma," 623
 "After Business Hours," 425
 "After Dark," 76
 "Agnes," 111
 "Ah Sin," 234-237
 Aimée, Mdlle., 141, 153, 212
 Aldrich, T. B., 456, 505
 Alexander, George, 626
 Alexander, Thomas S., 77
 "Algerian, The," 577
 "Alix," 119, 153, 155, 475
 Allen, Mrs. J. H. (Louise), 180
 "All the Rage," 343
 "Americans Abroad," 347
 "American, The," 224
 "American Wife, An," 218
 Ames, Amy, 89, 107
 Anderson, Mary, 247, 372, 528
 Anderson, Percy, 607
 Angelis, J. de, 444
 "Apostate, The," 204
 "April Weather," 577
 "Arabian Night, An," 328, 488
 Arnold, J. H. V., 22, 29, 30
 Arnold, Sir Edwin, 543, 623
 "Article 47," 110
 "L'Assommoir," 107, 297, 306, 308
 "As You Like It," 95, 222, 246, 486-
 487, 491-496, 519, 520, 526, 533, 541,
 555, 563, 576, 602, 613, 617, 620

B

"Bachelor Ladies," 444
 "Bachelor of Arts," 103
 Bancroft, Sir Squire and Lady, 487,
 490, 492, 527, 528

<p>Bandman, Daniel, 37 Bangs, J. K., 625 "Barber of Seville," 156 Barnes, Maggie, 321 Barnum, P. T., 18-19 "Baroness, The," 115 Barra, George, 41-42 Barrett, Mrs. (Gertrude Fairfield), 218 Barrett, Justice, 218 Barrett, Lawrence, 111, 183-184, 213, 450, 451, 452, 453, 456, 471, 499, 504, 604 Barrett, Wilson, 402, 424, 450 Barrymore, Maurice, 194, 197, 204, 212 Bateman, Ellen, 47 Bateman, H. L., 48, 53 Bateman, Mrs. H. L., 48, 279, 312 Bateman, Kate, 47-48, 50-53, 206, 312, 575 Bates, Blanche, 620, 636 Bayard, T. F., 576, 584 "Beau Brummell," 549, 550 "Becket," 571, 602, 617 Beckett, Harry, 42 Beecher, H. W., 427 Beekman, W., 89, 95, 120, 158, 279, 356, 378, 382, 389 Beere, Mrs. Bernard, 528 Belasco, David, 372 Bell, Digby, 339, 347 Bell, Hamilton, 390, 393, 395, 430, 449 Bell, Hilary, 428 "Belle Lamar," 169-170, 179 "Belles of the Kitchen," 193 "Belle's Stratagem," 114, 180, 564 Bellew, Kyrle, 437, 584, 585-586, 591 "Bells, The," 108 Bergh, Henry, 183 Bernard, John, 6 Bernhardt, Sarah, 576, 591 "Big Bonanza, The," 186, 194, 198, 215 "Birth and Breeding," 549</p>

- Bispham, William, 456, 499
 "Black Crook, The," 41
 "Blackeyed Susan," 187
 Black, William, 405
 Blake, Wm. Rufus, 6
 Blouet, Paul, 531, 624, 635
 Blowitz, M. de, 415, 419, 421
 "Blue Grass," 226
 Boker, George H., 471
 "Bold Stroke for a Husband," 115
 Bond, Frederick, 377-378, 382, 393,
 402, 426, 427, 429, 480
 Bonfanti, 41
 Boniface, George C., 13
 Booth, Agnes, 363
 Booth, Edwin, 36, 38, 135, 198-206,
 246, 309-311, 368, 426, 449, 451, 452,
 453, 454, 455, 456, 469, 470, 471, 474,
 499, 504-505, 569, 604
 Booth, John Wilkes, 39
 Booth, Junius, 39
 Booth, Junius Brutus, 15
 Bosworth, Hobart, 503, 541, 562, 581,
 603, 608
 Boucicault, Dion, 74, 76, 170-176, 181,
 363, 444, 471, 474-475, 480, 490, 603
 Bourchier, Arthur, 561, 562, 563, 564,
 569, 571, 580
 Bowers, George Vining, 213
 "Bridal Tour, The," 170
 Bridgland, Thomas, 541, 562, 566, 581,
 582
 Briggs, Charles F., 32, 245
 "British Blondes," 42
 Broadway Theatre, Daly's, 118, 162,
 163-164
 "Brook, The," 335
 Brough, Lionel, 267, 270
 Brougham, John, 88, 102, 104-105, 120,
 124, 136-137, 187, 195, 212-213, 223,
 226, 326, 554
 Brown, T. Allston, 363
 Bruton, Thomas, 475-476
 Bryant, Dan, 121, 444
 Buchanan, Robert, 489
 Buckland, Wilfred, 503, 541, 562, 565,
 577
 "Bunch of Berries, A," 193
 "Bundle of Lies, A," 581
- "Bundle of Life, A," 476
 Bunner, H. C., 326, 449
 Burnand, F. C., 271, 281, 487, 571, 572,
 616
 Burne-Jones, E., 575
 Burton, Sir Richard, 295
 Burton, Wm. E., 22, 607
 "Busybody, The," 96
 Byron, H. J., 265-266
- C
- "Cabinet Minister, The," 533
 Cameron, Beatrice, 545, 547
 Cargill, May, 635, 636
 Carleton, H. G., 532
 Carleton, Wm., 79
 Carlisle, Sybil, 579, 581, 620
 Carlyle, Francis, 579
 Carr, Comyns, 403
 "Caste," 96
 Castle, William, 213, 223
 "Cataract of the Ganges," 126-127
 Cayvan, Georgia, 505
 Cecil, Arthur, 271, 402
 Celeste, Mme., 41
 Chambers, R. W., 606, 624
 Chanfrau, Mrs., 48, 89, 96
 Chapman, F., 89, 95, 158, 159
 "Charity," 159-160, 213
 Chase, W. M., 427
 Chatterton, F. B., 292, 299-302
 Cheatham, Kitty, 479, 503, 541
 "Checkmate," 96
 Chew, Beverly, 427
 Childs, G. W., 444
 Chizzola, M. A., 476
 "Cinderella at School," 341
 "Circus Girl, The," 609, 615, 620,
 623
 "Clancarty," 190
 Clarke, Creston, 562, 565
 Clarke, George, 79, 89, 93, 94, 95, 96,
 114, 115, 120, 156, 158, 159, 169, 177,
 178, 179, 426, 443, 449, 493, 503, 541,
 562, 563, 565, 566, 581, 582, 603, 606,
 608, 618, 632, 635, 641
 Clarke, John S., 39, 301
 Clarke, Wilfred, 616, 632, 635, 636

- Claxton, Kate, 103, 109, 110, 166, 171, 223
 Clayton, Estelle, 320
 Clemens, S. L., *see* Twain, Mark
 Cody, Col. (Buffalo Bill), 484
 Coghlan, Charles, 221-228, 237-238, 402, 592
 Coghlan, Rose, 452, 592, 620
 Collier, E. K., 228, 230
 Collier, James W., 359
 Collier, William, 349, 354, 394, 426, 443
 Collins, C. A., 107-108
 Collins, Wilkie, 100, 276, 279, 289, 444
 Conquest, George, 272, 275
 Conried, Heinrich, 591
 "Conscience Money," 265
 Conway, F. B., 44
 Conway, Hart, 158, 168, 320, 325
 Cooke, J. M., 89
 Coquelin, 415, 423, 455, 471, 473, 480, 481, 493, 518, 519, 520, 531, 548, 549
 Corrigan, Abp., 442
 Coulcock, C. W., 228
 "Countess Gucki, The," 590, 591
 "Country Girl, The," 365-366, 397, 407, 411, 415, 422, 619
 Cowell, Sydney, 189, 202, 204, 213, 226, 228, 238
 Cox, "Sunset," 473
 Craig, John, 541, 564, 566, 603, 606, 608
 Craig, Robert, 444
 Craigie, Mrs., 444, 476, 624
 Crane, Edith, 488, 503
 Crawford, F. Marion, 566
 Crimmins, John D., 642
 "Critic, The," 178, 482, 581
 Croly, Mrs. (Jennie June), 427
 "Crown of Thorns, A," 217
 "Crucible, The," 216
 Cubas, Isabel, 42
 Cunningham, Arthur, 619
 "Cup, The," 528
 Curtis, G. W., 49
 Cushman, Charlotte, 134-135, 138, 215, 426, 453, 606
 "Cymbeline," 228
 "Cyrano de Bergerac," 629-630
- D
- "Daddy Gray," 96
 Dallas, Mary Kyle, 444
 Daly, Charles P., 15, 104, 208-209, 382-383, 471, 598
 Daly, Denis, 8, 9
 Daly, Elizabeth, 5, 8-11
 Daly, John, 3
 Daly, Michael, 8
 Daly, Richard, 3
 Daly's Theatre, 325-326, 437
 Daly's Theatre (London), 527, 567
 Damrosch, Walter, 453, 473
 "Damsel of the Darien," 445
 "Dandy Dick," 445
 "Dark City, The," 238-239
 Daubigny, Lloyd, 541, 563, 565, 580
 Davenport, Adolphus, 103
 Davenport, E. L., 89, 93, 96, 183, 184, 238, 607
 Davenport, Fanny, 89, 91, 94, 95, 105, 109, 110, 111, 114, 115, 120, 158, 159-160, 166, 167, 177, 178, 180, 185, 186, 187, 188, 197, 204, 211, 212, 213, 221, 222-223, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 238, 242, 246-247, 248, 302, 308
 Davenport, F. L., 165, 213
 "David Garrick," 220
 Davidge, William, 89, 93, 94, 95, 96, 101, 102, 105, 109, 110, 114, 115, 158, 159, 160, 169, 177, 178, 185-186, 204, 212-213, 223, 225, 228, 319, 325, 328, 607
 Davis, Clarke, 483
 Dawes, Gertrude, 19
 Dawson, Bogumil, 37-38
 Dean, Julia, 36-37
 "Deborah," 107
 "Denise," 384
 Depew, C. M., 471
 Desclée, Mme., 99
 Devere, Mrs. G. F., *see* Mortimer, Nellie
 "Diamonds," 113
 Dickens, Charles, 107
 Dickens, Charles (the Younger), 107, 295, 445
 Dickinson, Anna, 167, 216-217

- Dietrichstein, Leo, 623
 Dietz, Linda, 109, 110, 120, 219
 "Diplomacy," 187, 554
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 273
 Dithmar, E. A., 449, 603
 "Divorce," 108-109, 121, 153, 160, 213, 327
 Dixey, Henry E., 237, 402, 578, 579, 580, 581
 "Dollars and Sense," 361, 375, 562, 570-571
 "Don César de Bazan," 96
 Dorney, Richard, 372, 443, 555, 574, 577, 591, 641
 Draft Riot, 34-35
 "Dreams," 93
 Dreher, Virginia, 354, 356, 366, 372, 380, 384, 394-395, 400, 402-403, 410, 422, 427, 429, 430, 449, 474, 486
 Drew, Georgiana, 212, 222, 223
 Drew, John, 186, 194, 203, 204, 226, 228, 316, 325, 328, 335, 337-338, 347-348, 356-357, 366, 372-375, 378, 380, 384, 390, 393, 395, 397-398, 400, 402-403, 410, 420, 427, 428, 429, 430, 445, 446, 449, 456, 460, 465, 466, 477, 479, 480, 481, 490, 493, 495, 501, 503, 520, 536, 541, 556-557, 563
 Drew, Louisa, 137, 620-621
 Duff, James C., 294-295, 383
 Duff, John A., 38, 81, 87, 106, 163, 307, 309, 334-335, 383, 446, 474
 Duff, Mary (Mrs. Augustin Daly), 81, 444
 Duff, Thomas, 444
 "Duke's Motto, The," 96
 Duncan, Isadora, 602, 606
 Duse, Eleanora, 563, 576
 Dyas, Ada, 157, 158, 159, 160, 166, 168, 169, 176-177, 239, 242
- E
- Earle, Virginia, 602, 606, 607, 608, 620
 Eddy, Edward, 214-215, 607
 Edwardes, George, 527, 567, 576, 578, 630, 638, 639
 Edwards, Harry, 452, 501, 503, 504
 "Edwin Drood," 107, 108, 623
- Egan, M. F., 487, 519
 Eldridge, Louisa, 453
 Elliott, Gertrude, 589
 Elliott, Maxine, 580, 581, 582, 588, 589
 Emmet, Daniel D., 352
 Emmett, J. K., 141
 "L'Enfant Prodigue," 577
 Ethel, Agnes, 89, 91, 93, 94, 95, 96, 99, 101, 106, 110, 111, 138, 154, 223, 256, 298, 303, 321-322
 Evans, F. H., 95, 204
 "Everybody's Friend," 96
 Eyttinge, Rose, 72-76, 362, 444, 475
- F
- "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," 188
 Fairfax, Lettice, 617
 "Falcon, The," 528, 624
 Farjeon, Mr. and Mrs., 269-270, 528
 "Fast Family, The," 168
 "Fatinitza and The Golden Wreath," 263
 Fawcett, Edgar, 384
 Fawcett, Owen, 109, 114, 115, 158, 168, 169, 178, 194
 Fawsitt, Amy, 222
 Fechter, Charles, 121, 131-133, 135, 315
 "Fellers Wot Be's Around, The," 330-331, 389
 "Fencing Master, The," 577
 "Fernande," 100, 153
 Fernandez, Bijou, 394, 449
 Field, Eugene, 542
 Field, Kate, 167
 Fielding, May, 320, 325, 347, 349, 356, 372, 382-383, 580
 Fifth Avenue Theatre, 87, 118
 Fildes, Sir Luke, 107
 "Fille de Madame Angot, La," 141, 153
 Fish, Hamilton, 469
 Fisher, Charles, 113, 114, 115, 120, 156, 158, 160, 177, 184, 185, 197, 204, 223, 225, 226, 228, 230, 242, 318, 325, 355-356, 382, 384, 393-394, 396, 427, 449, 482, 504
 Fisk, James, Jr., 83, 87, 88, 607

Fiske, Harrison Grey, 612
 Fiske, Minnie Maddern, 475
 Fiske, Stephen, 185, 247
 Fitch, Clyde, 623
 Fitzgerald, Percy, 568
 "Flash of Lightning, A," 80, 139
 Flaubert, Gustave, 421
 Florence, W. J., 13, 40-41, 389, 450,
 452, 469, 471, 472, 499, 554, 613
 Florence, Mrs. W. J., 19, 40, 389
 "Folline," 157
 Forbes-Robertson, J., 531
 Ford, P. L., 532, 624
 "Foresters, The," 529, 534-541, 564,
 565, 571-572
 Forrest, Edwin, 16, 17, 209-210, 445
 "Fortune," 155
 Fox, C. K., 138
 Fox, George L., 38, 106, 121, 139-140,
 163-164, 238, 502
 Frederic, Harold, 528, 531
 French, Harry W., 338-339
 Frohman, Charles, 523, 524, 556, 619
 Frohman, Daniel, 505
 "Frou-Frou," 98-99, 153, 213, 223
 Fuller, Loie, 424, 444
 Fulton, Chandos, 44
 Furness, H. H., 423, 483, 494, 539, 576,
 589, 604-605, 631

G

"Gaiety Girl, A," 578
 Galton, Blanche (*see* Mrs. Thomas Whiffen)
 Garrick, David, 426, 429, 439, 440, 491
 "Geisha, The," 591, 601, 602, 603, 616,
 617, 619, 623
 Germon, Effie, 384
 Gerry, Elbridge T., 344
 Gilbert, Mrs. G. H., 40, 89, 93, 101,
 103, 105, 109, 110, 114, 115, 156, 177,
 178, 186-187, 204-205, 212, 223, 224,
 226, 228-229, 242-243, 321-322, 328-
 329, 338, 342, 347, 349, 364, 372-373,
 375, 378, 394, 397, 400-403, 410, 427,
 429, 430, 449, 474, 479, 480, 481, 502,
 526, 528, 571, 578, 582, 584, 603, 606,
 616, 618, 635, 636

Gilbert, John, 110, 158, 382, 436, 437,
 452, 455, 456, 469, 471, 474
 Gilbert, William, 349, 356, 372-373,
 378, 382-383, 393, 402, 426, 449, 541,
 563, 565, 577
 Gilbert, W. S., 292
 "Gilded Age, The," 179
 Gilman, Mabelle, 601, 620
 "Girls and Boys," 364
 "Gladiator, The," 445
 "Golden Widow, The," 486
 "Good-natured Man, The," 100
 Goodwin, Nat C., 237
 Gordon, Jean, 361, 378, 382-383, 427
 "Gossip," 623
 Gower, Lord Ronald, 403, 463
 Grain, Corney, 280-281
 "Grandmamma," 190
 Grattan, H. P., 379-380
 "Great Ruby, The," 625, 629, 635-
 637
 "Great Unknown, The," 486, 497
 Green, Anna Katherine, 444, 624
 Green, Nelson G., 642
 Gregory, Eliot, 428
 Gresham, Herbert, 541, 562, 564, 566,
 581, 602, 603, 606, 608, 632, 636
 "Griffith Gaunt," 71-74
 Grossmith, George, 402
 Grossmith, Weedon, 399
 Grundy, Sydney, 488

H

Hackett, James K., 562, 565, 577, 585
 Hackett, John K., 394
 Hackett, Mrs. John K., 362
 Hading, Jane, 402, 455, 480
 Hall, A. Oakey, 53-55, 77, 102, 104,
 119, 158-159, 196, 198, 216, 329, 611,
 631
 "Hamlet," 204, 225, 452, 504
 "Hanging of the Crane, The," 177
 "Hansel and Gretel," 586, 589, 598
 Hardenbergh, Frank, 138, 155, 156, 158,
 159, 168, 169, 177, 178, 184, 203-204,
 213, 223, 226, 228, 362
 Hardy, Thomas, 625
 Hare, John, 424, 460

- Harkins, Daniel H., 83, 89, 92, 94, 95, 96, 109, 110, 111, 138, 158, 159, 168, 169, 177, 197, 204, 206, 223, 225-226, 247, 443
 "Haroun al Raschid," *see* "Arabian Night"
- Harrigan, Edward, 469, 588
 Harrigan and Hart, 164
 Harris, Sir Augustus, 586, 598
 Harrison, Gabriel, 501
 Harte, Bret, 100, 119, 170-174, 217, 234-237, 362-363
 Haswell, Percy, 533, 541, 582, 586, 589, 603, 606, 608
 Hatton, Joseph, 348, 551
 Hawthorne, Julian, 444
 Hawtrey, Charles, 402
 Hay, John, 427, 565
 "Hazardous Ground," 82
 Hazeltine, William, 603, 608, 616, 619, 632
 "Heart of Midlothian, The," 181
 "Heart of Ruby," 476, 580, 582
 "Heir at Law," 101
 "He Knew He was Right," 109
 Heller, Robert, 42, 229
 Henry, Richard M., 642
 "Henry IV," 589, 626
 "Henry VIII," 617
 Herbert, Sidney, 501, 502, 503, 562, 564, 565, 581, 582, 603, 604, 606, 608, 631, 632, 635, 636
 "Her Lord and Master," 207
 Hermann, the Magician, 42
 Herne, James A., 578
 "Hero and Leander," 476
 Heron, Bijou (Hélène Stoepel), 160, 168, 187, 211, 238, 279, 348, 361, 384
 Heron, Matilda, 69, 112, 160, 187-188, 238
 "Her Own Enemy," 363
 Hersee, Rose, 124, 402
 Hibbard, George J., 624
 "His Excellency the Governor," 622
 "His Last Legs," 187
 Hodson, Henrietta, *see* Mrs. Henry Labouchère
 Holland, George, 89, 93, 95, 97
 Holland, Joseph, 427, 429, 449
- Hollingshead, James H., 475
 Holmes, O. W., 149-152
 "Honeymoon, The," 581, 582, 583
 "Horizon," 106
 House, E. H., 489
 Houssaye, Arsène and Henri, 415
 Howard, Blanche Willis, 444, 611
 Howard, Bronson, 102, 113, 133-134, 148-149, 227, 242, 256, 327-328, 469, 555
 Howard, Joseph, Jr., 34, 102, 641
 Howe, Henry, 528
 Howells, W. D., 147-148, 231-233, 367, 566
 Howson, Emma, 124
 "Humpty Dumpty Abroad," 139
 "Hunchback, The," 101, 170, 187, 228, 562, 564, 569, 570
 Hutton, Lawrence, 343, 449, 456, 489, 504
- I
- "Inconstant, The," 114, 482
 Ingersoll, R. G., 442, 473
 "International Match, An," 483
 Ireland, Joseph N., 157-158, 469
 "Irish Heiress, The," 96
 Irving, Henry, 108, 264-265, 279-280, 282, 291, 295, 304, 309-311, 367-368, 371-372, 376, 402-404, 445, 459, 460, 461, 464, 466, 492, 493, 526, 527, 528, 530, 534-535, 567, 575, 578, 591, 602, 604, 617, 635
 Irving, Isabelle, 453, 503, 562
 Irwin, May, 361-362, 372, 382-384, 402-403, 443
- J
- James, Henry, 551-554, 566
 James, Louis, 110, 114, 115, 120, 156, 158, 160, 168, 169, 177, 180, 182-183, 226, 312, 329, 632
 Janauschek, Mme., 107, 424, 450
 "Jarman's Own," 624
 Jarrett and Palmer, 41-42, 76, 186
 Jefferson, Joseph, 38, 237, 244, 246, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 469, 472, 483, 499, 641
 Jennings, Clara, 89, 93, 95

- "Jenny Lind at Last," 213
 Jepson, E., 533, 541, 565, 577, 586
 Jerome, J. K., 444, 499, 549
 Jeune, Lady, 460
 Jewett, Sara, 114, 155, 156, 158, 159,
 168, 177, 178, 184, 194, 211
 "Jezebel," 102
 "Joan of Arc," 609, 626-627
 Joannes, George, the Count, 39, 40,
 209-210, 326-327
 Johnson, R. U., 627
 Johnstone, Jack, 104
 Jones, Avonia, 57-59, 63, 69, 209-210
 Jones, George, 459-460
 Jones, Melinda, 39, 69
 Jones, Oliver L., 642
 Jordan, George, Jr., 89, 95, 327
 Joyce, Laura, 339, 346-347
 Juignet, Paul, 42, 45-46
- K
- "Katherine and Petruchio," *see* "Taming of the Shrew"
 Kean, Charles, 581
 Keeley, Mary Anne, 492, 528, 575
 Keene, Laura, 37, 47, 56-57, 100, 215
 Kelcey, Herbert, 452, 505
 Keller, Hermann, 577, 592
 Kemble, Charles, 321
 Kemble, Fanny, 562, 564
 Kendal, Mr. and Mrs., 167, 402, 424,
 455, 490, 528, 624
 Kidder, Kathryn, 635
 "King Carrot," 123-124
 Kingdon, Edith, 377-378, 394, 402,
 415, 422
 "King Lear," 204
 "King René's Daughter," 95
 Kiralfys, The, 42
 "Knave, The," 564
 Knight, George S., 237
 Knowlton, Dora, 321
- L
- Labouchère, Henry, 276, 277-278, 286,
 375, 491
 Labouchère, Mrs. Henry, 277, 286
 "Lady of Lyons," 204, 226-227, 304
 "Lady of Lyons Married and Settled,"
 274
 Lane, John A., 452
 Lang, Andrew, 542
 Langtry, Mrs., 364, 402, 562, 623
 "Last Word, The," 500, 526-527, 533,
 572, 614
 Lathrop, G. P., 444, 476, 642
 Lauris, The, 124
 "Leah the Forsaken," 48-56, 206
 "Leah the Forsook," 55
 "Leavenworth Case, The," 624
 Leclercq, Carlotta, 141, 184, 402
 Leclercq, Charles, 138, 319, 325, 328,
 347, 349, 372, 393, 401-403, 410, 427,
 429, 449, 502, 503, 541, 581, 582, 587
 Leclercq, Rose, 402
 Lee, Sidney, 497
 "Lemons," 224, 290-291, 292, 301
 Lemoyne, W. J., 109, 110, 114, 347, 505
 "Lend me Five Shillings," 451
 "Lenore," 326
 Lesoir, George, 541
 Lewis, Catherine, 195, 319-320, 325,
 335, 338, 566, 577, 620
 Lewis, James, 89, 91-92, 93-95, 101,
 102, 105, 109-110, 114-115, 120, 158-
 160, 169, 177, 178, 184-186, 197, 198,
 213, 222, 225-226, 237-238, 242, 321-
 322, 329, 338-339, 343, 349, 355-356,
 372-375, 378, 382-384, 393, 397, 400,
 402-403, 407, 410, 423, 427, 429, 430,
 446, 449, 456, 460, 469, 479, 480, 481,
 486, 488, 493, 501, 503, 550, 564, 565,
 571, 578, 581, 589, 598-599
 Lewis, Jeffreys, 195, 197, 203-204, 212,
 229
 "Life," 222
 "Lili Tse," 619
 Lingard, Wm. Horace, 41, 141, 187
 "Little Miss Million," 562
 "Loan of a Lover, The," 577
 Loftus, Cecilia, 579
 Logan, Celia, 79
 Logan, Olive (Mrs. W. W. Sikes), 118,
 286, 290, 309, 311-312, 325
 "London Assurance," 102, 155, 184,
 186, 602-603
 Lotta, 41

- "Lottery of Love, The," 479, 480, 482, 519, 520
 "Love Chase, The," 96
 "Love in Harness," 425
 "Love in Tandem," 534, 569, 570
 "Love on Crutches," 377, 378, 407, 411, 415, 418, 419, 422, 580, 591
 "Love's Labour's Lost," 157-159, 503-504
 "Love's Young Dream," 325
 Lucca, Pauline, 138
- M
- "Macbeth," 107
 McCarthy, J. H., 444, 460, 482
 McCarthy, J. H., Jr., 579, 580
 McIntosh, Nancy, 602, 603, 604, 606, 608
 Mackay, F. F., 13, 17
 McKay, Neil, 603, 606
 Mackaye, Steele, 145
 McKelway, St. Clair, 641
 Macready, Wm. C., 16, 17
 "Madame," 592
 "Madame Sans Gêne," 622, 635
 "Madeleine Morel," 121
 "Mademoiselle Pygmalion," 586-587
 Maeder, Clara Fisher, 321, 489
 "Magistrate, The," 390-393, 606
 Majiltons, The, 124
 "Man and Wife," 100, 157, 184, 328
 "Mankind," 353
 Mansfield, Richard, 455, 544-550, 588, 600, 623, 630
 Marble, Emma, 575
 Maretzek, Max, 45, 138, 473
 Markham, Pauline, 42
 "Married for Money," 103
 "Married Life," 115
 "Masks and Faces," 180
 Mathews, Charles, 29, 30, 102-105
 Matthews, Brander, 388-389, 392, 396-397, 449, 456, 473, 480, 482, 539, 554
 May, Mdlle. Jeanne, 587
 Mayo, Frank, 187, 452, 607
 "Measure for Measure," 229
 "Meg Merrilies," 606
 Mellon, Mrs., 528
 Mendès, Catulle, 464
- Menken, Adah Isaacs, 20, 43
 "Merchant of Venice," 184, 204, 550, 609, 629, 630, 631-634
 "Merry Wives of Windsor," 114, 393-397, 430, 617-618
 Methua, J. Guido, 63
 Methua-Scheller, Mme., 37, 38, 56
 "Midsummer Night's Dream," 138, 153, 446, 582, 583
 Miller, Henry, 349, 361
 Milward, Jessie, 489
 "Miss Hoyden's Husband," 488
 Mitchell, Maggie, 13, 41
 Modjeska, Mme., 247, 359, 452, 453, 454, 474, 604
 "Money," 221
 "Monsieur Alphonse," 149, 160, 184
 Montague, H. J., 169, 186, 190
 Montez, Lola, 20
 Moorcroft, 177-179
 Moore, John, 204, 334, 349, 372, 393, 427, 443, 449, 555, 564
 Morant, Fanny, 100, 109, 114, 115, 120, 154, 156, 165-166, 337, 449
 Morgan, Appleton, 473, 592, 593
 Morin, Mdlle. Pilar, 577
 Morris, Clara, 101, 102, 109, 110, 114, 115, 120, 153-154, 167, 170, 188, 206, 372, 384-385, 482
 Mortimer, John K., 72, 76, 80, 106
 Mortimer, Nellie, 107, 109, 115, 120, 158, 184, 189
 Morton, Charles, 185
 Morton, Dorothy, 602
 Mosenthal, S. H., 48, 49
 Moss, Theodore, 455, 642
 "Mothers-in-Law," 190
 "Mouse-trap, The," 566
 "Mrs. Jasper," 552-554
 "Much Ado about Nothing," 95, 603-606, 609
 Murdoch, James E., 469, 472
- N
- "Nancy and Co.," 397, 401-402, 407, 411, 415, 422, 468, 490, 497, 534, 581
 Nast, Thomas, 388
 "Needles and Pins," 338

- Neilson, Adelaide, 121, 227-229, 303-
304
New Fifth Avenue Theatre, 145, 248,
505
"New Lamps for Old," 499
"New Leah, The," 206
"New Magdalen, The," 141
"Newport," 325
"New Way to Pay Old Debts," 96, 184
"New Year's Eve," 115, 121, 153, 155
"Night Off, A," 383-384, 400-401, 407,
409, 415, 422, 519, 526, 556, 578
"No Name," 105
Norwood, Roberta, 89, 110
"Number Nine," 615, 616, 617
"No. 20; or the Bastile of Calvados,"
290
- O
- O'Connor, T. P., 461
"Octo-roon, The," 272
"Odette," 348
Offenbach, 211-212
O'Gorman, Richard, 490
Oldfield, Mrs., 607
"Old Heads and Young Hearts," 121,
155, 505-506
Olin, S. H., 456, 471
"Orient Express, The," 572-573, 580
"Othello," 204, 416, 464
"Our American Cousin," 215-219
"Our Boys," 190, 195-198, 207, 275,
289
"Our Circle," 190
"Our English Friend," 355
"Our First Families," 338
Owen, William, 616, 632, 635
Owens, John E., 41
- P
- Page, T. N., 544, 624-625
"Palace of Truth, The," 184
Palmer, A. M., 106, 135, 171, 359, 365,
397, 423, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454,
455, 456, 469, 470, 592, 600, 612
"Pantomime Rehearsal, A," 399
Parkes, George, 110, 166, 204, 318-319,
325, 366, 382, 385, 394, 402, 427
- "Parricide, The," 156
Parsloe, Charles T., 76, 79, 236-237
Partington, Sallie, 82
"Passing Regiment, The," 348, 353
Pastor, Tony, 611
"Patter vs. Clatter," 103
Paul, Howard, 424
Paulton, Henry, 304, 402, 487
"Peaceful Valley," 577
Phillips, Gus (Oofty Gooft), 312, 329-
330
"Pickwick Papers," 79, 80
"Pinafore," 275, 281, 295
Pinero, A. W., 390, 445, 533-534, 625
"Pink Dominoes," 291-292
"Pique," 207-214, 296, 301-302, 308,
363
"Piqued," 208
Placide, Thomas, 246
"Play," 93
Players, The, 456
Plympton, Eben, 228, 402, 452
Polle, J. B., 93, 94, 95, 114
Ponisi, Mme., 227, 436, 438, 453
"Poor Relation, A," 577
"Popping the Question," 482
Porter, Horace, 392-393, 597
Potter, Mrs. James Brown, 476, 506,
584, 585-586, 591
"Poupée, La," 620
Power, Nelly, 272
Power, Tyrone, 490, 533, 541, 581, 603,
606, 608, 632
"Prayer, The," 487, 519
"Priceless Paragon, A," 487
Prince, Adelaide, 486, 502, 503, 564,
566
"Princess Royal, The," 227
"Promise of May, The," 528
"Provoked Husband, The," 110
Pryor, Roger A., 641
"Pygmalion and Galatea," 184
Pyne, Louisa, 45
- Q
- "Queen Mary," 528
"Queen's Necklace, The," 585-586,
592.
"Quits," 347

R

"Railroad of Love," 445, 460, 468, 504, 519, 520, 580, 583
 Rankin, McKee, 80
 "Raven's Daughter," 347
 Raymond, John T., 190
 Reade, Charles, 74, 288, 447
 "Recruiting Officer, The," 381-383
 "Red Scarf, The," 82
 Reed, Mr. and Mrs. German, 280-281
 Reeves, Sims, 290
 Rehan, Ada, 308, 317-318, 325, 327, 335, 336, 338-339, 347, 348, 354, 356-357, 365-367, 372-373, 375, 378, 380, 383-384, 394-395, 397-398, 400-403, 404, 407, 409, 410, 420, 423, 424, 427, 428, 429, 430, 445, 446, 449, 460, 465, 466, 477, 479, 480, 481, 482, 484, 486, 487, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 500-501, 502, 503, 517-518, 519, 523, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 541, 544, 545, 549, 550, 553, 561, 562, 563, 564, 566, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 578, 579, 581, 584, 589, 590, 599, 602, 603, 604, 606, 607, 608, 609, 613-614, 616, 618, 619, 620, 622, 623, 626, 627, 630, 631, 632, 634, 635, 636, 638
 Rehan, Arthur, 587
 Reid, Whitelaw, 527
 Réjane, Mme., 635
 "Return of Ulysses, The," 476
 Ricardo, Miss, 637
 "Richard II," 204
 "Richard III," 550
 "Richelieu," 204, 451, 474
 Richman, Charles, 590-591, 602, 603, 607, 608, 616, 617, 619, 630, 631, 634, 635, 636.
 Rigl, Betty, 41, 166
 Rigl, Emily, 41, 166, 168, 185, 186, 204-205, 226, 228, 239, 337
 Rignold, George, 186-187, 228, 229
 Ringgold, B. T., 114, 115, 178, 184, 186, 204
 Ristori, 52
 Ritchie, Lady, 612
 "Road to Ruin, The," 114

Robertson, T. W., 460
 Robinson, George B., 642
 Robson, May, 362
 Robson, Stuart, 43-44, 124, 234
 Roebuck, Mabel, 632, 635, 636
 "Roger la Honte," 489
 "Romance of a Poor Young Man," 435, 436, 437
 "Romeo and Juliet," 228, 591, 592
 Roosevelt, Robert B., 102
 Rorke, Kate, 402
 "Rose Michel," 215
 Rosenfeld, Sydney, 589
 "Roughing It," 127
 "Round the Clock," 124
 "Royal Midy, The," 335, 578
 "Runaway Girl, The," 623, 629
 Russell, Hattie, 354
 Russell, Lillian, 349
 Russell, Phoebe, 443, 449, 474
 Russell, Sol Smith, 166, 229, 488, 577
 Rutter, Grace, 603, 607, 620
 Ryner, H. C., 79, 89, 95

S

Sabin, Frank, 612
 St. John, Marie, 604, 619
 Salvini, 455, 476
 Sambourne, Linley, 575
 Sampson, Wm., 503, 541, 582, 586, 603, 606
 "Samson and Delilah," 483
 "Sanya," 82
 "Saratoga," 102, 195, 291
 Sarcey, F., 419, 421, 464
 Sardou, V., 127, 245-246, 464, 465, 489, 518, 520-526
 Sargent, J. S., 613
 "Scarlet Letter," 544, 551
 Schoeffel, John B., 642
 "School for Scandal," 115, 177, 179, 223, 246, 500-502, 519, 533, 564, 573, 587, 603, 614, 619, 635
 Scott, Clement, 542, 585, 611
 Scott, Cyril, 616
 Scott, Eric, 611
 Scott-Siddons, Mrs., 81, 94, 95, 396, 555, 602

"Second Love," 96
Seidl, Anton, 473, 586
"Serje Panine," 357
"Serious Family, The," 212
"Seth's Brother's Wife," 531
"Seven-Twenty-Eight," 358, 364, 373,
 488, 490, 497, 578
Shannon, Effie, 443, 445, 474, 505
"Shaughraun, The," 170, 176, 227
Sheridan, General, 192
Sherman, General, 336, 427, 431, 444,
 490, 504
Sherman, John, 427, 490
Sherrington, Mme. Lemmens, 290
"She Stoops to Conquer," 184
"She Would and She Would Not," 95,
 356, 376, 407, 411
Shook and Palmer, 111, 154, 166, 170,
 215, 359
"Shore Acres," 578
Simpson, Palgrave, 289
Sitchell, Dan, 56
Skerrett, Mrs., 48, 76
Skinner, Otis, 372, 377-378, 382-384,
 400, 402-403, 410, 427, 429, 430, 445,
 446, 449, 460
"Slave-Girl, The," 623, 630
Smith, Mack, 56
Smith, Sol, 56
Sohlke, Mdlle., 222
"Sorceress, The," 58
Sothorn, E. A., 121, 218-221
"Spell of the Glen, The," 624
"Sphynx, The," 167, 170
"Squire, The," 354, 490
Stephens, Yorke, 354, 356
Stetson, John, 248, 363
Stevens, Edwin, 589, 591, 602, 603,
 606
Stoepel, Robert, 89, 160, 279-280,
 290
"Stranger, The," 204, 472
Studley, J. B., 76, 79, 227-228
"Subtleties of Jealousy," 619
"Sudden Shower, A," 397
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 536-538, 571
Sullivan, John A., 642
"Surf," 96
Sylvie, May, 402, 427, 541, 586

T

"Tales of the Queen of Navarre," 627
Tamberlik, 138
"Taming a Butterfly," 55
"Taming of the Shrew," 204, 426, 430,
 431, 443, 455, 461, 462, 463, 464, 468,
 483, 491, 494, 519, 531, 533, 548, 549,
 568, 570, 580, 614, 616, 617, 620, 635
Taylor, Douglas, 597-598, 611
Tempest, Marie, 402
"Tempest, The," 607-608, 611
Templeton, Fay, 138, 187
Tennyson, Hallam, Lord, 529, 530, 534,
 536-537, 539-541, 567, 572, 624
Tennyson, Lord, 528-530, 534-537,
 539-541, 561, 562, 571
Terriss, William, 372, 375, 402, 489, 617
Terry, Daniel, 606
Terry, Edmund, 444
Terry, Ellen, 304, 309, 311-312, 367,
 402-403, 424, 445, 459, 490, 492, 493,
 528, 534, 575, 604, 617
Terry, Florence, 309, 311-312
Terry, Marion, 309, 311-312
"Tess of the d'Urbervilles," 625
"Test Case, A," 562
Thackeray, W. M., 612
Thomas, Brandon, 399
Thomas, Theodore, 45, 473
Thompson, Lydia, 42, 267
Thorne, Emily, 56, 327
Thorpe, Courtenay, 453
Thorpe, Laura, 321
"Three Daughters of M. Dupont,
 The," 615, 627
"Tiote," 336
Tobin, John, 581
Toole, J. L., 169, 424
Towse, J. Ranken, 608, 642
Tracy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank (*see* Agnes
 Ethel), 298
"Tragedy Rehearsed, A" (*see* "Critic")
"Transit of Leo, The," 587, 588
Tree, Beerbohm, 402
Tree, Ellen, 581, 607
"Trip to Scarborough, A," 488
Twain, Mark, 127, 146-147, 232, 234-
 236, 367, 432, 456, 471, 477, 551

- "Twelfth Night," 94, 101, 228, 376, 565, 573, 574, 575, 576, 579, 580, 589, 614, 619
 "Two Escutcheons, The," 589
 "Two Gentlemen of Verona," 580-581, 582, 583, 584
 "Two Men of Sandy Bar," 234
 "Two Orphans, The," 170-171, 223
 "Two Widows, The," 178
- U
- "Uncle Sam," 127-131
 "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 277
 "Under the Gaslight," 74-77, 139, 301, 474-475
 "Used up," 103
- V
- Vanbrugh, Violet, 569
 Varian, Nina, 156, 158, 168, 178
 Varrey, Edwin, 581, 602, 603, 608, 632
 Venne, Lottie, 402
 "Vesta," 229
 Vezin, Herman, 402
 Vokes, Frederick, 139, 193-194
 Vokes, Rosina, 193-194, 399, 453, 483, 488, 577
 "Vokes, The," 193-194
- W
- Wallack, Arthur, 391
 Wallack, James W., Jr., 104
 Wallack, Lester, 104, 135-136, 140-141, 169, 176-177, 195-197, 245, 309, 406, 423, 427, 434, 435, 436, 437, 440, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 476
 Walton, Minnie, 141
 Ward, Artemus, 42-43
 Ward, Genevieve, 424, 528
 Watts, Theodore, 535
 "Way We Live, The," 335
 Weathersby, Eliza, 237
 Weber, Lisa, 42
 Western, Lucille, 14
 Weston, Lizzie (Mrs. Charles Mathews), 103, 104
 "Wet Blanket, A," 397
 "What Should She Do?", 167
 Wheatleigh, Charles, 106, 482, 493, 503, 541, 565, 581
- Wheatley, William, 38, 184, 396
 Wheeler, A. C., 625
 Whiffen, Mrs. Thomas, 145, 384, 506
 White, R. G., 157, 158
 White, Stanford, 456
 Whittlesey, White, 635, 636
 Widmer, Henry, 372, 414, 587
 "Wife of Socrates, The," 482
 Wiggin, Mrs. K. D., 476
 Wilde, Oscar, 531-532, 625-626
 Wilks, E. P., 320, 325, 382, 385, 394, 427
 Willems, Marie, 89, 96
 Williams, Barney, 215
 Winter, Jefferson, 632
 Winter, William, 229, 372, 395, 426, 449, 460, 469, 471, 472, 487, 517, 544, 545, 584, 641
 Winter, Mrs. William, 101
 "Winter's Tale," 271
 "Wives," 326-328
 "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are," 96
 "Woman's Won't, A," 407, 415, 418, 419, 421, 541
 "Women of the Day," 185
 "Wonder, The," 607
 Wood, Frank, 55
 Wood, Mrs. John, 38, 55, 124, 213, 269-271, 275, 276-278, 283-284, 286, 291, 293, 304, 402, 575
 "Wooden Spoon, A," 377
 Worrell, Jennie, 74, 78, 79, 475, 610-611
 Worrell Sisters, 74, 78
 Worrell, William, 74, 246
 Worth, 627-628
 Worthing, Frank, 580, 581, 582, 588, 589
 Wyndham, Charles, 38, 269, 289, 291, 402, 455, 562, 626
- Y
- Yeamans, Jennie and Mrs., 106
 "Yorick," 181-184
 Young, Brigham, 192
 "Youth of Louis XIV, The," 347
- Z
- "Zanina, or the Rover of Cambaye," 339

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